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THE SUBJECT IN ART

By Kenyon Cox

THE idea that the subject of a work of art is of no importance whatever has been taught us so thoroughly and has become so ingrained in us that it seems almost necessary to apologize for mentioning such a thing at all to a modern audience. We have been so deeply impressed with the truth—for it is a truth as far as it goes—that it is the amount of art contained in a given picture which counts, not the matter on which that art is expended, that we have concluded that any subject will do as well as any other, and that there are no distinctions of subject-matter worth considering. We have so completely learned that a still-life by Chardin may be better than an altar-piece by Carlo Dolci that we have forgotten to ask whether it can be as good as Titian's "Entombment."

One may be quite prepared to admit that the old rigid categories, by which a history painter was always superior to a genre painter and any figure painter was the better of any landscape painter, were a trifle absurd. One may feel that the French Academicians, admitting Watteau to their membership only under the slighting title of "Peintre des Fêtes Galantes," were belittling a greater man than any of themselves. One may welcome the modern conquest of freedom of choice as a salutary victory for common-sense—a victory which was, after all, only a reconquest; for the old masters made no distinctions or specialties, every master being simply a painter, and painting what came his way, from an altar-piece to a sign-board. Yet a distinction as to nobility of subject-matter will still subsist. Some subjects will permit and demand the exercise of greater powers than others, and are, in so far as they do this, nobler subjects. A man may paint a jug, a loaf of bread, and a dish of grapes, and may show, in doing so, such delicate perception of gradations of light, such fine sense of color, such mastery of surfaces and textures, above all, such a modest and pure spirit, as shall mark him a true artist and make him forever admirable and lovable. But he cannot put into the rendering of such a subject the lofty powers of design and drawing that make the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel one of the wonders of the world. You cannot make a Michelangelo out of a Chardin, and you cannot exert the powers of a Michelangelo on the subjects of Chardin. It may be better to succeed with Chardin than to fail in attempting to be a Michelangelo, but the powers exercised by Michelangelo, and the subjects which permit of the exercise of such powers, are eternally the nobler and the more important.

The modern view was admirably expressed in a favorite saying of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens which has been frequently quoted. "You may do anything," he used to say, "it is the way you do it that counts." As he meant it, the saying is a true one, for he did not mean that if you do a thing cleverly enough, with great technical skill and command of material, that alone will make it a great work of art. He included sincerity, nobility of temper, high purpose, a love of beauty and a love of truth, among the elements of "the way you do it"; and he would have placed mere virtuosity, however excellent a thing in itself, far below these qualities in his scale of values. He would have been the first to admit that there is a sense in which the reverse of

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his proposition is equally true. If the thing done be noble it does not matter how it is done. If the picture or the statue have dignity of conception and grandeur of mass and line, if it conveys to you a sense of imaginative grasp on the part of the artist, if it arouses emotion and elevates the mind, it may be ruggedly—almost clumsily—executed; it may be entirely devoid of surface charm and technical dexterity and be none the less a work of the highest art.

It will not be badly executed, for the feeling of the artist, however right and noble, can only be expressed by technical means, and the means used must, necessarily, be right means for the purpose of such expression. If he has conveyed his meaning it is certain that he has sufficiently mastered the language by which such meanings may be conveyed. But it is by what he has said and done that you judge him. How he has said and done it may be a question of great and absorbing interest to other artists and to special students of art, but is, after all, a subsidiary question to the world for whom he works.

I can think of no better instance of what I mean than the earliest of Jean François Millet's great series of peasant pictures, "The Sower," now in the Vanderbilt Collection at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Before he created it Millet had painted a number of charming little pictures of nude female figures, admirably executed, supremely able in their way, by no means to be despised, but not what he wanted to do—not the expression of his greatest powers. He wanted to paint an Epic of the Soil, and the first book of it was the sowing of the seed. The brilliant technical method of his earlier work was not suited to his present purpose; it was too suave, too rich, too easy, to give the impression of rugged strength and simplicity that he wished to convey. He had to invent a new handling and a new technical manner, which he afterward developed to such perfection that, in his later works, his mere painting is as wonderful as his grand design and powerful drawing. But in this first essay in the new manner he is a little awkward, almost fumbling and clumsy. It does not greatly matter. The largeness of silhouette, the august grandeur of movement, the nobility of conception carry it off. The thing done is fine, and any rudeness in the manner of the doing becomes a matter of relatively little importance.

This may seem like a question of treatment rather than a question of subject, but it is not entirely so. The two things are intimately related. Millet could not have given the same effect of nobility if his subject had not been intrinsically noble. Doubtless so great an artist was able to elevate any subject by the largeness of his treatment, and the "three pears on a plate or table" may well have been, for a painter, such a revelation of his power as our own Wyatt Eaton found them. Nevertheless, if Millet had painted nothing but a series of such subjects he would not have been the great master we know, and some of his highest powers would never have been exercised.

The highest subject for the exercise of the greatest powers of a painter is the human figure, nude or so draped as to express, rather than to conceal, its structure and movement—the subject of the Greeks and of Michelangelo—and this is the subject of all Millet's work. After the early days he seldom did an entirely unclothed figure, though his "Goose Girl Bathing" is one of the most wonderful and beautiful things in the world, but it was the nude he was continually striving to express. In the costume of his peasants he found long-used garments taking the form of the body, becoming almost a part of it, as he said to Eaton, and "expressing even more than the nude the larger and simpler forms of nature."

The human figure, its bulk and form and action, that was the subject of all his works, but the more specific subjects of the separate pictures were equally noble and universal. Doubtless the academic makers of categories would not have seen or understood this. They would have classed him as a painter of peasants with Jan Steen or Ostade. But Millet has painted nothing trivial or unimportant, no smokers or card-players, no drinking in taverns or dancing in rings. Every one of his great pictures has a subject as old as mankind, a subject of immense and eternal import to the race. Ploughing and sowing and reaping, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, carding and spinning and the making of garments, things in which all mankind is interested and in which the bulk of mankind always has been and always will be occupied,

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these are his subjects. Shepherds have watched their sheep from the time before Abraham was, as Millet's shepherds watch theirs, and mothers have fed their young or assisted "The First Steps" since the Garden of Eden. Fortunately for his purpose, to choose such subjects as are suited to his powers and give greatest scope for the development of the qualities he possesses. He may paint genre or landscape or portrait or still-life and be a true artist whose work the world will cherish, for the powers neces-

The Sower. By Millet.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Vanderbilt Collection.

the life of the tillers of the soil had changed but little and machinery had not yet invaded the fields, and he was able to find in the daily life of the people about him subjects truly typical of the history of humanity—subjects much more essentially and eternally classic than the straddling Greek and Roman warriors of those who arrogated to themselves the title of classicists.

I would by no means intimate that it is the duty of every artist to attempt subjects of the highest class. It is rather his duty sary to success in any of these fields are as rare as they are truly admirable. Still, it is not true that all subjects are alike, or that success with one kind of subject is as good as success with another. One may sincerely admire Frans Hals and be sincerely glad that he painted what he could do so well instead of trying to do that at which he would certainly have failed; one is not, therefore, ready to rank him with Michelangelo and above Raphael. One may derive unalloyed pleasure from the marvellous skill of Vollon

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Lot and His Family. From a drawing by Rembrandt.
In the Lenox Library, N. Y.

and yet be certain that the art of Millet is of a higher kind. The different kinds of merit proper to the different kinds of subject can never be quite perfectly united —there must always be some sacrifice, somewhere—but now and then, in the works of the greatest masters, so much of technical beauty and perfection is found united to so much of grandeur of conception and largeness of style that we may receive from one work the largest possible sum of enjoyment. These are the world's unapproachable masterpieces.

But if the modern world has come to think any subject as good as any other it has made one very curious exception to the rule. It has come to think what it calls "the literary subject" an actual drawback, and to consider that the presence, in a work of art, of what is called a "story" is of itself enough to relegate that work to an inferior rank. Yet how such an opinion can have been arrived at, in view of the history of art in all ages, is the greatest of puzzles. For art, from its beginnings among the cave men, has always told stories; and its twin purposes of illustration and of decoration have always gone hand in hand, illustration being generally, in the mind of the artist as in that of his audience, the more important of the two. The Assyrian celebrated the prowess of his kings in hunt or in battle and the Egyptian recorded the whole life of the people upon the walls of royal tombs. The art of Greece told the story of its gods and heroes on every vase and on every temple front, and the pediments of the Parthenon recounted the legends of the birth of Pallas and of the founding of Athens.

In like manner the art of the Renaissance occupied itself, almost exclusively, with the sacred story of the Old and New Testaments or with the legends of the saints, from the time that Giotto painted the life of Francis at Assisi and the life of Christ in the Arena Chapel until Raphael spread his "Bible" upon the vaultings of the Loggia of the Vatican. The greatest work of its mightiest master, the most sublime and awe-inspiring creation of all art, was nothing else than the story of the Creation and the Fall of Man, so told, with such clarity

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The Testament of Eudamidas. By Poussin.
In the collection of Count Moltke at Copenhagen.

and such power, as never story, before or since, was told in colors. Even the Venetians, those lovers of the sumptuous and the decorative, the creators of what we know as genre, could not get on without a story to tell, and when the story seems absent to us it is because it has been lost, not because it was not there. Titian's enigmatic picture which is traditionally known as the "Sacred and Profane Love" is now said to represent "Medea and Venus," and Giorgione's "Partie Champêtre" and "Soldier and Gypsy" are thought to be illustrations of this or that Italian novel.

It may be that in these later instances the story was a concession to the demands of the public, and that while the ostensible subject was the temptation of Medea by Venus the real subject was the contrast between a nude figure and a draped one. It may be that Giorgione would have been equally content with his idyllic dreams had they no definite context in his mind or in the minds of those for whom he painted. It certainly was not so with the earlier masters, and as certainly it was not so with that later master, Rembrandt. It is a commonplace of criticism that Dutch art told no stories, and that the Dutch burghers, for whom it was created, asked nothing of it but the portraiture of themselves and their wives or of their daily life and their tame and comfortable country. The artist who attempted more did so at his peril, and Ruysdael paid for his love of rocks and water-falls, as Rembrandt paid for his love of stories, with poverty and discouragement. Yet Rembrandt was always telling stories. His public did not want them; it wanted nothing of him but portraits that should be like; and when his portraits ceased to be neat and obvious likenesses it wanted nothing of him whatever. Yet he painted stories over and over again, his etchings are filled with stories, and, more than all, his drawings, which the public never saw, are one long series of illustrations. He was haunted with stories from which he could not escape, and to which he returned again and again, illustrating their every phase and turning and twisting them in every aspect. There is the story of Lot, the story

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of Joseph, the story of Tobit, for each of which he made almost numberless drawings, and the story of Christ, which is the subject of his greatest etchings. He was a great painter, a great master of light and shade, a portrait painter who has excelled all others in the rendering of the human soul behind the features; but more than anything else he was a great story-teller, and his imaginative grasp of a story and his power of so telling it that it shall seem real and immediate to us, as if it had actually happened before our very eyes, is perhaps the most wonderful of his many wonderful gifts.

So great has been the dominance of the story in art that even the landscape painters of the seventeenth century, to whose main purpose story-telling was in no way necessary, nearly always put in a few figures supposed to represent the characters in some legend, sacred or profane; and the light and frivolous art of the eighteenth century tells stories too, though the stories may be as light and frivolous as the manner of telling.

But if you wish to know how seriously the telling of the story may be taken by a great artist you must read the fragments of criticism left us by that great nineteenth-century classicist, Jean François Millet. In his letters, in the fragments of his conversation recorded for us by others, in his few formal announcements of his beliefs about art, you will find hardly anything else mentioned. For all he says about them, such things as drawing, or color, or the handling of his material, might as well not exist. Apparently his whole mind is concentrated on the story of the picture and the manner of its telling—everything else is of value only as it helps the clarity and force of the expression. For him "Art is a language and . . . all language is intended for the expression of ideas." "The artist's first task is to find an arrangement that will give full and striking expression to his idea." And again, "To have painted things that mean nothing is to have borne no fruit." Hear him discoursing on a print, after his favorite master Poussin, of a man upon his death-bed: "How simple and austere the interior; only that which is necessary, no more; the grief of the family, how abject; the calm movement of the physician as he lays the back of his hand upon the dying man's heart; and the dying man, the care and sorrow in his face, and his hands . . . they show age, toil, and suffering." Not one word about anything else—all other things are but means—the telling of the story is the end and the essential. He has given us, in a letter to a critic of art, a more formal profession of faith—a brief statement of what he thought fundamental in art and of the principles by which he was consciously guided in his own work.

"The objects introduced in a picture," he says, "should not appear to be brought together by chance, and for the occasion, but should have a necessary and indispensable connection. I want the people that I represent to look as if they belonged to their place, and as if it would be impossible for them to think of being anything else but what they are. A work must be all of a piece, and persons and objects must always be there for a purpose. I wish to say fully and forcibly what is necessary, so much so that I think things feebly said had better not be said at all, since they are, as it were, spoilt and robbed of their charm. But I have the greatest horror of useless accessories, however brilliant they may be. These things only serve to distract and weaken the general effect."

The Classic Spirit, in its austerest form, as it envisages the subject and its treatment, could not be more clearly expressed; and Millet's practice was strictly in accord with his theories. His pictures are seldom so specifically related to a written text as are those of Rembrandt, but each of his characters has a history and a station, and "could never think of being other than what it is." One of his very great works is "The Woman Carrying Water," which hangs beside "The Sower" in the Metropolitan Museum. Of its purely artistic merits I may have occasion to speak later, but what Millet meant it to represent—the story he had to tell—he has himself put into words so perfectly that one must quote him again.

He says: "I have tried to show that she is neither a water-carrier nor yet a servant, but simply a woman drawing water for the use of her household—to make soup for her husband and children. I have tried to make her look as if she were carrying neither more nor less than the weight of the buckets full of water; and that through the kind of grimace which the load she bears

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forces her to make, and the blinking of her eyes in the sunlight, you should be able to see the air of rustic kindness on her face. I have avoided, as I always do, with a sort of horror, everything that might verge on the sentimental. On the contrary, I have tried to make her do her work simply and cheerfully, without regarding as a burden this act which, like other household duties, is part of her daily task, and the habit of her life. I have also tried to make people feel the freshness of the well, and to show by its ancient air how many generations have come there before her to draw water."

Now, if I had told you that this was what I read in the picture, you might imagine that I had read *into* it what Millet himself had never thought of putting there; but you have the artist's own word for it that this "literature" was intentional—was, indeed, the main intention. You cannot have that assurance often, and in the picture I am going to mention next you will have to use your own judgment as to whether or not I am right in my reading. It is a picture owned by a collector in Chicago, an exquisite work by a true painter who, at the time it was painted, came nearer to the quality of the old Dutch masters than almost any other modern has done—it is Alfred Stevens's "Une Veuve." It is, I say, exquisitely painted, and would be delightful to look at if it had no story whatever; but what I want you to observe, now, is the way the story is told. It dates from the sixties of the last century, and the costume and

Une Veuve. By Stevens.
In the collection of Mr. Martin A. Ryerson.

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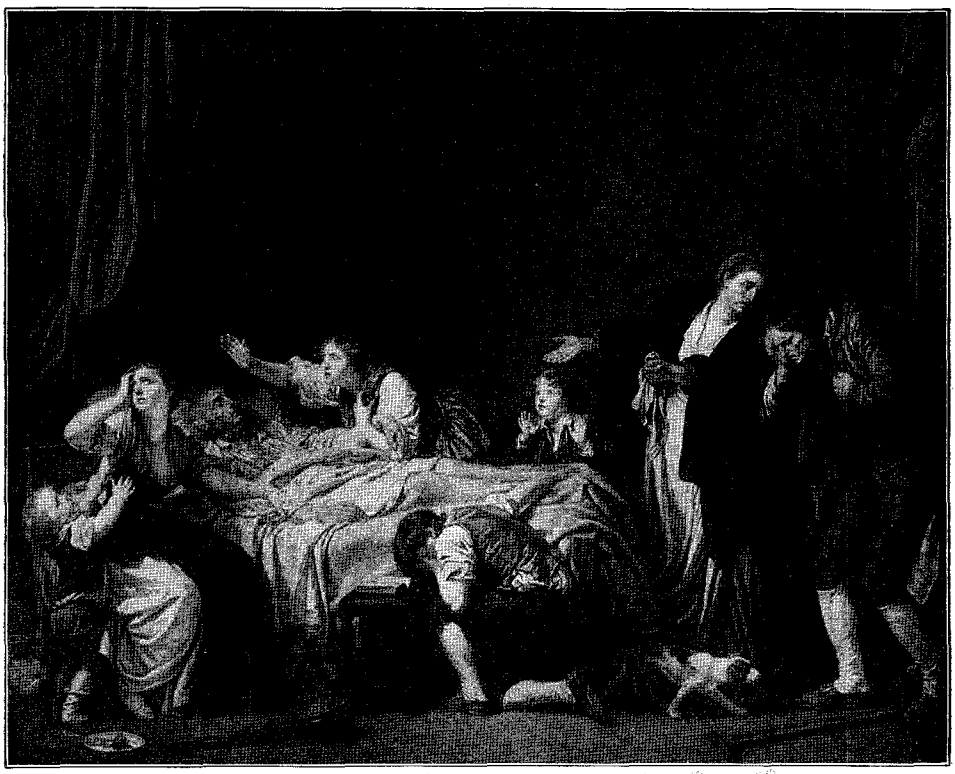

The Punished Son. By Greuze.
In the Louvre.

the accessories are of the period to which it belongs. In an elegant interior, panelled in white and gold, a pretty young widow in a voluminous black gown leans back in the depths of a red velvet divan, her hands clasped in her lap with a gesture of nervous indecision. On the slender-legged stand beside her are a little silver bell, to show that she is accustomed to being waited upon, a bound book, and a couple of paper-covered novels—just enough to indicate a refined and rather unoccupied existence. On the seat of the divan lies a great bouquet of flowers in its wrapping of white paper, and on the floor at her feet is the envelope, seal uppermost, of the note that has come with the flowers. The story is very unlike Millet's. Its mixture of sentiment and delicate irony is as different from Millet's simple earnestness as the rank of this fashionable lady is different from that of Millet's peasant woman. But the art of the telling is of the same kind—there is the same clarity, the same precision, the same reticence. "Persons and things are here for a purpose" and there is not one detail that is not necessary, not one "useless accessory."

There are a number of Stevens's early pictures of much the same quality, and if any one is tempted to think their fine literary tact a matter of no moment, and entirely beside the bargain, he had better compare them with the same artist's later works, in which the love of elegance deteriorates into a love of bric-a-brac and the painter of genteel comedy becomes little better than a very skilful master of still-life.

I hope I have proved that much of our modern scorn for the story-telling picture is undeserved, and that there must be something worthy of serious attention in a side of art that has occupied the greatest masters since the practice of painting began. Yet there must be some cause for that scorn—there must be some reason why the mere epithet "story-telling," applied to a picture, has become a term of reproach. I think there are three main reasons for this

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The Contract. By Hogarth. "Marriage à-la-Mode" Series.
In the National Gallery.

state of affairs: painters have told stories that were too trivial; they have told stories that, however important and interesting in themselves, were ill-fitted for pictorial narration; and they have, partly because of this initial fault in the choice of the story to be told, told stories badly.

I have heard a little anecdote that illustrates pretty well one of these faults, as well as the modern suspicion of any interest in a picture other than the purely pictorial. A modern painter had painted a girl resting upon the sea-steps of a Venetian palace, and on the step below her he had painted a little crab at which she was looking. But his conscience troubled him on the score of that crab, and he gravely consulted a friend as to whether it ought not to be painted out, as introducing too much literary interest! Well, I laughed, at first, when I heard the tale, but afterward I found myself sympathizing with the artist and his scruples. I could not swallow that crab myself! And then it occurred to me that perhaps it was only the painter's reason that was wrong. The crab was not "too literary"; it was not literary enough. The interest it introduced was a slight and trivial one. As regards the girl it was a "useless accessory," and the story of the girl and her fatigue, or her idle dreams, would have been better told without it.

To be fitted for pictorial treatment a story should have some degree of importance and of universal interest, and it should be such a story as may be told in lines and colors, with no necessary reliance on the written word, or on anything outside its frame, for the explanation of its essential features. Then it must be told "fully and forcibly," without the frittering away of interest on the unimportant. Even the light stories of eighteenth-century French art have something of this necessary universality—they appeal to a permanent, if not a high, element in human nature. The stories of Michelangelo and of Millet are of the most fundamental and universal inter-

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est to mankind. The intelligibility of a story may be greatly aided by the degree in which it is well known to every one, and Rembrandt's Bible stories, like Michelangelo's myths of the Creation, are greatly helped by this universal knowledge, though his own genius for pictorial imagination was his main reliance. It is when we have, in art, stories that of themselves have little import, as with so many modern English pictures; stories that cannot be told by the means at the disposal of the painter, as often with Hogarth; stories that are poorly or falsely and melodramatically told, as with Greuze, that the story-telling picture justifies our contempt of it.

You have heard Millet describe Poussin's manner of painting a death-bed scene—now see Greuze's way of doing it in "The Punished Son." Look at the daughter at the left whose child tugs at her, note her gesture of despair and the careful disarrangement of her fichu—for, even in his most moral mood, Greuze must always give a little spice for the voluptuary. Look at the other daughter, beyond the bed, at her wild excitement and outstretched arm, as if she were dashing a scorpion from the brow of the dying man. Look at the attitudes of any of the figures, and try to imagine for a moment that you are a spectator of anything but a theatrical performance. This is not story-telling, or is story-telling only in the sense in which we were reproached with the habit in our infancy. It is telling lies. And the jugs and warming pans and crutches that clutter the floor are perfect examples of useless accessories.

So much for how not to tell a story: for an instance of the story that cannot be told clearly in art we shall go to Hogarth. He was a real painter, almost a great one, at his best, but he wanted to do more than painting can properly do. So, in his series of moral tales, he is forced to all sorts of expedients to make his meaning plain. We will take him at his best and most mature, in the admirably painted "Marriage à-la-Mode." The first scene represents "The Contract," and the artist wants to tell us all sorts of things. This is a loveless marriage, so the contracting couple are placed ostentatiously back to back, although there is nothing for the bridegroom to look at and he must smirk at empty space. The bride is, for the same reason, playing with her engagement ring on her handkerchief, instead of leaving it on her finger; and, as she is afterward to have an affair with the young lawyer, he is already flirting with her before both families. The new house which is building for the young couple is seen through the open window and, lest you should think it any other house, the parson is comparing it with the plainly lettered plan. The father of the bridegroom has an actual family tree to which he can point with one hand while he points to himself with the other, and the document which the bride's father offers him is conspicuously labelled "Mortgage." Even the contract must be carefully held sidewise, as no one would ever hold it, in order that the endorsement may be read. Well, the story is certainly told, but not by pictorial means. And Hogarth cannot escape from this shoring up and buttressing of his story by the written word. In the second scene of this same series we have the steward's packet with the paper on top marked "Bill" in large letters, and the book on the floor is opened at the title-page—which, by the way, is where the title-page never is—that we may read "Hoyle on Whist," and know what game was playing the night before. The only alternative to this sort of thing, if one insists on telling stories of this elaborate sort, is to paint a picture which may be fairly comprehensible after one has read the catalogue, but which means anything or nothing without its title.

It is the unfitness of many stories for telling in the language of painting that makes so many historical pictures altogether unsatisfactory and dismal. Let us suppose an American painter proposing to paint the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Here is a subject of great dignity—of overwhelming importance—but how is its dignity and importance to be expressed? You will have a number of people gathered about a table, and one of them will be signing something, but unless you resort to a written label you have no means of telling what that something is. Even so, I have conceded too much. Some one is writing something, but it may be anything, from his signature on a State paper to a washing-list, so far as you can tell from the action itself. The best you can make of the subject is a portrait group, like Rembrandt's "Syndics of the Cloth Hall." As such it may be

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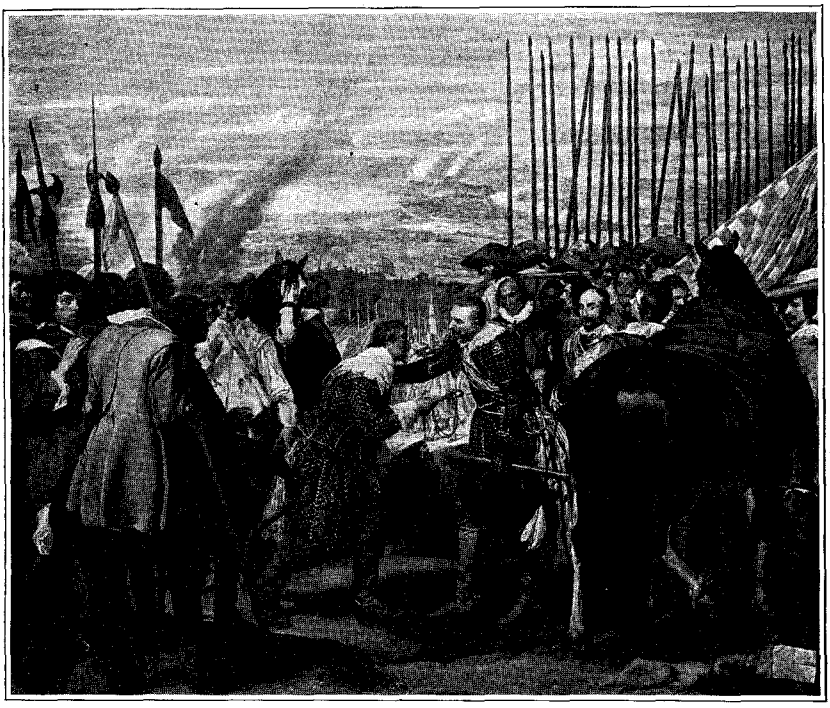
admirable, but it will not be the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation except by courtesy, call it what you please.

Or take another historical subject that has actually been painted, "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Here there are more pictorial elements—the river with its floating ice is a good subject for a landscape painter, and the boats with their crews, in strong action, rowing or pushing off the ice cakes, afford fine opportunities for figure drawing. But can you tell what went before this crossing or is to come after it? Can you give any notion of the real and essential meaning of the incident? And how are you to make your hero conspicuous among the crowd of other actors. You can make him stand when others are seated; you can wrap him in a blowing cloak and give him an expression of brooding intentness; and you can relieve his well-known profile against the sky and put an American flag behind him. You will have made it plain that your subject is Washington crossing a river in the winter, and perhaps the historical knowledge of your audience may be expected to supply the rest—but you will have rendered your picture immortally absurd.

So great is this difficulty of the historical subject that I can recall only one instance in the whole history of art where it is entirely and satisfactorily overcome, Velazquez's "Surrender of Breda." The subject was, for once, admirably fitted to expression in graphic art, and the artist has, to use Millet's phrase again, "found an arrangement that gives full and striking expression to his idea." It is the surrender of a town that is taking place, and the character of the background makes it sufficiently plain that the scene is in the Low Countries—it is possible, indeed, that, to one who knows the region well enough, the localization is even more precise. The types and the costumes are sufficient evidence that it is a Dutch commander who is surrendering to a Spaniard, and we do not need to recognize the portraits of Justin of Nassau and Spinola to understand all that is necessary. To the right a great horse, a few heads, and twenty or thirty tall lances against the sky figure the Spanish army. To the left are



The Surrender of Breda. By Velasquez.
In the Prado.

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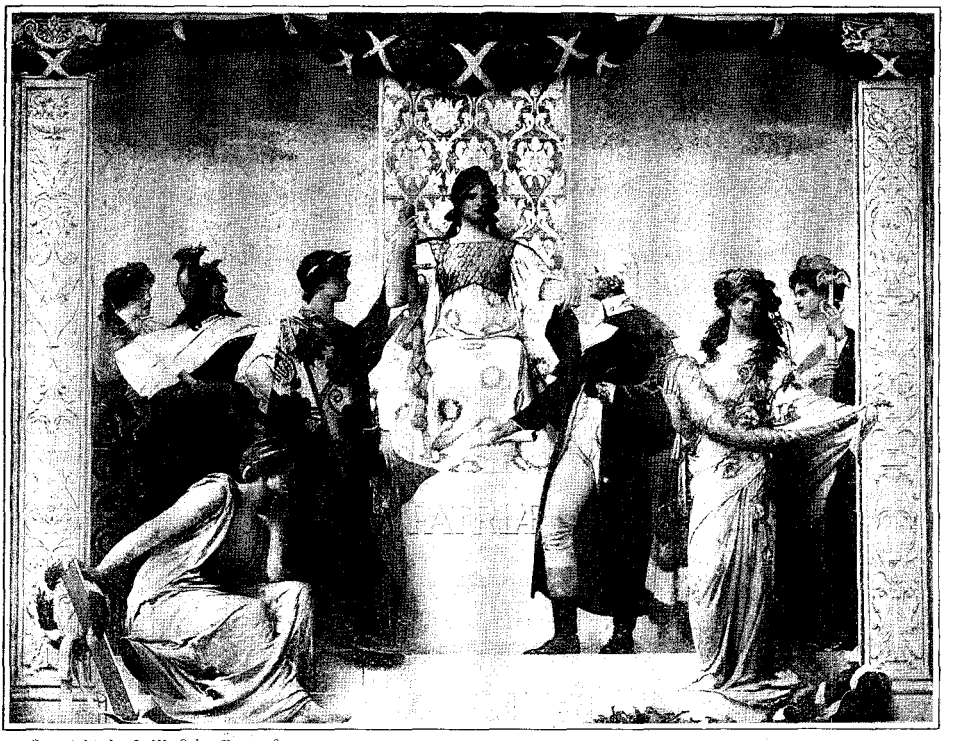

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Washington Laying Down his Commission. By E. H. Blashfield.
In the Baltimore Court House.

the guards of the Dutch general with their shorter pikes and halberds. Justin bends low before his victor, who places a kindly hand upon his shoulder, and between their dark figures is a shield-shaped space of brilliant light in the midst of which, and almost in the exact middle of the picture, the key of the surrendered city stands out sharply. It is the key of the composition and of the story, no less than of Breda.

If the story to be told could often be expressed as clearly and as fully as it is in this instance, we should hear less objection to historical painting as a manner of artistic production.

But it is just in the one situation where there is a natural public demand for the historical subject that that kind of subject, particularly in this country, is most difficult to handle successfully. In asking that our public buildings should be decorated with paintings relating to our own history our people are only asking what every other people has asked from time immemorial. Unfortunately our history is short, our modern costume formless and ugly, and American historical subjects particularly unfitted for pictorial and, especially, for decorative treatment. I have said that the highest walk of figure painting concerns itself with "the human figure, nude or so draped as to express rather than to conceal its structure and movement," but the costume of the last three centuries lends itself little to such treatment of the figure, and the painter who cares greatly for the expressiveness of the body will feel little attraction to belt buckles and brass buttons. Again, mural painting, from its association with architecture, is especially an art of formal and symmetrical composition, of monumental arrangements and balanced lines and masses, and such composition necessarily destroys all illusion of veracity in the depiction of an historical incident. Finally, decoration demands sumptuous and brilliant, or, at any rate, studied and beautiful, color; and too many of our historical subjects afford little opportunity for this.

Thus a love for the human figure, a love for monumental and truly decorative composition, and a love for color, all tend to lead our mural painters away from the historical subject and toward an allegori-

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cal, or rather symbolic, treatment, and this tendency is strong almost in exact proportion as the artist affected by it is a real decorator by temperament and training. Nor is the tendency a new one; it has existed since there was an art of painting. The walls of Italy are covered with frescoes and the palace of the Doges is lined with paintings, nearly all of which were intended to have some historical implication, but there are, apart from the renderings of sacred narrative, relatively few strictly historical pictures among them, and these are seldom the most effective. The most triumphantly decorative are allegories, naïf in the Spanish Chapel or the ceilings of Pinturicchio, superb in Veronese's "Venice Enthroned."

It is true that the strictly historical subject may, on occasion, be so treated as to reduce its essentially undecorative character to a minimum. You may simplify it in arrangement and, in some cases, arrive almost at a monumental composition; you may eliminate light and shade and avoid strong contrasts and projecting modelling; you may weaken its pictorial character until it consents to stay on the wall, and to do little harm to the architectural ensemble, if it does no good to it. But when all is done it will not be essential decoration. You will still have to choose between historical pictures which are, at best, imperfectly and negatively decorative, and have lost much of their force in becoming so, and true monumental decorations, perfectly suited to their place and function, but symbolical rather than real in their treatment of history.

If you believe—and I cannot see how you can help believing it—that the first end of a decoration is to decorate, there can be no doubt which you will prefer.

The choice, once made, will carry with it much more than an increase of decorative beauty—it will greatly enlarge the scope of the ideas you may express, and increase the clarity and force with which you may express them. I chose, a while ago, to illustrate the difficulty of the purely historical subject, the theme of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and pointed out how it reduced itself, if realistically treated, to a man writing at a table, in the presence of a number of other men. But admit the element of symbolism and the difficulty vanishes at once. You may paint "Lincoln Emancipating the Slave," in a way that shall be perfectly intelligible to every one, and you may go further and convey the whole meaning of the struggle for freedom and suggest the vast upheaval of the Civil War by a use of allegorical figures. Velazquez was particularly happy, in his "Surrender of Breda," in finding a subject suited to realistic expression and in finding, also, the exact expression needed. But even that prince of naturalists, when he would paint "the Expulsion of the Moors," had to fall back on allegory like all the world before him. From the point of view of expression as from the point of view of form there is really no alternative. We must admit the symbolical or we must give up monumental and decorative painting altogether.

To what degree the symbolical element shall displace entirely the historical must be a question, largely, of the temper and ability of the artist. Some will feel most at home in an atmosphere of pure symbolism, where nothing shall hamper their sense of beauty or intrude considerations of fact or costume. Others will be able to include a good deal of fact and costume without feeling that it impedes their creation of decorative beauty. In this style of partly historical, partly symbolic, art are two notably successful works by American artists, one in sculpture and one in painting, Saint-Gaudens's "Sherman" and Blashfield's decoration in the Baltimore Court House, "Washington Laying Down his Commission." In the "Sherman" the contrast between the modern soldier and the antique victory troubles some people who would have felt no incongruity, probably, if the general had been a warrior in fifteenth-century armor, or had worn the habit of a Roman emperor, though in either case the mingling of fact and fiction would have been the same. So swiftly is time foreshortened as it recedes into the past that Washington, in blue and buff, seems naturally enough placed amid the half-mediæval, half-ancient, costumes of the symbolical figures about him. They are all removed from the present, which is, for us, the only real, and seem equally to belong to an ideal world. The effect of the whole is sumptuously decorative, while the larger implications of the story to be told are much more clearly expressed than they could be by a realistic representation of the scene that occurred at Annapolis in 1783.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

XXIV

HARRY looked about the room in a bewildered way and then tiptoed to St. George's bed. It had been a day of surprises, but this last had completely upset him. St. George dependent on the charity of his old cook and without other attendant than Todd! Why had he been deserted by everybody who loved him? Why was he not at Wesley or Craddock? Why should he be here of all places in the world?

All these thoughts surged through his mind as he stood above the patient watching his slow, labored breathing. That he had been ill for some time was evident in his emaciated face and the deep hollows into which his closed eyes were sunken.

Aunt Jemima rose and handed him her chair. He sat down noiselessly beside him; once his uncle coughed, and in the effort drew the coverlet close about his throat, his eyes still shut—but whether from weakness or drowsiness, Harry could not tell. Presently he shifted his body, and moving his head on the pillow, called softly:

"Jemima?"

The old woman bent over him.

"Yes, Marse George."

"Give me a little milk—my throat troubles me."

Harry drew back into the shadow cast over one end of the cot and rear wall by the low lamp on the hearth. Whether to slip his hand gently over his uncle's and declare himself, or whether to wait until he dozed again and return in the morning, when he would be less tired and could better withstand the shock of the meeting, was the question which disturbed him. And yet he could not leave until he satisfied himself of just what ought to be done. If he left him at all it must be for help of some kind. He leaned over and whispered in Jemima's ear:

"Has he had a doctor?"

Jemima shook her head: "He wouldn't hab none; he ain't been clean beat out till day befo' yisterday an' den I got skeered an'—" Something in the tones of his voice must have awakened a memory; she leaned closer, scrutinized Harry's face; clapped her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming, and staggered back to her chair.

St. George raised his head from the pillow and stared into the shadows.

"Who is talking? I heard somebody speak? Jemima—you haven't disobeyed me, have you?"

Harry slipped to the bedside and laid his fingers on the sick man's wrist:

"Uncle George," he said gently.

Temple lowered his head as if to focus his gaze.

"Yes, there is some one!" he cried in a stronger voice. "Who are you, sir?—not a doctor, are you? I didn't send for you!—I don't want any doctor, I told my servant so. Jemima!— Todd!— Why do you—"

Harry tightened his grasp on the slim wrist. "No, Uncle George, it's Harry! I'm just back."

"What did he say, Todd? Harry!—Harry! Did he say he was Harry, or am I losing my mind?"

In his eagerness to understand he lifted himself to a sitting posture, his eyes roaming over the speaker's body, resting on his head—on his shoulders, arms and hands, as if trying to solve some problem which constantly eluded him.

Harry continued to pat his wrist soothingly.

"Yes, it's Harry, Uncle George," he answered—"but don't talk—lie down. I'm all right—I got in yesterday and have been looking for you everywhere. Pawson told me you were at Wesley. I found Todd a few minutes ago by the merest accident, and he brought me here. No, you must lie down—let me help—rest yourself on me—so." He was as tender with him as if he had been his own mother.

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The sick man shook himself free—he was stronger than Harry thought. He was convinced now that there was some trick being played upon him—one Jemima in her anxiety had devised.

"How dare you, sir, lie to me like that!" he cried indignantly. "Who asked you to come here? Todd—send this fellow from the room!"

Harry drew back out of his uncle's vision and carefully watched the sick man. His uncle's mind was evidently unhinged and it would be better not to thwart him.

Todd now crept up. He had seen his master like this once before and had had all he could do to keep him in bed.

"Dat ain't no doctor, Marse George," he pleaded, his voice trembling. "Dat's Marse Harry come back agin alive. It's de hair on his face make him look dat way; dat fool me too. It's Marse Harry, fo' sho'—I fotch him yere myse'f. He's jes' come from de big ship."

St. George twisted his head, looked long and earnestly into Harry's face, and with a sudden cry of joy stretched out his hand and motioned him nearer. Harry bent low and sank to his knees beside the bed. St. George curved one arm about his neck, drew him tightly to his breast as he would a woman, and fell back upon the pillow with Harry's head next his own. There he lay with eyes half closed, thick sobs choking his utterance, the tears streaming down his pale cheeks; his thin white fingers caressing the brown hair of the boy he loved. At last, with a heavy, indrawn sigh, not of grief, but of joy—as if his heart would break if he did not let it out, he said feebly to himself:

"Harry home! Harry home!" Then, after a long pause, releasing his grasp: "I did not know how weak I was. Maybe I had better not talk. To-morrow I will be stronger—I can't stand much. Come to-morrow and tell me about it. . . . There is no bed for you here—Pawson might give you one. . . . I am sorry. . . . but you must go away—you couldn't be comfortable. . . . Todd—"

The darky started forward—both he and Aunt Jemima were crying:

"Yes, Marse George."

"Take the lamp and light Mr. Rutter downstairs. To-morrow—to-morrow Harry. . . . My God!—Harry home! Harry home!" and he turned his face to the wall.

On the way back—first to the stable, where Harry found the horse had been properly cared for and his bill ready—and then to his lodgings, Todd told him the story of what had happened, the recital bringing the tears more than once to his eyes.

His master had at first firmly intended going to the Eastern Shore—evidently for a long stay—for he had ordered his own and Todd's trunks packed with everything they both owned in the way of clothes. On the next day, however—the day before the boat left—Mr. Temple had made a visit to Jemima to bid her good-by, and had then learned that her white lodger had decamped between suns, leaving two months board unpaid. In the effort to find this man, or compel his employer to pay his bill, out of some wages still due him—in both of which he failed—his master had missed the boat and they were obliged to wait another week. During this interim, not wishing to return to Pawson, and being as he said very comfortable where he was with his two servants to wait upon him, and the place as clean as a pin—his master had moved his own and Todd's trunks from the steamboat warehouse where they had been stored, and had had them brought to Jemima's. Two days later—whether from exposure in tramping the streets in his efforts to collect the old woman's bill, or whether the change of lodgings had affected him—he was taken down with a chill and had been in bed ever since. With this situation staring both Jemima and himself in the face—for neither she nor Mr. Temple had much money left—Todd had appealed to Gadgem—(he being the only man in his experience who could always produce a roll of bills when everybody else failed)—who took him to the stableman whose accounts he collected—and who had once bought one of St. George's saddles—and who then and there hired Todd as night attendant. His wages, added to what Jemima could earn over her tubs, had kept the three alive. All this had taken place four weeks or more ago.

None of all this, he assured Harry, had he told Gadgem or anybody else, his master's positive directions being to keep his abode and his condition a secret from everybody. All the collector knew was that Mr. Tem-

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ple being too poor to take Todd with him, had left him behind to shift for himself until he could send for him. All the neighborhood knew, to quote Todd's own hilarious chuckle, was that "Miss Jemima Johnsing had two mo' boa'ders; one a sick man dat had los' his job an' de udder a yaller nigger who sot up nights watchin' de hosses eat dere haids off."

Since that time his master had had various ups and downs, but although he was still weak he was very much stronger than he had been any time since he had taken to his bed. Only once had he been delirious; then he talked ramblingly about Miss Kate and Marse Harry. This had so scared Aunt Jemima that she had determined to go to Mammy Henny and have her tell Miss Kate, so he could get a doctor—something he had positively forbidden her to do, but he grew so much better the next day that she had given it up; since that time his mind had not again given way. All he wanted now, so Todd concluded—was a good soup and "a drap o' sumpin warmin' —an' he'd pull thu'. But dere warn't no use tryin' ter git him to take it 'cause all he would eat was taters an' corn pone an' milk—an' sich like, 'cause he said dere warn't money 'nough fer de three—" whereupon Todd turned his head away and caught his breath, and then tried to pass it off as an unbidden choke—none of which subterfuges deceived Harry in the least.

When the two arrived off the green lantern and pushed in the door of the Sailors' House, Todd received another shock—one that sent his eyes bulging from his head. That Marse Harry Rutter, who was always a law unto himself, should grow a beard and wear rough clothes, was to be expected —"Dem Rutters was allus dat way—do jes's dey minter—" but that the most elegant young man of his day "ob de fustest quality," should take up his quarters in a low sailors' retreat, and be looked upon by the men gathered around its card table—(some of whom greeted Harry familiarly)—as one of their own kind, completely staggered him.

The pedler was particularly gracious—so much so that when he learned that Harry was leaving for good, and had come to get his belongings—he jumped up and insisted on helping—at which Harry laughed and assented, and as a further mark of his appreciation presented him with, in addition to the money he gave him, the now useless silks—an act of generosity which formed the sole topic of conversation in the resort for weeks thereafter.

This done the procession took up its return march: Harry in front, Todd, still dazed and completely at sea as to the meaning of it all following behind; the pedler between with Harry's heavy coat, blankets, etc.—all purchased since his shipwreck—the party threading the narrow choked-up street until they reached the dingy yard, where the pedler dumped his pack and withdrew, while Todd stowed his load in the basement. Whereupon the two tiptoed once more up the stairs to where Aunt Jemima awaited them, St. George having fallen asleep.

Beckoning the old woman away from the bedroom door and into the far corner of the small hall, Harry unfolded to her as much of his plans for the next day as he thought she ought to know. Early in the morning —before his uncle was awake—he would betake himself to Kennedy Square; ascertain from Pawson whether his uncle's rooms were still unoccupied, and if such were the case—and St. George be unable to walk—would pick him up bodily, wrap him in blankets, carry him in his own arms downstairs, place him in a carriage, and drive him to his former home where he would again pick him up and lay him in his own bed: This would be better than a hundred doctors—he had tried it himself when he was down with fever and knew. Aunt Jemima was to go ahead and see that these preparations were carried out. Should Alec be able to bring his mother to Kennedy Square in the morning, as he had instructed him to do, then there would indeed be somebody on hand who could nurse him even better than Jemima. Should hismother not be there, Jemima would take her place. Nothing of all this, he charged her, was to be told St. George until the hour of departure. To dwell upon the intended move might overexcite him. Then, when everything was ready—his linen, etc., arranged—(Jemima was also to look after this)—he would whisk him off and make him comfortable in his own bed. He would, of course, now that he wished it, keep the secret of his retreat; although why St. George Wilmot Temple, Esq., or any

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other gentleman of his standing should object to being taken care of by his own servants was a thing he could not understand: who would or could look after him more loyally or more tenderly? Pawson, of course, need not know—nor should any outside person—not even Gadgem if he came nosing around. To these he would merely say that Mr. Temple had seen fit to leave home and that Mr. Temple had seen fit to return again: that was quite enough for attorneys and collectors. To all the others he would keep his counsel, until St. George himself made confession, which he was pretty sure he would do at the first opportunity.

This decided upon he bade Jemima good-night, gave her explicit directions to call him should his uncle awake (her own room opened out of his) spread his blanket in the cramped hall outside the door—he had not roughed it on shipboard and in the wilderness all these years without knowing something of the soft side of a plank—and throwing his heavy ships-coat over him fell fast asleep.

XXV

When the gray dawn stole through the small window, crept down the narrow hall, and laid his chilled fingers on Harry's upturned face, it found him still asleep. His ride to Moorlands and back—his muscles unused for months to the exercise—had tired him. The trials of the day too, those with his father and his Uncle George, had tired him the more—and so he slept on as a child sleeps—as a perfectly healthy man sleeps—both mind and body drinking in the ozone of a new courage and a new hope.

When the first ray of the joyous sun rode full tilt across his face, he opened his eyes, threw off the cloak, and sprang to his feet. For an instant he looked wonderingly about as if in doubt whether to call the watch or begin the hunt for his cattle—to both of which he had of late turned his hand. Then the pine door caught his eye and the low, measured breathing of his uncle fell upon his ear, and he realized where he was. With a quick lift of his arms, his strong hands thumping his chest, he shook himself together: he had work to do, and he must begin at once.

Aunt Jemima was already at her duties. She had tiptoed past his sleeping body an hour before, and after listening to St. George's breathing had plunged into her tubs; the cat's cradle in the dingy court-yard being already gay with highly respectable linen, including Harry's two flannel shirts which Todd had found in a paper parcel, and which the old woman had pounced upon at sight.

When Harry appeared, she insisted that he should wait until she made him a cup of coffee, but the young man had no time for such luxuries. He would keep on, he said, to Kennedy Square, find Pawson, ascertain if St. George's old rooms were still unoccupied; notify him of Mr. Temple's return; have his bed made and fires properly lighted; stop at the livery stable, wake up Todd, if that darky had overslept himself—quite natural when he had been up all night—engage a carriage to be at Jemima's at four o'clock, and then return to his uncle to get everything ready for the picking-up-and-carrying downstairs process.

And all this he did do; and all this he told Jemima he had done when he swung into the court-yard an hour later, a spring to his heels and a joyous note in his voice that he had not known for years. The reaction that hope brings to youth had set in. He was alive and at home; his Uncle George was where he could get his hands on him—in a minute—by the mounting of the stairs; and Alec and his mother were within reach! Was there ever such joy! Yes—he could fight everything else now!

And the same glad song was in his heart when he opened his uncle's door after he had swallowed his coffee—Jemima had it ready for him this time—and thrusting in his head cried out:

"We are going to get you out of here, Uncle George!" This with a laugh—one of his old contagious laughs that was music in the sick man's ears.

"When?" asked the invalid, his face radiant. He had been awake an hour wondering what it all meant. He had even thought of calling to Jemima to reassure himself that it was not a dream, until he heard her over her tubs and refrained from disturbing her.

"Oh, pretty soon! I have just come from Pawson's. Fogbin hasn't put in an appearance and there's nobody in the rooms and hasn't been anybody there since you left. He can't understand it, nor can I—

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and I don't want to. I have ordered the bed made and a fire started in both the bedroom and the old dining room, and if anybody objects he has got to say so to me, and I am a very uncomfortable person to say some kinds of things to nowadays. So up you get when the time comes; and Todd and Jemima are to go too. I've got money enough, anyhow, to begin on. Aunt Jemima says you had a good night and it won't be long now before you are yourself again."

The radiant smile on the sick man's face blossomed into a laugh: "Yes—the best night that I have had since I was taken ill, and— Where did you sleep, son?"

"Me!— Oh, I had a fine time—long, well-ventilated room with two windows and private staircase; nice pine bedstead—very comfortable place for this part of the town."

St. George looked at him and his eyes filled. His mind was neither on his own questions nor on Harry's answers.

"Get a chair, Harry, and sit by me so I can look at you closer. How fine and strong you are, son—not like your father—you're like your mother. And you've broadened out—mentally as well as physically. Pretty hard I tell you to spoil a gentleman—more difficult still to spoil a Rutter. But you must get that beard off—it isn't becoming to you, and then somebody might think you disguised yourself on purpose. I didn't know you at first, neither did Jemima—and you don't want anybody else to make that kind of a mistake."

"My father did, yesterday—" Harry rejoined quietly, dropping into Jemima's chair.

St. George half raised himself from his bed: "You have seen him?"

"Yes—and I wish I hadn't. But I hunted everywhere for you and then got a horse and rode out home. He didn't know me—that is, I'm pretty sure he didn't—but he cursed me all the same. My mother and old Alec, I hope, will come in to-day—but father's chapter is closed forever, Uncle George. I have been a fool to hope for anything else."

"Drove you out! Oh, no—*no!* Harry! Impossible!"

"But he did—" and then followed an account of all the wanderer had passed through from the time he had set foot on shore to the moment of meeting Todd and himself.

For some minutes St. George lay staring at the ceiling. It was all a horrid nightmare to him. Talbot deserved nothing but contempt and he would get it so far as he was concerned. He agreed with Harry that all reconciliation was now a thing of the past; the only solution possible was that Talbot was out of his senses—the affair having undermined his reason. He had heard of such cases and had doubted them—he was convinced now that they could be true. His answer, therefore, to Harry's next question—one about his lost sweetheart—was given with a certain hesitation. While the pain of Rutter's curses still lingered with him all reference to Kate's affairs—even the little he knew himself—must be made with some circumspection. For there was no hope in that direction either, but he did not want to tell Harry so outright; nor did he want to dwell too long upon the subject.

"And I suppose Kate is married by this time, Uncle George," Harry said at last in a casual tone, "is she not?" He had been leading up to it so that there was no doubt in his uncle's mind as to his intention. "I saw the house lighted up, night before last when I passed, and a lot of people about, so I thought it might be either the wedding or the reception." He had shot the question as one shoots an arrow in the dark—hit or miss—as if he did not care which. He too realized that this was no time to open wounds, certainly not in his uncle's heart; and yet he could wait no longer.

"No—I don't think the wedding has taken place," St. George replied vaguely. "The servants would know if it had—they know everything—and Aunt Jemima would be the first to have told me. The house being lighted up is no evidence. They have been giving a series of entertainments this winter and there were more to come when I last saw Kate, which was one night at Richard Horn's. But let us close that chapter too, my boy. You and I will take a new lease of life from now on. You have already put new blood into my veins—I haven't felt so well for weeks. Now tell me about yourself. Your last letter reached me six months ago, if I remember right. You were then in Rio and were going up into the mountains. Did you go?"

"Yes—up into the Rio Abaste country where they had discovered diamonds as big

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as hens' eggs—one had been sold for nearly a quarter of a million dollars—and everybody was crazy. I didn't find any diamonds nor anything else but starvation, so I herded cattle, that being the only thing I knew anything about—how to ride—and slept out on the lowlands sometimes under a native mat and sometimes under the kindly stars. Then we had a revolution and cattle raids, and one night I came pretty near being chewed up by a puma—and so it went. I made a little money in rawhides after I got to know the natives, and I'm going back to make some more; and you are going with me when we get things straightened out. I wouldn't have come home except that I heard you had been turned out neck and crop from Kennedy Square. One of Mr. Seymour's clerks stopped in Rio on his way to the River Platte and had some business with an English agent whom I met afterward at a hacienda, and who told me about you when he learned I was from Kennedy Square. And when I think of it all, and what you have suffered on account of me!"—Here Harry's voice faltered. "No!—I won't talk about it—I can't! I have spent too many sleepless nights over it: I have been hungry and half dead, but I have kept on—and I am not through: I'll pull it out yet and put you on your feet again if I live!"

St. George laid his hand on the young man's wrist but he made no answer to that part of his speech which referred to his own privations. He knew how the boy felt about it. That was one of the things he loved him for.

"And he spoke God's truth, Harry," he went on, clearing his throat. "Neck and crop is just the word! And so you started home when you heard it—" The choke was quite in evidence now. "That was just like you, you dear fellow! And you haven't come home an hour too soon. I should have been measured for a box in another week. You see I really couldn't go to Coston's. I had made up my mind to until I saw this place, and then I determined I would stop here. I could eke out an existence here on what I had left and still feel like a gentleman, but I couldn't settle down on dear Peggy Coston and be anything but a poltroon. As to my making a living at the law—that was pure moonshine. I haven't opened a law book for twenty years and now it's too late. People of our class"—here he looked away from his companion and talked straight at the foot of the bed—"when they reach the neck and crop period are at the end of their rope. There are then but two things left—either to become an inmate of a poorhouse or to become a sponge. I prefer this box of a room as a happy medium, and I am content to stay where I am as long as we three can keep body and soul together. There is—so Pawson told me before I was taken sick—a little money coming in from a ground rent—a few months off, perhaps, but more than enough to pay Todd back—he gives Jemima every cent of his wages—and when this does come in and I can get out once more, I'm going to order my life so I can make a respectable showing of some kind."

He paused for a moment, fastened his gaze again on Harry, and went on:

"As to going back to Pawson's, I am not altogether sure that that is the wisest thing to do. I may have to leave again as soon as I get comfortably settled in my bed. I turned out at his bidding before and may have to again when he says the word. So don't kindle too many fires with Pawson's wood—I had none belonging to me when I left—or it may warm somebody else's shins besides mine," and a queer smile lighted up his face.

Harry burst out laughing.

"Wood or no wood, Uncle George, I'm going to be landlord now—Pawson can move out and graze his cattle somewhere else. I'm going to take charge of the hut and stock and the pack mules and provisions—and with a gun, if necessary—" and he levelled an imaginary fowling-piece with a boyish gesture.

"Don't you try to move anybody without an order of the court!" cried St. George, joining in the merriment. "What a boy he is!" he thought to himself. "With that mortgage hanging over everything and Gorsuch and your father cudgelling their brains to foreclose it, you won't have a ghost of a chance. Come to think of it, however, I might help—for a few weeks' expenses, at least. How would this do?" Here he had all he could do to straighten his face: "'Attention now—Hats off in the courtroom. For sale or hire! Immediate delivery. One first-class Virginia gentleman.

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Could be made useful in opening and shutting doors or in dancing attendance upon children under one year of age, or in keeping flies from bedridden folk. Apply, etc., etc.' Gadgem could fix it. He has done the most marvellous things in the last year or two—extraordinary, really! Ask Todd about it some time—he'll tell you."

They were both roaring with laughter, St. George so buoyed up by the contagious spirit of the young fellow that he insisted on getting out of bed and sitting in Aunt Jemima's rocking chair with a blanket across his knees.

All the morning did this happy talk go on:—the joyous unconfined talk of two men who had hungered and thirsted for each other through long and bitter days and nights, and whose coming together was like the mingling of two streams long kept apart, and now one great river flowing to a common outlet and a common good.

And not only did their talk cover the whole range of Harry's experiences from the time he left the ship for his sojourn in the hill country and the mountains beyond, and all of St. George's haps and mishaps, with every single transaction of Gadgem and Pawson—loving cup, dogs and all—but when their own personal news was exhausted they both fell back on their friends, such as Richard Horn and old Judge Pancoast; when he had seen Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe—yes, and what of Mr. Poe—had he written any more?—and were his habits any better?—etc., etc.

"I have seen Mr. Poe several times since that unfortunate dinner, Harry; the last time when he was good enough to call upon me on his way to Richmond. He was then particularly himself. You would not have known him—grave, dignified, perfectly dressed—charming, delightful. He came in quite late—indeed I was going to bed when I heard his knock and, Todd being out, I opened the door myself. There was some of that Black Warrior left, and I brought out the decanter, but he shook his head courteously and continued his talk. He asked after you. Wonderful man, Harry—a man you never forget once you know him."

St. George dragged the pine table nearer his chair and moistened his lips with the glass of milk which Jemima had set beside him. Then he went on:

"You remember Judge Giles, do you not? Lives here on St. Paul Street—yes—of course you do—for he is a great friend of your father's and you must have met him repeatedly at Moorlands. Well, one day at the club he told me the most extraordinary story about Mr. Poe—this was some time after you'd gone. It seems that the judge was at work in his study one snowy night when his doorbell sounded. It was late—after eleven o'clock—and as his servant had gone to bed he opened the door himself. There stood a man with his coat buttoned close about his throat—evidently a gentleman—who asked him politely for a sheet of paper and a pen. You know the judge, and how kind and considerate he is. Well, of course he asked him in, drew out a chair at his desk and stepped into the next room to leave him undisturbed. After a time, not hearing him move, he looked in and to his surprise the stranger had disappeared. On the desk lay a sheet of paper on which was written three verses of a poem. It was his 'Bells.' The judge has had them framed, so I hear. There was enough snow on the ground to bring out the cutters, and Poe had the rhythm of the bells ringing in his head and being afraid he would forget it he pulled the judge's doorbell. I wish he'd rung mine. I must get the poem for you, Harry—it's as famous now as 'The Raven.' Richard, I hear, reads it so that you can distinguish the sound of each bell."

"Well, he taught me a lesson," said Harry, tucking the blanket close around his uncle's knees—"one I have never forgotten, and never will. He sent me to bed a wreck, I remember, but I got up the next morning with a new mast in me and all my pumps working."

"You mean—" and St. George smiled meaningly and tossed his hand up as if emptying a glass.

"Yes—just that—" rejoined Harry with a nod. "It's so hot out where I have been that a glass of native rum is as bad as a snake bite and everybody except a native leaves it alone. But if I had gone to the North Pole instead of the equator I would have done the same. Men like you and father, and Mr. Richard Horn and Mr. Kennedy, who have been brought up on moderation, may feel as you like about it, but I'm going to let it alone. It's the devil when it gets into your blood and mine's not made

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for it. I'd like to thank Mr. Poe if I dared, which I wouldn't, of course, if I ever saw him, for what he did for me. I wouldn't be surprised if he would give a good deal himself to do the same—or has he pulled out?"

"He never has pulled in, Harry—not continuously. Richard has the right of it. Poe is a man pursued by a devil and lives always on the watch to prevent the fiend from getting the best of him. Months at a time he wins and then there comes a day or two when the devil gets on top. He says himself—he told me this the last time I saw him—that he really lives a life devoted to his literary work; that he shuts himself up from everybody; and that the desire for society only comes upon him when he's excited by drink. Then, and only then, he goes among his fellows and, therefore, everybody who meets him thinks he is always in that condition. There is some truth in that, my son, for as long as I have known him I have never seen him in his cups except that one night at my house. A courteous, well-bred gentleman, my boy—most punctilious about all his obligations and very honest about his failings. All he said to me the next day when he sobered up—I kept him all that night, you remember—was: 'I was miserably weak and inexcusably drunk last night, Mr. Temple. If that was all it would make no difference; I have been very drunk before, and will, perhaps, be very drunk again; but in addition to my being drunk I insulted you and your friends and ruined your dinner. That makes every difference. Don't let it cause a break between us. Let me come again. And now please brush it from your mind. If you knew how I suffer over this fiend who tortures and subdues me now and then you'd only have the greatest pity for me in your heart.' Then he wrung my hand and left the house."

"Well, that's all any of us could do," sighed Harry, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling. "It makes some difference, however, of whom you ask forgiveness. I've been willing to say the same kind of thing to my father ever since my affair with Mr. Willits, but it would have fallen on deaf ears. I had another trial at it yesterday, and you know what happened."

"I don't think your father knew you, Harry," protested St. George, with a negative wave of his hand.

"I hope he didn't—I shouldn't like to think he did. But, by heaven! it broke my heart to see him, Uncle George. You would hardly know him. Even his voice has changed and the shade over his eyes and the way he twists his head when he looks at you really gave me a creepy feeling," and the young man passed his fingers across his own eyes as if to shut out some hideous object.

"Was he looking straight at you when he ordered you from the room?"

"Straight as he could."

"Well, let us try and think it was the beard. And that reminds me, son, that it's got to come off, and right away. When Todd comes in he'll find my razors and——"

"No—I'll look up a barber."

"Not down in this part of the town," exclaimed St. George with a light laugh.

"No—I'll go up to Guy's. There used to be an old negro there who looked after us young fellows when our beards began to sprout. He'll take care of it all right. While I'm out I'll stop and send Todd back. I'm going to end his apprenticeship to-day, and so he'll help you dress. Nothing like getting into your clothes when you're well enough to get out of bed; I've done it more than once," and with a pat on his uncle's shoulder and the readjustment of the blanket, he closed the door behind him and left the room.

"Everything is working fine, auntie," he cried joyously as he passed the old woman who was hanging out the last of her wash. "I'll be back in an hour. Don't tell him yet—" and he strode out of the yard on his way uptown.

XXVI

INTRUDERS of all kinds had thrust their heads between the dripping, slightly moist, and wholly dry fragments of Aunt Jemima's Monday wash, and each and every one had been assailed by a vocabulary hurled at them through the creaky gate, and as far out as the street: pedlers who had things to sell; loose darkies with no visible means of support, who had smelt the cooking in the air; even goats with an acquired taste for stocking legs and window curtains who had either been invited out, whirled out, or thrown out, dependent upon the damage

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inflicted, the size of the favors asked, or the length of space intervening between Jemima's right arm and their backs. In all of these instances the old cook had been the broom and the intruders the dust. Being an expert in its use the particles had succumbed before they had gotten through their first sentence. In the case of the goat even that privilege was denied him; it was the handle and not the brush part which ended the argument. To see Aunt Jemima get rid of a goat in two jumps and one whack was not only a lesson in condensed conversation, but furnished a sight one seldom forgot—the goat never!

This morning the situation was reversed. It was Aunt Jemima who came flying upstairs, her eyes popping from her head, her plump hands flattened against her big, heaving bosom, her breath gone in the effort to tell her dreadful news before she should drop dead.

"Marse George! who d'ye think 's downstairs?" she gasped, bursting in the door of his bedroom, without even the customary tap. "Oh, bless Gawd! dat you'se outen dat bed! and dressed and tryin' yo' po' legs about the room. What's I gwinter do? He's comin' up. Got a man wid him I ain't neber see befo'. Says he's a-lookin' fer somebody! Git in de closet an' I'll tell him you'se out an' den I'll run an' watch for Marse Harry at de gate. Oh, I doan' like dis yere bus'ness," and she began to wring her hands.

St. George had been watching the old woman with mingled feelings of wonder and curiosity. Whether she had gone daft or was more than usually excited he could not for the moment decide.

"Jemima! stop, right away, and tell me what you're talking about. Who's downstairs?"

"Ain't I don' tol' yer dat it's Marse Talbot? an' I ain't neber see him like he is dis mawnin'. Got a look on him make yer shiver all over; says he's gwinter s'arch de house. He's got a constable wid him—dat is, he's got a man dat looks like a constable, an'——"

St. George laid his hands on the old woman's shoulders, and turned her about.

"Who did you say was downstairs?"

"Marse Talbot Rutter—come f'om de country—got mud all ober his boots."

"Mr. Harry's father?"

Aunt Jemima choked and nodded: there was no breath left for more.

"Who did he ask for?" St. George was serious now.

"Didn't ask fer nobody; he say, 'I'm lookin' fer a man dat come in yere las' night.' I see he didn't know me an' I neber let on. Den he say, 'Hab you got any boa'ders yere?' an' I say, 'I got one,' an' den he 'tempted ter pass me an' I say, 'Wait a minute, 'til I see ef he's outen de bed.' Now, what's I gwinter do? He doan' mean no good to Marse Harry, an' he'll dribe him 'way ag'in, an' he jes' come back an' you gittin' well a-lovin' of him—an'——"

An uncertain step was heard in the hall.

"Dat's him," Jemima whispered hoarsely, behind her hand, "what'll I do? Doan' let him come in. I'll——"

St. George moved past her and pushed back the door.

Colonel Rutter stood outside.

The two men looked into each other's faces.

"I am in search, sir," the colonel began, shading his eyes with his fingers, the brighter light of the room weakening his sight, "for a young sailor whom I am informed stopped here last night, and who— *St. George!* What in the name of God are you doing in a place like this?"

"Come inside, Talbot," Temple replied calmly, his eyes fixed on Rutter's drawn face and faltering gaze. "Aunt Jemima, hand Colonel Rutter a chair. You will excuse me if I sit down—I am just out of bed after a long illness, and am a little weak," and he dropped into his seat. "My servant tells me that——"

St. George paused. Rutter was paying no more attention to what he said than if he had not been in the room. He was straining his eyes about the apartment; taking in the empty bed from which St. George had just arisen, the cheap chairs and small pine table and the kitchen plates and cup which still held the remains of St. George's breakfast. He waited until Jemima had backed out of the door, her scared face still a tangle of emotions—fear for her master's safety predominating. His eyes again sought St. George.

"What does it all mean, Temple?"

"I don't think that subject is under discussion, Talbot, and we will, therefore, pass

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it. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"Don't be a damned fool, St. George! Don't you see I'm half crazy? Harry has come back and he is hiding somewhere in this neighborhood."

"How do you know?" he asked coolly. He did not intend to help one iota in Rutter's search until he found out why he wanted Harry. No more cursing of either his son or himself—that was another chapter which was closed.

"Because I've been hunting for him all day. He rode out to Moorlands yesterday, and I didn't know him, he's so changed. But, Temple—think of it! I ordered him out of my office. I thought he was a road-pedler. And he's going to sea again—he told Alec as much. I tell you I have got to get hold of him! Don't sit there and stare at me, man! tell me where I can find my son!"

"What made you suppose he was here, Talbot?" The same cool, measured speech and manner, but with a more open mind behind it now. The pathetic aspect of the man, and the acute suffering shown in every tone of his voice, had begun to tell upon the invalid.

"Because a man I've got downstairs brought Harry here last night. He is not positive as it was quite dark, but he thinks this is the place. I went first to the Barkeley Line, found they had a ship in—the *Mohican*—and saw the captain, who told me of a man who came aboard at Rio. Then I learned where he had put up for the night—a low sailors' retreat—and found this pedler who said he had sold Harry the silks which he offered me. He brought me here."

"Well, I can't help you any. There are only two rooms—I occupy this and my old cook, Jemima, has the other. I have been here for over a month."

"Here! in this God-forsaken place! Why, we thought you had gone to Virginia. That's why we have had no answers to our letters, and we've hunted high and low for you. Certainly you have heard about the Patapsco and what——"

"I certainly have heard nothing, Talbot, and as I have just told you, I'd rather you would not discuss my affairs. The last time you saw fit to encroach upon them brought only bitterness, and I prefer not to repeat it. Anything you have to say about Harry I will gladly hear. Go on—I'm listening."

"For God's sake, St. George, don't take that tone with me! If you knew how wretched I am you'd be sorry for me. I am a broken-down man! If Harry goes away again without my seeing him I don't want to live another day. When Alec came running back last night and told me that I had cursed my son to his face, I nearly went out of my mind. I knew when I saw Alec's anger that it was true, and I knew, too, what a brute I had been. I ran to Annie's room, took her in my arms, and asked her pardon! All night I walked my room; at daylight I rang for Alec, sent for Matthew, and he hooked up the carryall and we came in here. Annie wanted to come with me, but I wouldn't let her. I knew Seymour wasn't out of bed that early, and so I drove straight to the shipping office and waited until it was open, and I've been hunting for him ever since. You and I have been boys together, St. George—don't lay up against me all the insulting things I've said to you—all the harm I've done you! God knows I've repented of it! Will you forgive me, St. George, for the sake of the old days—for the sake of my boy to whom you have been a father? Will you give me your hand? What in the name of common sense should you and I be enemies for? I, who owe you more than I owe any man in the world! Will you help me?"

St. George was staring now. He bent forward, gripped the arms of his chair for a better purchase, and lifted himself to his feet. There he stood swaying, Rutter's outstretched hand in both of his, his whole nature stirred—only one thought in his heart—to wipe out the past and bring father and son together.

"Yes, Talbot—I'll forgive you and I'll help you—I have helped you! Harry will be here in a few minutes—I sent him out to get his beard shaved off—that's why you didn't know him."

The colonel reeled unsteadily and but for St. George's hand would have lost his balance. All the blood was gone from his cheeks. He tried to speak, but the lips refused to move. For an instant St. George thought he would sink to the floor.

"You say—Harry . . . is here!" he stammered out at last, catching wildly at Temple's other hand to steady himself.

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"Yes, he came across Todd by the merest accident or he would have gone to the Eastern Shore to look me up. There!—that's his step now! Turn that door knob and hold out your hands to him, and after you've got your arms around him get down on your knees and thank your God that you've got such a son!— I do, every hour I live!"

The door swung wide and Harry strode in: his eyes glistening his cheeks aglow.

"Up are you, and in your clothes!" he cried joyfully, all the freshness of the morning in his voice. "Well, that's something like! How do you like me now?—smooth as a marlinspike and my hair trimmed in the latest fashion, so old Bones says. He didn't know me either till he got clear down below my mouth and when my chin began to show he gave a——"

He stopped and stared at his father, who had been hidden from sight by the swinging door. The surprise was so great that his voice clogged in his throat. Rutter stood like one who had seen an apparition.

St. George broke the silence:

"It's all right, Harry—give your father your hand."

The colonel made a step forward, threw out one arm as if to regain his equilibrium, and staggered toward a chair, his frame shaking convulsively—wholly unstrung—sobbing like a child. Harry sprang to catch him and the two sank down together—no word of comfort—only the mute appeal of touch—the brown hand wet with his father's tears.

For some seconds neither spoke, then his father raised his head and looked into his son's face.

"I didn't know it was you, Harry. I have been hunting you all day to ask your pardon." It was the memory of the last indignity he had heaped upon him that had been torturing him.

"I knew you didn't, father."

"Don't go away again, Harry, please don't, my son!" he pleaded, strangling the tears, trying to regain his self-control—tears had often of late moistened Talbot Rutter's lids. "Your mother can't stand it another year, and I'm breaking up—half blind. You won't go, will you?"

"No—not right away, father—we'll talk of that later." He was still in the dark as to how it had come about. What he knew was that for the first time in all his life his father had asked his pardon, and for the first time in all his life the barrier which held them apart had been broken down.

The colonel braced himself in his seat in one supreme effort to get himself in hand. Harry rose to his feet and stood beside him. St. George, trembling from his own weakness, a great throb of thankfulness in his heart, had kept his place in his chair, his eyes turned away from the scene. His own mind had also undergone a great change. He had always known that somewhere down in Talbot Rutter's heart—down underneath the strata of pride and love of power, there could be found the heart of a father and a gentleman—indeed he had often predicted to himself just such a coming together. It was the boy's pluck and manliness that had done it; a manliness free from all truckling or cringing; and then his tenderness over the man who had of all others in the world wronged him most. He could hardly keep his glad hands off the boy.

"You will go home with me, of course, won't you, Harry?" Rutter continued. He must ask his consent now—this son of his whom he had driven from his home and insulted in the presence of his friends at the club, and whom he could see was now absolutely independent of him—and what was more to the point absolutely his own master.

"Yes, of course, I'll go home with you, father," he answered respectfully, "if mother isn't coming in. Did she or Alec say anything to you about it before you left?"

"No, she isn't coming in to-day—I wouldn't let her. It was too early when I started. But that's not what I mean," Rutter went on with increasing excitement. "I want you to go home with me and stay forever; I want to forget the past; I want St. George to hear me say so! Come and take your place at the head of the estate—I will have Gorsuch arrange the papers to-morrow. You and St. George must go back with me to-day. I have the large carryall—Matthew is with me—he stopped at the corner—he's there now."

"That's very kind of you, father," Harry rejoined calmly, concealing as best he could his disappointment at not being able to see his mother: it seemed strange to him that he was not more affected by the sight of

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his father's suffering. When he first saw his uncle he had not been able to keep the tears back—and yet they were dry enough now—why he could not tell.

"Yes! of course you will go with me. Please send your servant for Matthew, my coachman, and have him drive up," the colonel continued in nervous, jerky tones, turning to St. George. "You can't stay here another hour. How you ever got here is more than I can understand. Moorlands is the place for you both—you'll get well there. My carriage is a very easy one. Perhaps I had better go for Matthew myself."

"No, don't move, Talbot," rejoined St. George in a calming tone. He had never seen Talbot Rutter like this. All his old-time measured talk and manner were gone; he was like some baffled hunted man pleading to his captors for his life. "I'm very grateful to you but I shall stay here. Harry, will you kindly go for Matthew?"

"Stay here!—for how long?" cried the colonel in astonishment, his glance fixed on Harry as he left the room in obedience to his uncle's request.

"Well, perhaps for the balance of the winter."

"In this hole?" His voice had grown stronger.

"Certainly, why not?" replied St. George simply, moving his chair so that his guest might see him the better. "My servants are taking care of me. I can pay my way here, and it's about the only place in which I can pay it. I want to tell you frankly, Talbot, that I am very happy to be here—am very glad, really, to get such a place. No one could be more devoted than my two old servants—I shall never forget them for it."

"But you're not a pauper?" cried the colonel in some heat.

"That was what you were once good enough to call me—the last time we met. The only change is that then I owed Pawson and now I owe Todd," he said, trying to repress a smile, as if the humor of the situation would overcome him if he was not careful. "Thank you very much, Talbot—and I mean every word of it—but I'll stay where I am, at least for the present."

"But the bank is on its legs again," rebounded the colonel, ignoring all reference to the past, his voice rising in intensity.

"So am I," laughed St. George, slapping his lean thighs—"on a very shaky pair of legs—so shaky that I shall have to go to bed again pretty soon."

"But you're coming out all right, St. George!" Rutter had squared himself in his chair and was now looking straight at his host. "Gorsuch has written you half a dozen letters about it and not a word from you in reply. Now I see why. But all that will come out in time. You're not going to stay here for an hour longer, I tell you." His old personality was beginning to assert itself.

"The future doesn't interest me, Talbot," smiled St. George in perfect good humor. "In my experience my future has always been worse than my past."

"But that is no reason why you shouldn't go home with me now and let us take care of you," Rutter cried in a still more positive tone. "Annie will be delighted. Stay a month with me—stay a year. After what I owe you, St. George, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"You have already done it, Talbot—every obligation is wiped out," rejoined St. George in a satisfied tone.

"How?"

"By coming here and asking Harry's pardon—that is more to me than all the things I have ever possessed," and his voice broke as he thought of the change that had taken place in Harry's fortunes in the last half hour.

"Then come out to Moorlands and let me prove it!" cried the colonel leaning forward in his eagerness and grasping St. George by the sleeve.

"No," replied St. George in appreciative but positive tones showing that his mind was fully made up. "If I go anywhere I'll go back to my house on Kennedy Square—that is to the little of it that is still mine. I'll stay there for a day or two, to please Harry—or until they turn me out again, and then I'll come back here. Change of air may do me good, and besides, Jemima and Todd should get a rest."

The colonel rose to his feet: "You shall do no such thing!" he exploded. The old dominating air was in full swing now. "I tell you you *will* come with me! Damn you, St. George!—if you don't I'll never speak to you again, so help me, God!"

St. George threw back his head and burst into a roar of laughter in which, after a

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moment of angry hesitation, Rutter joined. Then he reached down and with his hand on St. George's shoulder, said in a coaxing tone—"Come along to Moorlands, old fellow—I'd be so glad to have you, and so will Annie, and we'll live over the old days."

Harry's reappearance cut short his answer.

"No, father," he cried cheerily, taking up the refrain. He had caught the friendly caress and had heard the last sentence. "Uncle George is still too ill, and too weak for so long a drive. It's only the excitement over my return that keeps him up now—and he'll collapse if we don't look out—but he'll collapse in a better place than this!" he added with joyous emphasis. "Todd is outside, the hack is at the gate, and Jemima is now waiting for him in his old room at home. Give me your arm, you blessed old cripple, and let me help you downstairs. Out of the way, father, or he'll change his mind and I'll have to pick him up bodily and carry him."

St. George looked at Harry from under his eyebrows, and with a wave of his hand and a deprecating shake of his head at the colonel said:

"These rovers and freebooters, Talbot, have so lorded it over their serfs that they've lost all respect for their betters. Give me your hand, you vagabond, and if you break my neck I'll make you bury me."

The colonel looked on silently and a sharp pain gripped his throat. When, in all his life, had he ever been spoken to by his boy in that spirit, and when in all his life had he ever seen that look of tenderness in Harry's eyes? What had he not missed?

"Harry, may I make a suggestion?" he asked almost apologetically. The young fellow turned his head in respectful attention: "Put St. George in my carriage—it is much more comfortable—and let me drive him home—my eyes are quite good in the daytime, after I get used to the light, and I am still able to take the road. Then put your servant and mine in the hack with St. George's and your own luggage."

"Capital idea!" cried Harry clapping his hands. "I never thought of it! Attention company! Eyes to the front, Mr. Temple! You'll now remain on waiting orders until I give you permission to move, and as this may take some time—please hold on to him, father, until I get his chair"—they were already out on the landing—on the very plank where Harry had passed the night—"you'll go back to your quarters. These are your quarters, . . . here sir:" and Harry dragged the chair into position with his foot. "Down with you—that's it—and you will stay here until the baggage and hospital train arrive, when you'll occupy a front seat in the van—and there will be no grumbling or lagging behind of any kind, remember, or you'll get ten days in the lock-up!"

Pawson was on the curbstone, his face shining, his semaphore arms and legs in action; his eyes searching the distance, when the two vehicles came in sight. He had heard the day boat was very late, and as there had been a heavy fog over night, did not worry about the delay in their arrival.

What troubled him more was the change in Mr. Temple's appearance. He had gone away ruddy, erect, full of vigor and health, and here he was being helped out of the carriage, pale, wrinkled, his eyes deep set in his head. His voice, though, was still strong if his legs were shaky, and there seemed also to be no diminution in the flow of his spirits. Wesley had kept that part of him intact whatever changes the climate had made.

"Ah, Pawson—glad to see you!" the invalid called, extending his hand as soon as he stood erect on the sidewalk. "So the vultures have not turned up yet and taken up their roost in my nest. Most kind of you to stay home and give up your business to meet me! Back again, you see—these old derelicts turn up once in a while when you least expect them. You know Colonel Talbot Rutter, of Moorlands, I presume, and Mr. Harry Rutter—Of course you do! Harry has told me all about your midnight meeting when you took him for a constable, and he took you for a thief. No—please don't laugh, Pawson—Mr. Rutter is the worst kind of a thief. Not only has he stolen my heart because of his goodness to me, but he threatens to make off with my body. Give me your hand, Todd. Now a little lift on that rickety elbow and I reckon we can make that flight of steps. I have come down them so many times of late with no expectation of ever mounting them again that it will be a novelty to be sure

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of staying over night. Come in, Talbot, and see the home of my ancestors. I am sorry the Black Warrior is all gone—I sent Kennedy the last bottle some time ago—pity that vintage didn't last forever. Do you know, Talbot, if I had my way, I'd have a special spigot put in the City Spring labelled 'Gift of a once prominent citizen,' and supply the inhabitants with 1810—something fit for a gentleman to drink."

They were all laughing now; the colonel carrying the pillows Todd had tucked behind the invalid's back, Harry a few toilet articles wrapped in paper, and Matthew his cane—and so the cortege crawled up the steps, crossed the dismantled dining-room—the colonel aghast at the change made in its interior since last he saw it—and so on to St. George's room where Todd and Jemima put him to bed.

His uncle taken care of—(his father had kept on to Moorlands to tell his mother the good news)—Harry mounted the stairs to his old room, which Pawson had generously vacated so that he and his uncle could be together.

The appointments were about the same as when he left; time and poverty had wrought but few changes. Pawson, while occupying it, had moved in a few books, and there was a night table beside the small bed with a lamp on it, showing that he read late; but the bureau and shabby arm-chair, and the closet, stripped now of the young attorney's clothes to make room for his own—(a scant sorry lot)—were pretty much the same as he had found on that eventful night when he had driven in through the rain and storm beside his Uncle George, his father's anathemas ringing in his ears.

Unconsciously his mind went back to the events of the day; his uncle's wonderful vitality and the change his own home-coming had made not only in his physique, but in his spirits. Then his father's shattered form and haggard face rose before him, and with it came the recollection of all that had happened during the previous hours: his father's brutal outburst in the small office and the marvellous change that had come over him when he learned the truth from Alec's lips; his hurried departure in the gray dawn for the ship and his tracing him to Jemima's house. And then his present bearing toward himself and St. George; his deference to their wishes and his willingness to follow and not lead. Was it his ill-health that had brought about this astounding transformation in a man who brooked no opposition?—or had his heart really softened toward him so that from this on he could again call him father in the full meaning of the term? At this a sudden, acute pain wrenched his heart. Perhaps he had not been glad enough to see him—perhaps, in his anxiety over his uncle he had failed in those little tendernesses which a returned prodigal should have shown the father who had held out his arms and asked his forgiveness. At this he fell to wondering as to the present condition of the colonel's mind: what was he thinking of in that lonely drive; he must soon be nearing Moorlands now and Alec would meet him, and then the dear mother—and the whole story would be told—he could see her now—her eyes streaming tears, her heart throbbing with the joy of his return.

And it is a great pity he could not have thus looked in upon the autocrat of Moorlands as he sat hunched up on the back seat, silent, his head bowed, the only spoken words being Matthew's cheery hastening of his horses. It is even the greater pity that the son could not have searched as well the secret places of the man's heart. Such clearings out of doubts and misgivings make for peace and good fellowship and righteousness in the world of misunderstanding.

That a certain rest had come into Rutter's soul could be seen in his face—a peace that had not settled on his features for years—but, if the truth must be told, he was not happy. Somehow the joy he had anticipated at the boy's home-coming, had not been realized. With the warmth of Harry's grasp still lingering in his own and the tones of his voice still sounding in his ears, he yet felt aloof from him—outside—far off, really—try as he might. Something had snapped in the years they had been apart—something he knew could never be repaired. Where there had once been boyish love there was now only filial regard. Down in his secret soul he felt it—down in his secret soul he knew it! Worse than that—another had replaced him! "Come, you dear old cripple!"—he could hear the voice and see the love and joy in the boy's eyes as he shouted it out. Yes—it was St. George who was his father now!

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Then his mind reverted again to his former treatment of his son. What else could he have done and still maintain the standards of his ancestors?—the universal question around Kennedy Square; when obligations of blood and training were to be considered. After all it had only been an object-lesson; he had intended to forgive his son later on. When Harry was a boy he punished him as boys were punished; when he became a man he punished him as men were punished. But for St. George the plan would long since have worked. St. George had balked him twice—once at the club and once at his home in Kennedy Square, when he practically ordered him from the house.

And yet he could not but admit that even according to his own high standards both St. George and Harry had measured up to them: rather than touch another penny of his uncle's money Harry had become an exile; rather than accept a penny from his enemy, St. George had become a pauper. With this view of the case fermenting in his mind—and he had not realized the extent of both sacrifices until to-day—a feeling of pride swept through him. It was *his boy* and *his friend*, who had measured up!—by suffering, by bodily weakness—by privation—by starvation, really! And both had manfully and cheerfully stood the test! It was the blood of the DeRuyters which had put courage into the boy; it was the blood of the cavaliers that had made Temple the man he was. And that old DeRuyter blood! How it had told in every glance of the boy's eye and every intonation of the voice! If he had not accumulated a fortune *he would*—and that before many years were gone. But!— and a chill went through him. Would not this still further separate them, and if it did how could he restore at once the old dependence and the old *confidence?* His efforts so far had met with almost a rebuff, for Harry had shown no particular pleasure when he told him of his intention to put him in charge of the estate: he had watched his face for a sign of satisfaction, but none had come. He had really seemed more interested in getting St. George downstairs than in being the fourth heir of Moorlands—indeed, he had no thought for anybody or anything outside except St. George.

All this the son might have known could he have sat by his father in the carryall on his way to Moorlands.

(To be continued.)

AERE PERENNIUS

By Harriet Monroe

Look on the dead. Stately and pure he lies
Under the white sheet's marble folds. For him
The solemn bier, the scented chamber dim,
The sacred hush, the bowed heads of the wise,
The slow pomp, yea, the sumptuous disguise
Of haughty death, the conjurer— even for him,
Poor trivial one, pale shadow on the rim,
Whom life marked not, but death may not despise.
Now is he level with the great; no king
Enthroned and crowned more royal is, more sure
Of the world's reverence. Behold, this thing
Was but a man, mortal and insecure;
Now chance and change their homage to him bring
And he is one with all things that endure.

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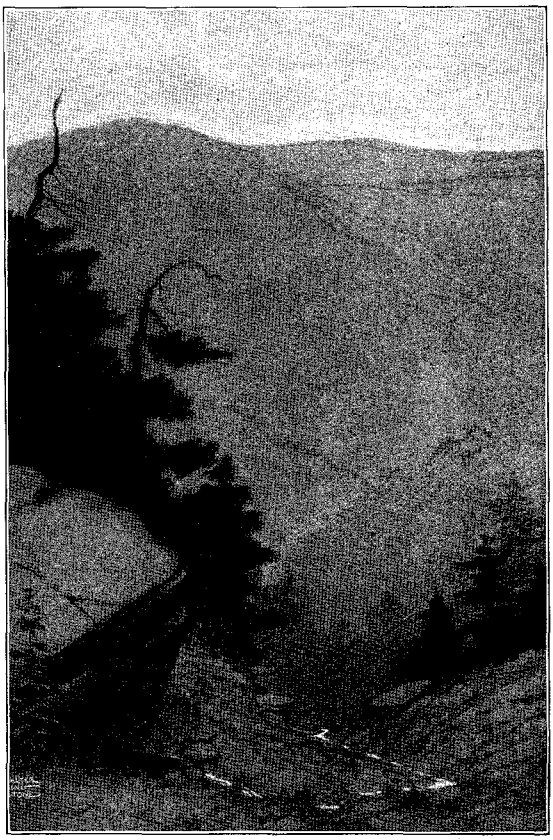
RIVERS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

IF you desire an argument for idealism, said Emerson, stoop down and look at a familiar landscape through your legs. (This, it will be recalled, was also Peter Pan's method for intimidating the wolves!) Yet Emerson need hardly have resorted to so gymnastic a feat for casting over a familiar landscape the sense of strangeness. There flows through the Concord meadows, and 'neath "the rude bridge" which spans its flood, the Concord River, incomparable for canoes, and from the seat of a gently moving craft on its dark, quiet waters you may see all that fair New England countryside through the transforming lens of an unaccustomed view-point—the view-point, as it were, of the floor of the world.



I watched the thread of crystal water slip through the mosses into the depths of a mountain ravine.—Page 35.

If you walk with the shade of old Izaak Walton by the bank of a river, in quiet contemplation or busy with a rod, you may fall in love with life and flowing streams, but you will not know the true river view. You will know that only from a boat, preferably a noiseless, smooth-slipping canoe, because only from the boat is your level of vision altered from the habitual, lowered till all the common objects of the landscape shift their values and the world is indeed so strange a place that you realize, as Emerson intended, how many of our so-called facts are merely habits of the human eye. We have often suspected that Bishop Berkeley himself was a traveller by inland water-ways, and drew his philosophy from the river view.

Did you ever lie stretched on your garden path, shutting the eye farther from the ground and squinting with the other through the strange jungle of your flower beds? The sensation is curious, almost disconcerting. The pebbles on the path cast long shadows, the bordering grasses are tall, and the stalks of your daffodils tower like a pine wood, while the sun shines through amid the translucent green trunks, bringing down a shimmer of golden blooms. See, a robin hops into the picture! You know him for a robin by his rosy breast and his brittle legs. But how huge he is! You are scarce aware of the

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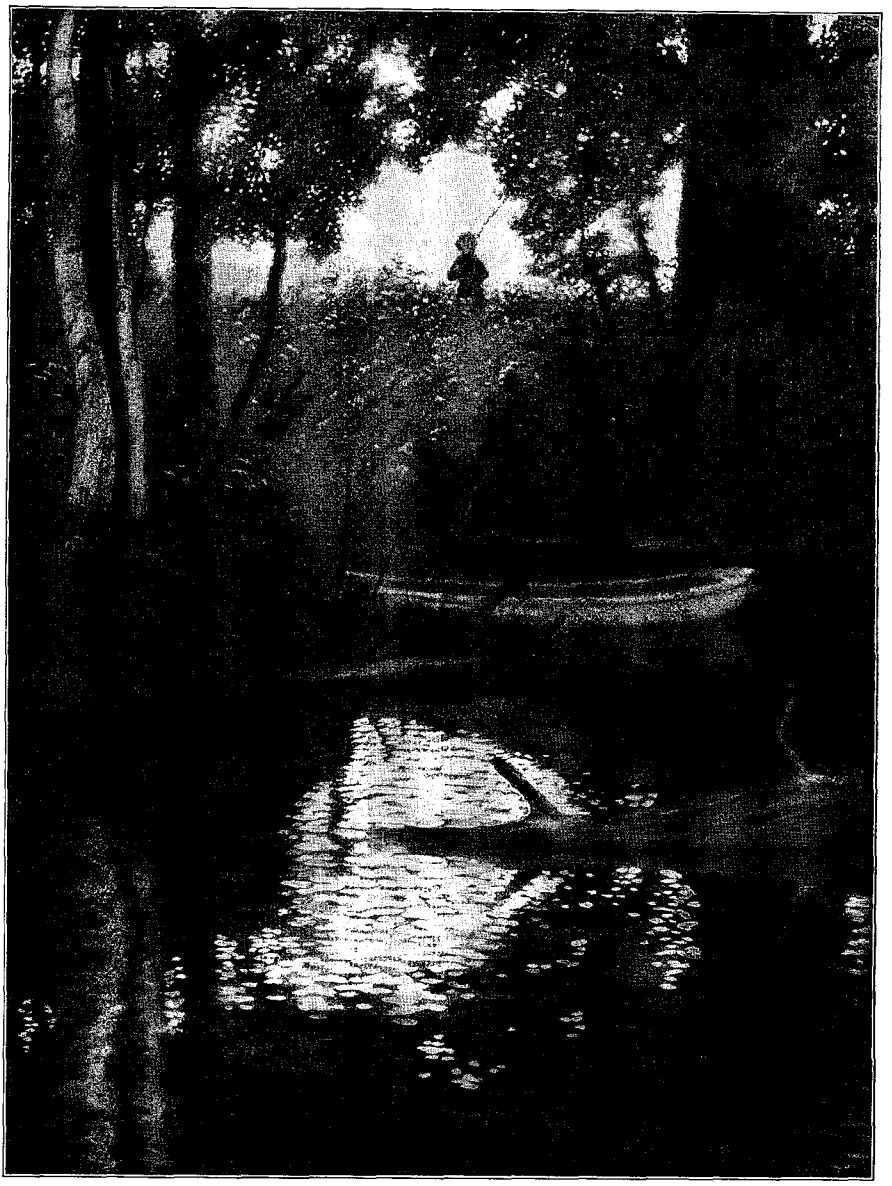

Presently there is a rustle in the grasses, and a small boy stands over

sky, and of your neighbors' houses, even of so much of your own garden as lies beyond this little field of your earth-bound vision, you are not aware at all. You feel curiously like Gulliver in Brobdingnag. As you rise to your feet, you are tempted to rub your eyes, like one awaking from a dream.

This, on a larger scale and enhanced by the charm of moving boat and lapping water, is the sensation of him who journeys by a little water-way through the meadows and the hills. A well-behaved river is bound to be lower than its banks, so that sometimes your head, as you sit in your canoe, is actually below the floor of the world, sometimes on its level, but seldom or never above it. What a transformation this works on the landscape! Step into your craft, dip your paddle, glide out on the current, and the flowers and grasses on the

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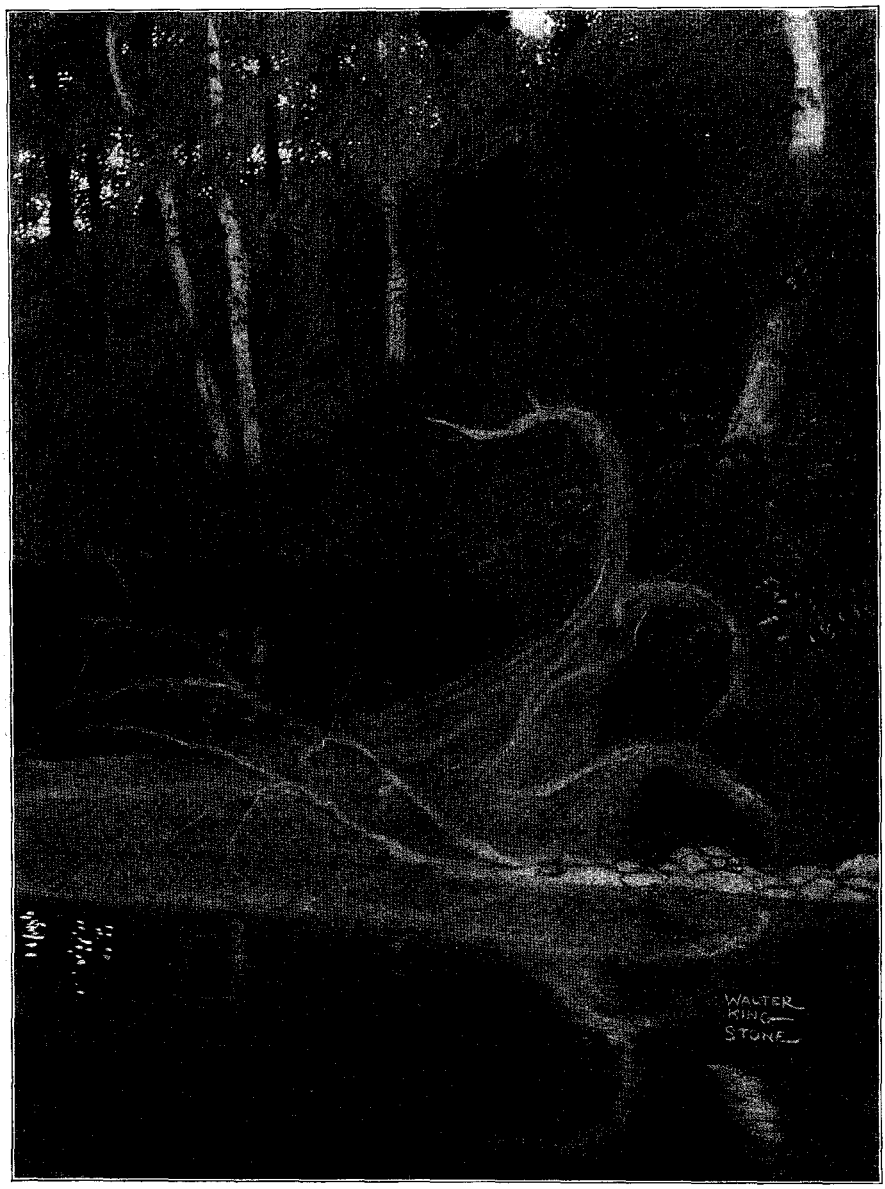

you . . . a one-piece bamboo fish-pole towering in his hand.—Page 32.

bank, scarce noted before, are suddenly the rich foreground of your picture. They are larger, more intricate, more beautiful, than you ever guessed. The cardinal flowers and Joepye-weed lift their blooms against the blue sky, instead of lying at your feet. The delicate designs of their petals emerge like a snow-flake on velvet. As you glide under arching willows or maples, you seem to be in the depth of a forest. The road or the trolley line may be but a few hundred yards away, yet you do not see them. You float silently up a liquid aisle beneath vaulted foliage, in a sufficient and cloistered world of your own.

It may be presently you catch the sparkle of bright sunlight on the water ahead, and emerging from the mottled shadows of the woods your canoe slips into a stretch of river where tall grasses come down to the

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black, oozy banks. An old punt, half full of yellow water, is moored to a stake. Out in the fields you hear the hot click, click of a mowing machine, drowsier than a locust's song at summer noon. Men are near, no doubt horses, a road, perhaps a town. But you do not see them. You see only the old punt, the tall grasses on the bank, it may be the top of a far blue hill peeping over, and ahead the quiet waterway wandering again into the cool shadows of the maples. Those hay-fields might stretch to infinity for all you can say. Your view of the world is not comprehensive; it is the view of the worm rather than the bird. But how alluring is its strangeness, how restful its seclusion, between grassy banks under the dome of the summer sky. Even the ways of the worm may be pleasant, then—a fact worth finding out.

No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river

Presently there is a rustle in the grasses, and a small boy stands over you, staring down, a one-piece bamboo fish-pole towering in his hand. His body cuts against the sun, and, see, he has an aura in his hair!

Always there is this strangeness of the river way to give it perpetual allure. Do you meet with a fisherman sitting on the bank, it is his feet you see first. Always the bordering grasses are important, and how large the sky, how flat and restricted the plain when the banks sink down to give a glimpse of it! Passing under a bridge, the dust disturbed by a rumbling motor overhead shakes down upon you or tinkles on the water—sweetest of tiny sounds, this tinkle of dust on still water! It is as if you were in another world, below your human kind in space, but not, you are sure, in degree, so gently your craft slips along amid the cloistered beauties of the stream.

"In the garden," writes Emerson in his "Journal," "the eye watches the flying cloud and Walden Woods, but turns from the village. Poor Society! what hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" But need Society be our aversion because sometimes we turn from it in weariness to the contemplation of Walden Woods or the river way, or because our spirit recognizes in itself a primal kinship not alone with Society but with Solitude as well, with whispering waters and Joepye-weed and the tall grass that nods against the sky?

"What do they know of England who only England know?"

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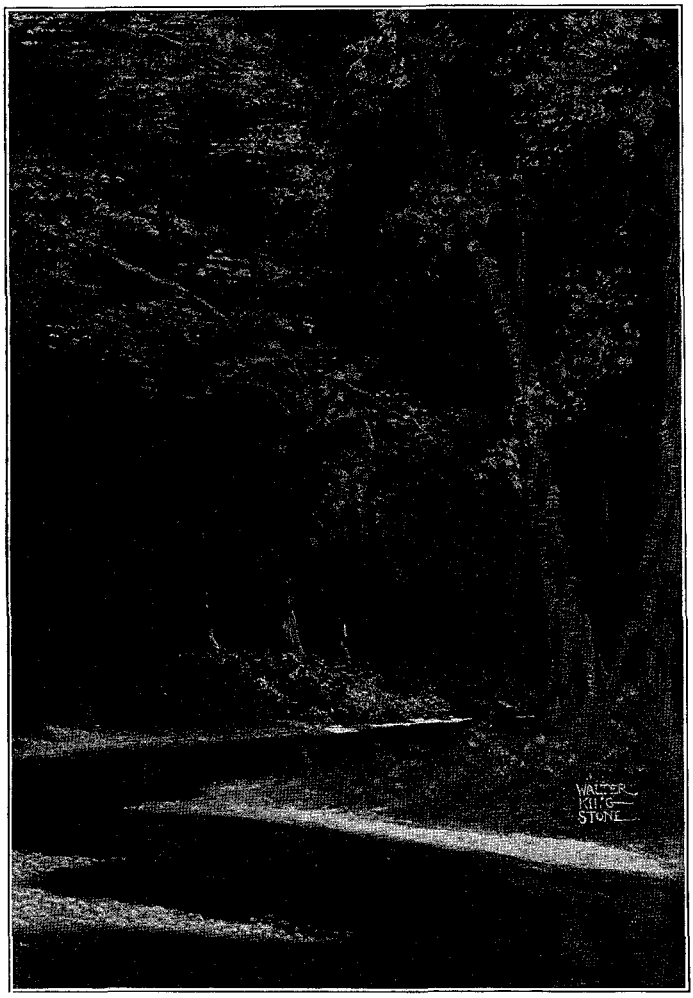

bend, as no curve is quite so beautiful.—Page 36.

And what do we know of Society who know nothing of Solitude? He sees not the battle best who is in the brunt of it. He is not the master of his social relations whose every idea and action is born of human intercourse, because he is not the master of his own soul; he has ignored its relations to the primal and inanimate, its capacity for contemplation. "All great deeds," said Martineau," are born of solitude." It is in solitude that the thought matures. It is in the face of his origins that what is trivial in man is disclosed to his questioning spirit. Let him go and contemplate rivers, and be ashamed of the size of last Sunday's newspapers!

Forever a river "addresses the imagination and the interrogating soul." The population of cities is a dull study to the boy, but the length of the Nile is poetry. Geography is a less interesting study to the child of to-day than it was to our fathers just in so far as the map of Africa has lost those delightful pink portions marked "unexplored," and the upper reaches of its rivers lost their dotted lines which indicated the Unknown. The boy is not greatly impressed by the size of the wheat crop of the United States, but what boy would not defend the size of the Mississippi against the world? A river comes from the Unknown, from the high hills and the forest, and it moves as irresistibly as a planet to the Unknown again, to the sea. It speaks forever the mystery of its origin and of its destination. Like a road, it calls perpetually to the imagination because it is going somewhere. But, unlike a road, there is no hint of man in its composition. It is the leader always. Man follows panting on its bank, and lays his roads where the river has been the primal engineer.

We are all familiar with the river's calm and assured position in the centre of the picture. Whether it is the Rhine coming down through vine-terraced hills, or the magnificent Hudson sweeping out of the blue north into the view of those tenement-towered heights of upper Manhattan, or the Hoosatonic curling through the meadows of Stockbridge ringed by purple hills, or the sluggish Charles gay with canoes amid the lawns of Dedham, or the Wild Ammonoosuc chattering out from the forests of Moosilauke and fighting its way through rugged intervals to reach the Connecticut, the view is always composed around the

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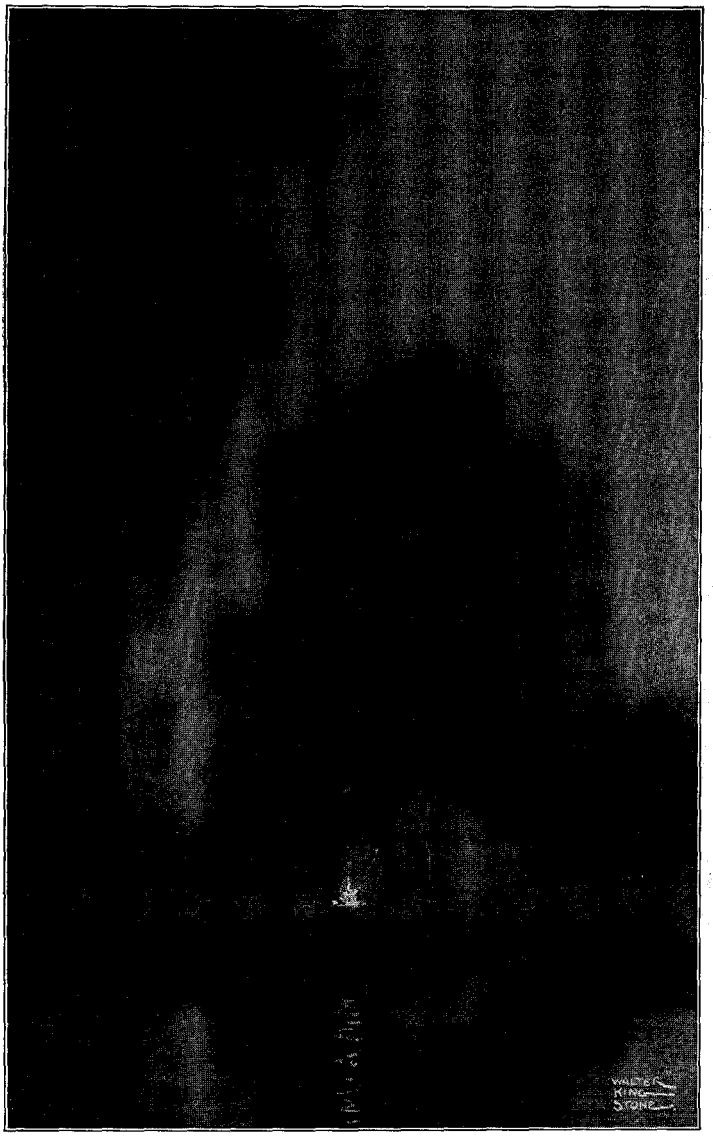

You rise before the sun is free of the valley fog . . . build up the fire in last night's embers . . .—Page 36.

river, and no matter how high you climb to contemplate, widening your horizon, ever does that silver thread of water bind the landscape into a perfect whole.

So it is that man's roads winding by its banks, or his glittering steel rails following its curves, seem but to trail the primitive pioneer—as, indeed, is the fact—and where the river, with magnificent sweep and power, ploughs its way through the hills the glittering rails plunge after, with a kind of joy of exploration, as if they cried: "We shall follow it and see what comes!" Small wonder the river dominates the imagination, and to the boy is the most delectable thing in geography. Even that brook behind his house somewhere joins the sea. He may launch a chip on its surface for a voyage of a thousand miles. What is the population of Algeria before such a living marvel as this?

When I was a boy our base-ball field was on the summit of an almost imperceptible divide. A spring at the southern end sent a diminutive trickle down through a meadow where white violets grew, into the discolored waters of the "town brook," and thence ultimately into the Saugus River. A second spring at the northern end sent a diminutive trickle through the muddy ooze of Duck Pond into the cranberry bog of Birch Meadow, and thence through three miles of white pine forest—now, alas! no more—into the long, forest-bordered reaches of the Hundred Acre meadows, where the Ipswich River wound its sinuous way, with sluggish bottoms where the horn-pout bit and gravel pools where we swam. I can remember as it were yesterday the day when I studied in my geography about

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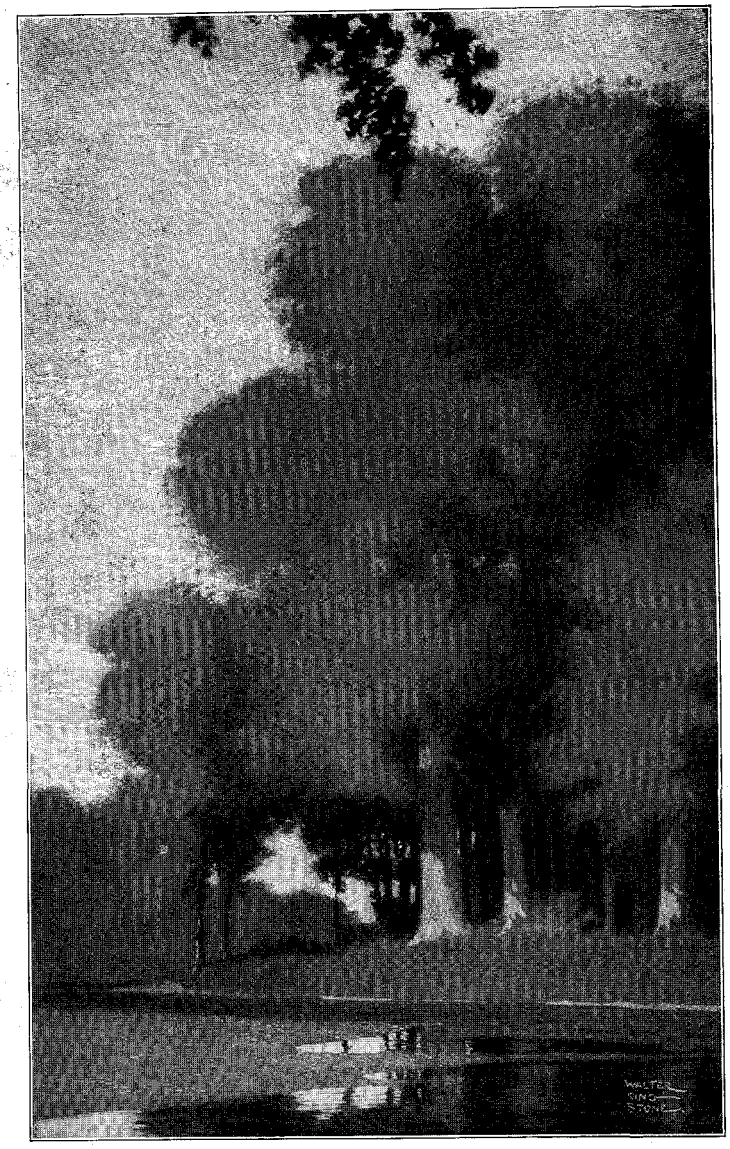

The great trees on the bank behind you rise ethereal, phantom shadows against the ochre dawn.—Page 36.

a divide, and realized with a thrill of joy that Kingman's field was such a thing. I raced home from school. I ran first to the southern spring, then to the northern, and told myself that each was the headwater of a river! It was my hour to stand "silent upon a peak in Darien." My childish imagination followed those trickles in the grass till my body was borne in a great boat on their mighty waters and my ears heard the sound of the sea. Geography for me had suddenly become alive, tingling—had suddenly become poetry. I waited with burning impatience for Saturday, to follow my northward running brook, muddy and torn and scratched, through the bogs and the pine woods, till it joined the Ipswich. And then I stood on a tuft of grass in the swampy bottom where the two streams met and yearned for a craft to carry me down the larger body past grandfather's mill, past unknown towns, till the water tasted of the salt and the breakers boomed.

Since that far-off day, I have stood by a spring, bubbling from under a bowlder, and watched the thread of crystal water slip through the mosses into the depths of a mountain ravine, while tall peaks towered about me—slip away on its journey of a thousand miles to the sea. I have been at the high head of a river monarch. But I was less thrilled than the day when I first conceived that Kingman's field was a divide. Since that day, too, I have launched a boat on many rivers, but never with quite the expectant joy which attended the launching of the *Crusader*, for that long-dreamed-of trip down the Ipswich.

The *Crusader* was made at home (for every home in those days was a manual

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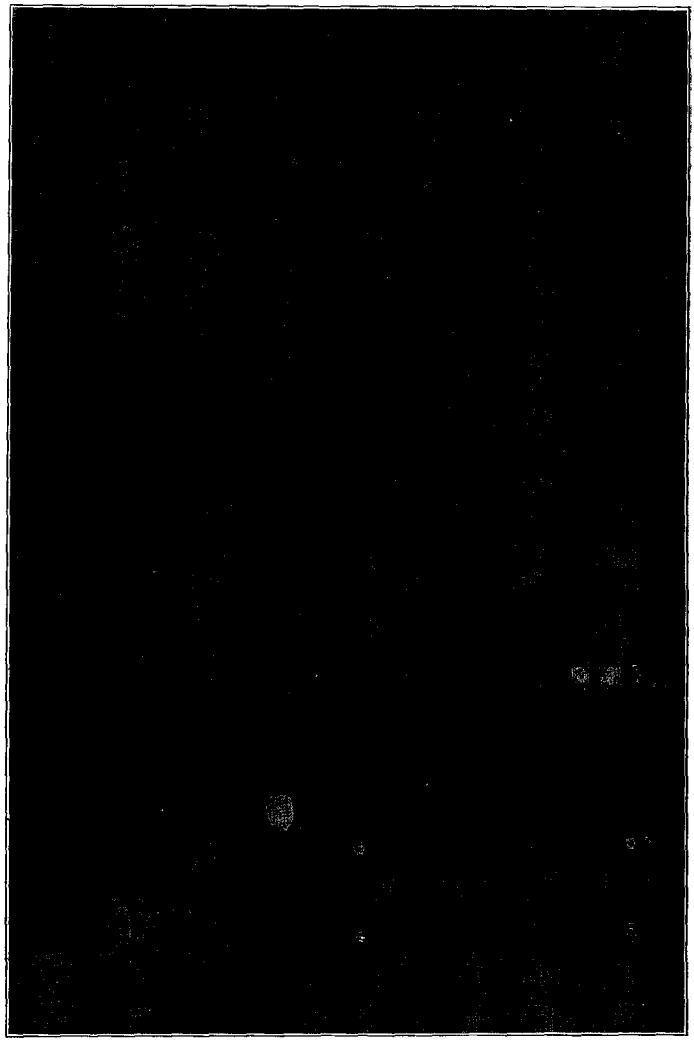
training school), with ribs of ash and a covering of canvas, painted vivid red. Carefully parting my hair in the middle, at my grandfather's solemn advice, I launched forth below the mill pond for my far voyaging, I and another boy, in a rakish canoe, also home-made, called the *Stampede*. The boys in the swimming hole came racing out like dolphins about our prows, but we beat them off with paddles, and sailed away into a land of wonder. How each river bend ahead lured us on—bends where the willows arched over the water, or a birch dropped a white reflection into the black depths, or the current seemed to widen, grow more sluggish, promising perhaps a mill pond, the excitement of a "carry," the thrill of a strange village! No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river bend, as no curve is quite so beautiful. When you are a boy on your first river voyage you do not pray for an arrow-like course, you welcome each curve and double as a fresh revelation of romance. When the river bend has lost its charm, then you may know you are middle-aged, indeed, and fit only for automobiles and a luxurious hotel at night.



In the gathering darkness you see lights on the water ahead . . . the faces of

What memories come back to him who has travelled by river ways, of camps regretfully left behind or human scenes which he has floated past, ethereal as a dream! There is always a wistful moment of parting from a pleasant camp, on tiny island or wooded bank. You rise before the sun is free of the valley fog, plunge in the cold water, catch a fish, perhaps, build up the fire in last night's embers, and while the coffee boils you look down the river way which beckons, cool and strange in the light before the day. The great trees on the bank behind you rise ethereal, phantom shadows against the ochre dawn. The fire snaps yellow and warm. Ahead the stream winds into the mystery of the morning. You eat your breakfast, strike your tent, load the canoes, douse the embers, which sizzle pathetically, and with a backward glance of gratitude at your inn beneath the stars, you slip down the current for a new day's adventures. No officious landlord comes out to the curb to say good-by. No bell-hop is seen running to you with a morning paper and an eye

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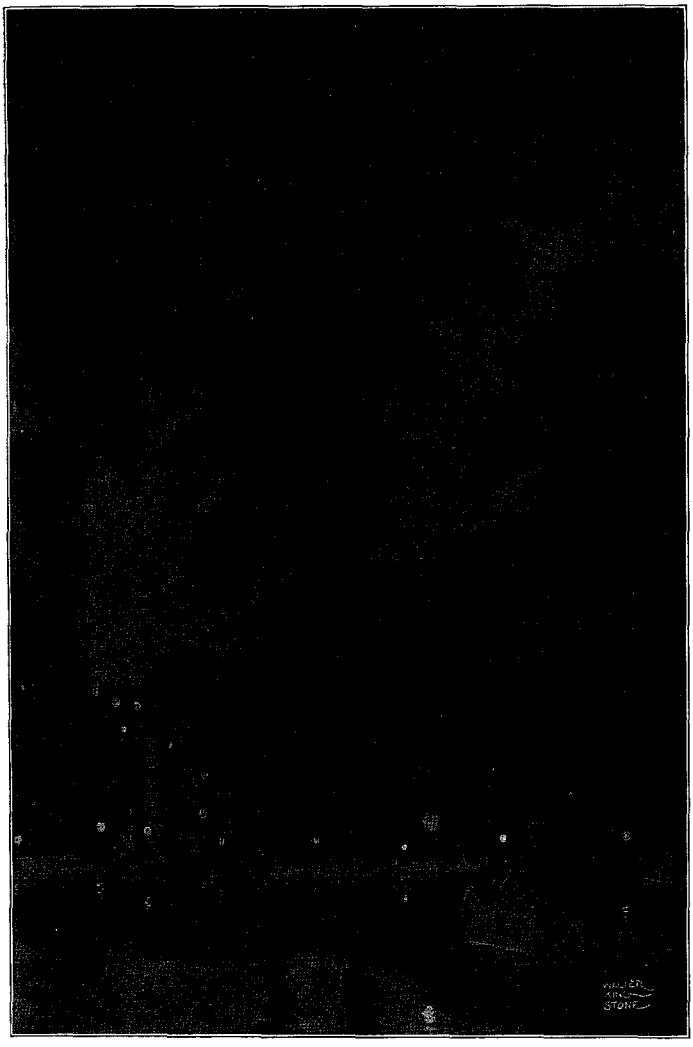

girls flash at you . . . you move through the fairy scene as through a dream

hungry for tips. What the world is doing you neither know nor care. The morning mists are rising from the water. The stream lies clear ahead. The sun is golden on the distant hills. And your paddle digs the water till the little boat leaps with the joy of health and freedom.

Or it may be that twilight steals upon you while you are still paddling in search of a camping place free of the haunts of men, of towns and befouling mills. In the gathering darkness you see lights on the water ahead, hear the sounds of music and voices. Presently you have glided into fairyland. Lawns come down to the water, gay with Japanese lanterns. The landings are decked with color. Canoes are floating in procession, like bright water flies, with lamps at prow and stern. As your dark and travel-soiled craft shoots into the radius of these lights, the faces of girls flash at you, you hear the tinkle of their laughter, you move through the fairy scene and pageantry as through a dream, thrilling strangely to its human joy, yet strangely not a part of it, passing on to your lonely camp in the woods below. Such scenes remain in the memory when much else that seemed more important to our lives has faded and vanished, and they come back to us out of the past with a wistful sweetness, ever more beautiful with the years.

The "ingenious Spaniard" quoted by Izaak Walton says that, "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." But we ourselves are not entirely convinced that the man who contemplates too habitually the inhabitants, truly contemplates the rivers. We have come upon the feet of many an angler, dangling over the bank, and lifted our eyes to a face whereon was writ less calm contemplation than annoyance at our disturbance of the water, or a sportsman's patient, stolid eagerness for game. We are far from persuaded that the average fisherman is a contemplative man at all, though it be heresy to harbor the doubt. Some of them are. So are many men who never fish. But, after all, to do anything well, requires concentration on your task, and we venture to affirm that nobody can cast a fly successfully in

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When you pass through a town, it is through the intimate life of the back yards . . . you view it in its shirt sleeves . . . its

an alder thicket or under low-spreading maples or hemlocks whose mind is filled with philosophic reflections upon the destination of the stream or the beauty of the banks. Neither, we venture to affirm, is the patient watching of a cork on the water consistent with that breadth of vision, freedom of fancy and sensory alertness demanded by true contemplation. Contemplation of an inhabitant of the watery element means to the average angler one thing—what is the best way to haul him out? Contemplation of the river—which is the best pool for fish? No, the wise man who would truly contemplate rivers walks by their banks, if they will not float a canoe, or launches his craft upon them if they be deep enough, nor does he feel that he knows them until he has seen the world from their angle, from this curious viewpoint below the brink, and until he has followed them up into the hills whence they come and down toward the sea whither they go. You do not know a river till you have become one with its current, a part of its life, winding with it through the meadows and fighting with it through the barriers of rock.

It is a curious fact which all sensitive observers must have noted that you get almost no "feel" of the contours of a country from the tonneau of an automobile. The sag of the springs, the extreme speed, the ease of the spurt up a hill, the rolling away of the landscape, the rush of the road to meet you, all combine to destroy that sense of local difference between one valley and the next. Of the delicate pleasures of road-side flowers and lovely vistas down logging roads and bird calls and wayfarers' greetings, of course, you get nothing at all. That is why some of us, to the extreme perplexity of the rest of us, take to our feet on the back roads.

But even more intimately than from the winding highway, travelled afoot, the coun-

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houses faced the other way, their back roofs peeping at you over the trees, while paths come down as if to watch you pass.

try discloses its subtler aspects to him who journeys down its rivers by canoe. A road goes arbitrarily, often, where man has willed. A river finds by the first law of its nature the bottom land, it draws in to itself ultimately all roads and ways of man, and from its surface one looks perpetually up, instead of now up, now down, getting a constant, unchanging perspective on everything within the field of vision, which cannot err or falsify. Whose house is set the higher on a hill? From the river you shall have no doubt. Those blue huddled hills and intersecting valleys resolve themselves out of confusion into the assured familiarity of a map, to the river voyager. He has, on the very scale of nature itself, one of those raised maps so dear to the heart of boyhood, and he is sailing through the heart of it. Perpetually ahead lies the beckoning bend, or the long vista of river-valley opening between the hills. Perpetually to right and left are timbered slopes or grassy uplands, now and again parting to proclaim a tributary, threaded with roads that seem ever to be coming down to speak to you in your canoe, to bring you news of the country side. When you pass through a town, it is through the intimate life of the back yards, not down its formal main street; you view it in its shirt sleeves, as it were, you catch it off its guard, its houses faced the other way, their back roofs peeping at you over the trees, while paths come down as if to watch you pass. Once more, the river view has the charm of strangeness, reveals the world to you from a different angle.

"Poor Society! What hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" This thou hast done. Thou hast cast us and kept us in moulds of convention, in starched collars and paved streets and stuffy houses (or, more often in flats!); in habits of vision and of speech; thou hast compelled us too often to forget our own souls in the bicker

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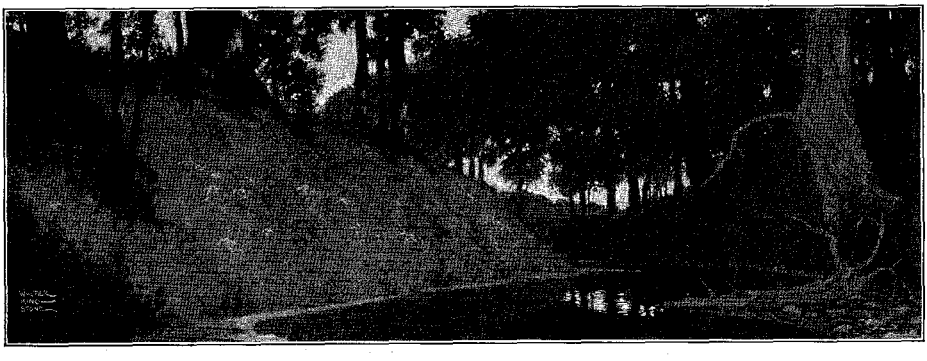
of market-place or assembly. This thou hast done because it is a law of our nature to herd with our kind, to fight for things material, to create art and sky-scrapers and fine clothes and grand opera and high tariffs and slums and creeds and all sorts of jumbled wisdom and folly. But it is a law of our nature, too, sometimes to revolt, to throw ourselves back on the bosom of the Inanimate, to cry out not for art but the huddle of hills into the sunset and the song of a thrush, not for sky-scrapers but the ranks of the towering pines, not for paved streets and trolley cars, but the soft seduction of a little river.

A pipe, a box of matches, a hatchet, a little tent, a rod and line, blankets, a coffee-pot and frying pan, a jug of water, a box of food, an old shirt, a canoe and the right companion to handle the bow-paddle, and in the ethereal river mists of a summer morning you launch your craft where the stream breaks out of its mountain cradle, and without need of map or compass give yourself gladly to its care until, perhaps, it joins the sea. It is a new world you shall see, through the magic lens of your lowered perspective, a world wherein many humble things are important and many great things shrink to insignificance. You shall pass through the haunts of men and care not for them. You shall camp in the fragrance of hemlocks and scatter the embers of your fire with regret. You shall make for the bend ahead with the joy of a discoverer, for the bend where the black water steals mysteriously into the green, sun-flecked aisles of the forest, and your talk is hushed, your paddle muffled, till you creep in as silently as the moccasined Indian on the trail, as noiselessly as the water itself, or for the bend where the river, larger now, sweeps round a promontory covered with maples, all their shadowed symmetry backed by the blue sky, into the promise of sun-filled meadows and the languor of a summer day. Hour by hour the glide of the boat shall lull you, and when at twilight you climb stiff-legged out and rising upon the bank see the sky suddenly shrink, the world grow larger and familiar again, the grassy banks become once more not a bounding wall, but a small thing at your feet, the water shall still whisper a lullaby, running past you all the night.

And presently you shall go back to your Society—since there, after all, is probably your ultimate place—with a new light, if ever so feeble, on what is important in it and what trivial, and the wistful memory of your nights beneath the stars and your days on the bosom of the kindly stream. Such is the true contemplation of rivers. It has little to do with angling, after all. It is born of the impulse of solitude and the instinct in man to wander from the hills to the sea, on the track of those primal forces which are greater than he, which grant him a new glimpse of beauty or awake an old romance, which stir in his imagination the vast and steadying images of his origin.



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THE COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE girl and her chaperon had been deposited early in the desirable second-story window in Durfee, looking down on the tree. Brant was a senior and a "Bones" man, and so had a leading part to play in the afternoon's drama. He must get the girl and the chaperon off his hands, and be at his business. This was "Tap Day." It is perhaps well to explain what "Tap Day" means; there are people who have not been at Yale or had sons or sweethearts there.

In New Haven, on the last Thursday of May, toward five in the afternoon, one becomes aware that the sea of boys which ripples always over the little city has condensed into a river flowing into the campus. There the flood divides and re-divides; the junior class is separating and gathering from all directions into a solid mass about the nucleus of a large, low-hanging oak tree inside the college fence in front of Durfee Hall. The three great senior societies of Yale, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, and Wolf's Head, choose to-day fifteen members each from the junior class, the fifteen members of the outgoing senior class making the choice. Each senior is allotted his man of the juniors, and must find him in the crowd at the tree and tap him on the shoulder and give him the order to go to his room. Followed by his sponsor he obeys and what happens at the room no one but the men of the society know. With shining face the lad comes back later and is slapped on the shoulder and told, "good work, old man," cordially and whole-heartedly by every friend and acquaintance—by lads who have "made" every honor possible,

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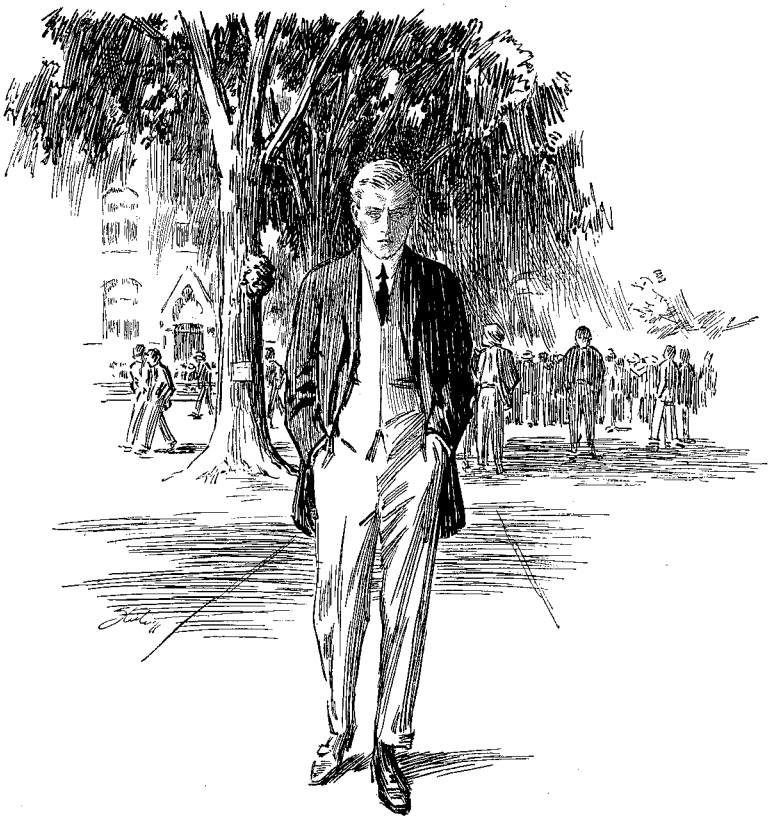

It was all over.—Page 46.

by lads who have "made" nothing, just as heartily. For that is the spirit of Yale.

Only juniors room in Durfee Hall. On Tap Day an outsider is lucky who has a friend there, for a window is a proscenium box for the play—the play which is a tragedy to all but forty-five of the three hundred and odd juniors. The windows of every story of the gray stone façade are crowded with a deeply interested audience; grizzled heads of old graduates mix with flowery hats of women; every one is watching every detail, every arrival. In front of the Hall is a drive, and room for perhaps a dozen carriages next the fence—the famous fence of Yale—which rails the campus round. Just inside it, at the north-east corner, rises the tree. People stand up in the carriages, women and men; the fence is loaded with people, often standing, too, to see that tree.

All over the campus surges a crowd; students of the other classes, seniors who last year stood in the compact gathering at the tree and left it sore-hearted, not having been "taken"; sophomores who will stand there next year, who already are hoping for and dreading their Tap Day; little freshmen, each one sure that he, at least, will be of the elect; and again the iron-gray heads, the interested faces of old Yale men, and the gay spring hats like bouquets of flowers.

It is, perhaps, the most critical single day of the four years course at the University. It shows to the world whether or no a boy, after three years of college life, has in the eyes of the student body "made good." It is a crucial test, a heart-rending test for a boy of twenty years.

The girl sitting in the window of Durfee understood thoroughly the character and the chances of the day. The seniors at the tree wear derby hats; the juniors none at all; it is easier by this sign to distinguish the classmen, and to keep track of the tapping. The girl knew of what society was

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each black-hatted man who twisted through the bareheaded throng; in that sea of tense faces she recognized many; she could find a familiar head almost anywhere in the mass and tell as much as an outsider might what hope was hovering over it. She came of Yale people; Brant, her brother, would graduate this year; she was staying at the house of a Yale professor; she was in the atmosphere.

There, near the edge of the pack, was Bob Floyd, captain of the crew, a fair, square face with quiet blue eyes, whose tranquil gaze was characteristic. To-day it was not tranquil; it flashed anxiously here and there, and the girl smiled. She knew as certainly as if the fifteen seniors had told her that Floyd would be "tapped for Bones." The crew captain and the foot-ball captain are almost inevitably taken for Skull and Bones. Yet five years before Jack Emmett, captain of the crew, had not been taken; only two years back Bert Connolly, captain of the foot-ball team, had not been taken. The girl, watching the big chap's unconscious face, knew well what was in his mind. "What chance have I against all these bully fellows," he was saying to himself in his soul, "even if I do happen to be crew captain? Connolly was a mutt—couldn't take him—but Jack Emmett—there wasn't any reason to be seen for that. And it's just muscles I've got—I'm not clever—I don't hit it off with the crowd—I've done nothing for Yale, but just the crew. Why the dickens should they take me?" But the girl knew.

The great height and refined, supercilious face of another boy towered near—Lionel Arnold, a born litterateur, and an artist—he looked more confident than most. It seemed to the girl he felt sure of being taken; sure that his name and position and, more then all, his developed, finished personality must count as much as that. And the girl knew that in the direct, unsophisticated judgments of the judges these things did not count at all.

So she gunned over the swarm which gathered to the oak tree as bees to a hive, able to tell often what was to happen. Even to her young eyes all these anxious, upturned faces, watching silently with throbbing pulses for this first vital decision of their lives, was a stirring sight.

"I can't bear it for the ones who aren't taken," she cried out, and the chaperon did not smile.

"I know," she said. "Each year I think I'll never come again—it's too heart-rend-

He . . . went to his desk and sat down in the fading light.—Page 46.

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When Baby Thomas came in he found his room-mate sleepy, but quite himself.—Page 47.

ing. It means so much to them, and only forty-five can go away happy. Numbers are just broken-hearted. I don't like it—it's brutal."

"Yes, but it's an incentive to the underclassmen—it holds them to the mark and gives them ambition, doesn't it?" the girl argued doubtfully.

The older woman agreed. "I suppose on the whole it's a good institution. And it's wonderful what wisdom the boys show. Of course, they make mistakes, but on the whole they pick the best men astonishingly. So many times they hit the ones who come to be distinguished."

"But so many times they don't," the girl followed her words. Her father and Brant were Bones men—why was the girl arguing against senior societies? "So many, Mrs. Anderson. Uncle Ted's friend, the President of Hardrington College, was in Yale in the '80's and made no senior society; Judge Marston of the Supreme Court dined with us the other night—he didn't make anything; Dr. Hamlin, who is certainly one of the great physicians of the country, wasn't taken. I know a lot more. And look at some who've made things. Look at my cousin, Gus Vanderpool—he made Keys twenty years ago and has never done a thing since. And that fat Mr. Hough, who's so rich and dull—he's Bones."

"You've got statistics at your fingers' ends, haven't you?" said Mrs. Anderson. "Anybody might think you had a brother among the juniors whom you weren't hopeful about." She looked at the girl curiously. Then: "They must be about all there," she spoke, leaning out. "A full fifty feet square of dear frightened laddies. There's Brant, coming across the campus. He looks as if he was going to make some one president. I suppose he feels so. There's Johnny McLean. I hope he'll be taken—he's the nicest boy in the whole junior class—but I'm afraid. He hasn't done anything in particular."

With that, a thrill caught the most callous of the hundreds of spectators; a stillness

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fixed the shifting crowd; from the tower of Battell chapel, close by, the college bell clanged the stroke of five; before it stopped striking the first two juniors would be tapped. The dominating, unhurried note rang, echoed, and began to die away as they saw Brant's hand fall on Bob Floyd's shoulder. The crew captain whirled and leaped, unseeing, through the crowd. A great shout rose; all over the campus the people surged like a wind-driven wave toward the two rushing figures, and everywhere some one cried, "Floyd has gone Bones!" and the exciting business had begun.

One looks at the smooth faces of boys of twenty and wonders what the sculptor Life is going to make of them. We who have known his work know what sharp tools are in his kit; we know the tragic possibilities as well as the happy ones of those inevitable strokes; we shrink a bit as we look at the smooth faces of the boys and realize how that clay must be moulded in the workshop—how the strong lines which ought to be there some day must come from the cutting of pain and the grinding of care and the push and weight of responsibility. Yet there is service and love, too, and happiness and the slippery bright blade of success in the kit of Life the sculptor; so we stand and watch, a bit pitifully, but hopefully, as the work begins, and cannot guide the chisel but a little way, yet would not, if we could, stop it, for the finished job is going to be, we trust, a man, and only the sculptor Life can make such.

The boy called Johnny McLean glanced up at the window in Durfee; he met the girl's eyes, and the girl smiled back and made a gay motion with her hand as if to say, "Keep up your pluck; you'll be taken." And wished she felt sure of it. For, as Mrs. Anderson had said, he had done nothing in particular. His marks were good, he was a fair athlete; good at rowing, good at track work; he had "heeled" the News for a year, but had not made the board. A gift of music which bubbled without effort, put him on the Glee Club. Yet that had come to him; it was not a thing he had done; boys are critical of such distinctions. It is said that Skull and Bones aims at setting its seal above all else on character. This boy had sailed buoyantly from term to term delighted with the honors which came to his friends, friends with the men who carried off honors, with the best and strongest men in his class, yet never quite arriving for himself. As the bright, anxious young face looked up at the window where the women sat, the older one thought she could read the future in it, and she sighed. It was a face which attracted, broad-browed, clear-eyed, and honest, but not a strong face—yet. John McLean had only made beginnings; he had accomplished nothing. Mrs. Anderson, out of an older experience, sighed, because she had seen just such winning, loveable boys before, and had seen them grow into saddened, unsuccessful men. Yet he was full of possibility; the girl was hoping against hope that Brant and the fourteen other seniors of Skull and Bones would see it so and take him on that promise. She was not pretending to herself that anything but Johnny McLean's fate in it was the point of this Tap Day to her. She was very young, only twenty also, but there was a maturity in her to which the boy made an appeal. She felt a strength which others missed; she wanted him to find it; she wanted passionately to see him take his place where she felt he belonged, with the men who counted.

The play was in full action. Grave and responsible seniors worked swiftly here and there through the tight mass, searching each one his man; every two or three minutes a man was found and felt that thrilling touch and heard the order, "go to your room." Each time there was a shout of applause; each time the campus rushed in a wave. And still the three hundred stood packed, waiting—thinning a little, but so little. About thirty had been taken now, and the black senior hats were visibly fewer, but the upturned boy faces seemed exactly the same. Only they grew more anxious minute by minute; minute by minute they turned more nervously this way and that as the seniors worked through the mass. And as another and another crashed from among them blind and solemn and happy with his guardian senior close after, the ones who were left seemed to drop into deeper quiet. And now there were only two black hats in the throng; the girl looking down saw John McLean standing stiffly, his gray eyes fixed, his face pale and set; at that moment the two seniors found

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their men together. It was all over. He had not been taken.

Slowly the two hundred and fifty odd men who had not been good enough, dispersed, pluckily laughing and talking together—all of them, it is safe to say, with heavy hearts; for Tap Day counts as much as that at Yale.

John McLean swung across the diagonal of the campus toward Welch Hall where he lived. He saw the girl and her chaperon come out of Durfee; and he lingered to meet them. Two days ago he had met the girl here with Brant, and she had stopped and shaken hands. It seemed to him it would help if that should happen today. She might say a word; anything at all to show that she was friends all the same with a fellow who wasn't good enough. He longed for that. With a sick chaos of pain pounding at what seemed to be his lungs he met her. Mrs. Anderson was between them, putting out a quick hand; the boy hardly saw her as he took it. He saw the girl, and the girl did not look at him. With her head up and her brown eyes fixed on Phelps gate-way she hurried along—and did not look at him. He could not believe it—that girl—*the* girl. But she was gone; she had not looked at him. Like a shot animal he suddenly began to run. He got to his rooms—they were empty; Baby Thomas, his "wife," known as Archibald Babington Thomas on the catalogue, but not elsewhere, had been taken for Scroll and Key; he was off with the others who were worth while. This boy went into his tiny bedroom and threw himself down with his face in his pillow and lay still. Men and women learn—sometimes—as they grow older, how to shut the doors against disappointments so that only the vital ones cut through, but at twenty all doors are open; the iron had come into his soul, and the girl had given it a twist which had taken his last ounce of courage. He lay still a long time, enduring—all he could manage at first. It might have been an hour later that he got up and went to his desk and sat down in the fading light, his hands deep in his trousers pockets; his athletic young figure dropped together listlessly; his eyes staring at the desk where he had worked away so many cheerful hours. Pictures hung around it; there was a group taken last summer of girls and boys at his home in the country, the girl was in it—he did not look at her. His father's portrait stood on the desk, and a painting of his long-dead mother. He thought to himself hotly that it was good she was dead rather than see him shamed. For the wound was throbbing with fever, and the boy had not got to a sense of proportion; his future seemed blackened. His father's picture stabbed him; he was a "Bones" man—all of his family—his grandfather, and the older brothers who had graduated four and six years ago—all of them. Except himself. The girl had thought it such a disgrace that she would not look at him! Then he grew angry. It wasn't decent, to hit a man when he was down. A woman ought to be gentle—if his mother had been alive—but then he was glad she wasn't. With that a sob shook him—startled him. Angrily he stood up and glared about the place. This wouldn't do; he must pull himself together. He walked up and down the little living-room, bright with boys' belongings, with fraternity shields and flags and fencing foils and paddles and pictures; he walked up and down, and he whistled "Dunderbeck," which somehow was in his head. Then he was singing it:

"Oh Dunderbeck, Oh Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean
As even to have thought of such a terrible machine!
For bob-tailed rats and pussy-cats shall never more be seen;
They'll all be ground to sausage-meat in Dunderbeck's machine."

There are times when Camembert cheese is a steadying thing to think of—or golf balls. "Dunderbeck" answered for John McLean. It appeared difficult to sing, however—he harked back to whistling. Then the clear piping broke suddenly. He bit his lower lip and went and sat down before the desk again and turned on the electric reading-lamp. Now he had given in long enough; now he must face the situation; now was the time to find if there was any backbone in him to "buck up." To fool those chaps by amounting to something. There was good stuff in the boy that he applied this caustic and not a salve. His buoyant light-heartedness whispered that the fellows made mistakes; that he was only one of many good chaps left; that Dick Harding had a pull and Jim Stan-

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ton an older brother—excuses came. But the boy checked them.

"That's not the point; I didn't make it; I didn't deserve it; I've been easy on myself; I've got to change; so some day my people won't be ashamed of me—maybe." Slowly, painfully he fought his way to a tentative self-respect. He might not ever be anything big, a power as his father was, but he could be a hard worker, he could make a place. A few days before a famous speaker had given an address on an ethical subject at Yale. A sentence of it came to the boy's struggling mind. "The courage of the commonplace is greater than the courage of the crisis," the orator had said. That was his chance—"the courage of the commonplace." No fireworks for him, perhaps, ever, but, by Jove, work and will could do a lot, and he could prove himself worthy.

"I'm not through yet, by ginger," he said out loud. "I can do my best anyhow and I'll show if I'm not fit"—the energetic tone trailed off—he was only a boy of twenty—"not fit to be looked at," he finished brokenly.

It came to him in a vague, comforting way that probably the best game a man could play with his life would be to use it as a tool to do work with; to keep it at its brightest, cleanest, most efficient for the sake of the work. This boy, of no phenomenal sort, had one marked quality—when he had made a decision he acted on it. To-night through the soreness of a bitter disappointment he put his finger on the highest note of his character and resolved. All unknown to himself it was a crisis.

It was long past dinner-time, but he dashed out now and got food and when Baby Thomas came in he found his roommate sleepy, but quite himself; quite steady in his congratulations as well as normal in his abuse for "keeping a decent white man awake to this hour."

Three years later the boy graduated from the Boston "Tech." As his class poured from Huntington Hall, he saw his father waiting for him. He noted with pride, as he always did, the tall figure, topped with a wonderful head—a mane of gray hair, a face carved in iron, squared and cut down to the marrow of brains and force—a man to be seen in any crowd. With that, as his own met the keen eyes behind the spectacles, he was aware of a look which startled him. The boy had graduated at the very head of his class; that light in his father's eyes all at once made two years of work a small thing.

"I didn't know you were coming, sir. That's mighty nice of you," he said, as they walked down Boylston Street together, and his father waited a moment and then spoke in his usual incisive tone.

"I wouldn't have liked to miss it, Johnny," he said. "I don't remember that anything in my life has ever made me as satisfied as you have to-day."

With a gasp of astonishment the young man looked at him, looked away, looked at the tops of the houses, and did not find a word anywhere. His father had never spoken to him so; never before, perhaps, had he said anything as intimate to any of his sons. They knew that the cold manner of the great engineer covered depths, but they never expected to see the depths uncovered. But here he was, talking of what he felt, of character, and honor and effort.

"I've appreciated what you've been doing," the even voice went on. "I talk little about personal affairs. But I'm not uninterested; I watch. I was anxious about you. You were a more uncertain quantity than Ted and Harry. Your first three years at Yale were not satisfactory; I was afraid you lacked manliness. Then came—a disappointment. It was a blow to us—to family pride. I watched you more closely, and I saw before that year ended that you were taking your medicine rightly. I wanted to tell you of my contentment, but being slow of speech I—couldn't. So"—the iron face broke for a second into a whimsical grin—"so I offered you a motor. And you wouldn't take it. I knew, though you didn't explain, that you feared it would interfere with your studies. I was right?" Johnny nodded. "Yes. And your last year at college was—was all I could wish. I see now that you needed a blow in the face to wake you up—and you got it. And you waked." The great engineer smiled with clean pleasure. "I have had"—he hesitated—"I have had always a feeling of responsibility to your mother for you—more than for the others. You were so young when she died that you seem more her child. I was afraid I had not treated you

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well—that it was my fault if you failed." The boy made a gesture—he could not very well speak. His father went on: "So when you refused the motor, when you went into engineer's camp that first summer instead of going abroad, I was pleased. Your course here has been a satisfaction, without a drawback—keener, certainly, because I am an engineer, and could appreciate, step by step, how well you were doing, how much you were giving up to do it, how much power you were gaining by that long sacrifice. I've respected you through these years of commonplace, and I've known how much more courage it meant in a pleasure-loving lad such as you than it would have meant in a serious person such as I am—such as Ted and Harry are, to an extent, also." The older man, proud and strong and reserved, turned on his son such a shining face as the boy had never seen. "That boyish failure isn't wiped out, Johnny, for I shall remember it as the corner-stone of your career, already built over with an honorable record. You've made good. I congratulate and I honor you."

The boy never knew how he got home. He knocked his shins badly on a quite visible railing and it was out of the question to say a single word. But if he staggered it was with an overload of happiness, and if he was speechless and blind the stricken faculties were paralyzed with joy. His father walked beside him and they understood each other. He reeled up the streets contented.

That night there was a family dinner, and with the coffee his father turned and ordered fresh champagne opened.

"We must have a new explosion to drink to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine," he said. Johnny looked at him surprised, and then at the others, and the faces were bright with the same look of something which they knew and he did not.

"What's up?" asked Johnny. "Who's the superintendent of the Oriel mine? Why do we drink to him? What are you all grinning about, anyway?" The cork flew up to the ceiling, and the butler poured gold bubbles into the glasses, all but his own.

"Can't I drink to the beggar, too, whoever he is?" asked Johnny, and pushed his glass and glanced up at Mullins. But his father was beaming at Mullins in a most unusual way and Johnny got no wine. With that Ted, the oldest brother, pushed back his chair and stood and lifted his glass.

"We'll drink," he said, and bowed formally to Johnny, "to the gentleman who is covering us all with glory, to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine, Mr. John Archer McLean," and they stood and drank the toast. Johnny, more or less dizzy, more or less scarlet, crammed his hands in his pockets and stared and turned redder, and brought out interrogations in the nervous English which is acquired at our great institutions of learning.

"Gosh! are you all gone dotty?" he asked. And "Is this a merry jape?" And "Why, for cat's sake, can't you tell a fellow what's up your sleeve?" While the family sipped champagne and regarded him.

"Now, if I've squirmed for you enough I wish you'd explain—father, tell me!" the boy begged.

And the tale was told by the family, in chorus, without politeness, interrupting freely. It seemed that the president of the big mine needed a superintendent, and wishing young blood and the latest ideas had written to the head of the Mining Department in the School of Technology to ask if he would give him the name of the ablest man in the graduating class—a man to be relied on for character as much as brains, he specified, for the rough army of miners needed a general at their head almost more than a scientist. Was there such a combination to be found, he asked, in a youngster of twenty-three or twenty-four, such as would be graduating at the "Tech?" If possible, he wanted a very young man—he wanted the enthusiasm, he wanted the athletic tendency, he wanted the plus-strength, he wanted the unmade reputation which would look for its making to hard work in the mine. The letter was produced and read to the shamefaced Johnny. "Gosh!" he remarked at intervals and remarked almost nothing else. There was no need. They were so proud and so glad that it was almost too much for the boy who had been a failure three years ago.

On the urgent insistence of every one he made a speech. He got to his six-feet-two slowly, and his hands went into his trousers pockets as usual. "Holy mackerel," he began—"I don't call it decent to knock the wind out of a man and then hold him up for remarks. They all said

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in college that I talked the darnedest hash in the class, anyway. But you will have it, will you? I haven't got anything to say, so you'd notice it, except that I'll be blamed if I see how this is true. Of course I'm keen for it—Keen! I should say I was! And what makes me keenest, I believe, is that I know it's satisfactory to Henry McLean." He turned his bright face to his father. "Any little plugging I've done seems like thirty cents compared to that. You're all peaches to take such an interest, and I thank you a lot. Me, the superintendent of the Oriel mine! Holy mackerel!" gasped Johnny, and sat down.

The proportion of work in the battle of life outweighs the "beer and skittles"; as does the interest. Johnny McLean found interest in masses, in the drab-and-dun village on the prairie. He found pleasure, too, and as far as he could reach he tried to share it; buoyancy and generosity were born in him; strenuousness he had painfully acquired, and like most converts was a fanatic about it. He was splendidly fit; he was the best and last output of the best institution in the country; he went at his work like a joyful locomotive. Yet more goes to explain what he was and what he did. He developed a faculty for leading men. The cold bath of failure, the fire of success had tempered the young steel of him to an excellent quality; bright and sharp, it cut cobwebs in the Oriel mine where cobwebs had been thickening for months. The boy, normal enough, quite unphenomenal, was growing strong by virtue of his one strong quality: he did what he resolved to do. For such a character to make a vital decision rightly is a career. On the night of the Tap Day which had so shaken him, he had struck the key-note. He had resolved to use his life as if it were a tool in his hand to do work, and he had so used it. The habit of bigness, once caught, possesses one as quickly as the habit of drink; Johnny McLean was as unhampered by the net of smallnesses which tangle most of us as a hermit; the freedom gave him a power which was fast making a marked man of him.

There was dissatisfaction among the miners; a strike was probable; the popularity of the new superintendent warded it off from month to month, which counted unto him for righteousness in the mind of the president, of which Johnny himself was unaware. Yet the cobwebs grew; there was an element not reached by, resentful of, the atmosphere of Johnny's friendliness—"Terence O'Hara's gang." By the old road of music he had found his way to the hearts of many. There were good voices among the thousand odd workmen and Johnny McLean could not well live without music. He heard Dennis Mulligan's lovely baritone and Jack Dennison's rolling bass, as they sang at work in the dim tunnels of the coal-mine, and it seemed quite simple to him that they and he and others should meet when work hours were over and do some singing. Soon it was a club—then a big club; it kept men out of saloons, which Johnny was glad of, but had not planned. A small kindliness seems often to be watered and fertilized by magic. Johnny's music-club grew to be a spell to quiet wild beasts. Yet Terence O'Hara and his gang had a strong hold; there was storm in the air and the distant thunder was heard almost continually.

Johnny, as he swung up the main street of the flat little town, the brick schoolhouse and the two churches at one end, many saloons *en route*, and the gray rock dump and the chimneys and shaft-towers of the mine at the other, carried a ribbon of brightness through the sordid place. Women came to the doors to smile at the handsome young gentleman who took his hat off as if they were ladies; children ran by his side, and he knocked their caps over their eyes and talked nonsense to them, and swung on whistling. But at night, alone in his room, he was serious. How to keep the men patient; how to use his influence with them; how to advise the president—for young as he was he had to do this because of the hold he had gained on the situation; what concessions were wise—the young face fell into grave lines as he sat, hands deep in his pockets as usual, and considered these questions. Already the sculptor Life was chiselling away the easy curves with the tool of responsibility.

He thought of other things sometimes as he sat before the wood fire in his old Morris chair. His college desk was in the corner by the window, and around it hung photographs ordered much as they had been in New Haven. The portrait of his father on

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the desk, the painting of his mother, and above them, among the boys' faces, that group of boys and girls of whom she was one, the girl whom he had not forgotten. He had not seen her since that Tap Day. She had written him soon after—an invitation for a week-end at her mother's camp in the woods. But he would not go. He sat in the big chair staring into the fire, in this small room far in the West, and thought about it. No, he could not have gone to her house-party—how could he? He had thought, poor lunatic, that there was an unspoken word between them; that she was different to him from what she was to the others. Then she had failed him at the moment of need. He would not be taken back half-way, with the crowd. He could not. So he had civilly ignored the hand which she had held out several times, in several ways. Hurt and proud, yet without conceit, he believed that she kept him at a distance, and he would not risk coming too near, and so stayed altogether away. It happens at times that a big, attractive, self-possessed man is secretly as shy, as fanciful as the shyest girl—if he cares. Once and again indeed the idea flashed into the mind of Johnny McLean—that perhaps she had been so sorry that she did not dare look at him. But he flung that aside with a savage half-laugh.

"What rot! It's probable that I was important enough for that, isn't it? You fool!" And about then he was likely to get up with a spring and attack a new book on pillar and shaft versus the block system of mining coal.

The busy days went on, and the work grew more absorbing, the atmosphere more charged with an electricity which foretold tempest. The president knew that the personality of the young superintendent almost alone held the electricity in solution; that for months he and his little musical club and his large popularity had kept off the strike. Till at last a day came in early May.

We sit at the ends of the earth and sew on buttons and play cards while fate wipes from existence the thing dearest to us. Johnny's father that afternoon mounted his new saddle-horse and rode through the afternoon lights and shadows of spring. The girl, who had not forgotten, either, went to a luncheon and the theatre after. And it was not till next morning that Brant, her brother, called to her, as she went upstairs after breakfast, in a voice which brought her running back. He had a paper in his hand, and he held it to her.

"What is it, Brant? Something bad?"

"Yes," he said, breathing fast. "Awful. It's going to make you feel badly, for you liked him—poor old Johnny McLean."

"Johnny McLean?" she repeated. Brant went on.

"Yesterday—a mine accident. He went down after the entombed men. Not a chance." Brant's mouth worked. "He died—like a hero—you know." The girl stared.

"*Died?* Is Johnny McLean dead?"

She did not fall down, or cry out, but then Brant knew. Swiftly he came up and put his big, brotherly arm around her.

"Wait, my dear," he said. "There's a ray of hope. Not really hope, you know—it was certain death he went to—but yet they haven't found—they don't know, absolutely, that he's dead."

Five minutes later the girl was locked in her room with the paper. His name was in large letters in the head-lines. She read the account over many times, with painstaking effort to understand that this meant Johnny McLean. That he was down there now, while she breathed pure air. Many times she read it, dazed. Suddenly she flashed to the window and threw it open and beat on the stone sill and dragged her hands across it. Then in a turn she felt this to be worse than useless and dropped on her knees and found out what prayer is. She read the paper again, then, and faced things.

It was the often-repeated, incredible story of men so accustomed to danger that they throw away their lives in sheer carelessness. A fire down in the third level, five hundred feet underground; delay in putting it out; shifting of responsibility of one to another, mistakes and stupidity; then the sudden discovering that they were all but cut off; the panic and the crowding for the shaft, and scenes of terror and selfishness and heroism down in the darkness and smothering smoke.

The newspaper story told how McLean, the young superintendent, had come running down the street, bareheaded, with his light, great pace of an athlete. How, just

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as he got there, the cage of six men, which had gone to the third level, had been drawn up after vague, wild signalling filled with six corpses. How, when the crowd had seen that he meant to go down, a storm of appeal had broken that he should not throw his life away; how the very women whose husbands and sons were below had clung to him. Then the paper told how he had turned at the mouth of the shaft—the girl could see him standing there tall and broad, with the light on his boyish blond head. He had snatched a paper from his pocket and waved it at arm's-length so that every one could see. The map of the mine. Gallery 57, on the second level, where the men now below had been working, was close to gallery 9, entered from the other shaft a quarter of a mile away. The two galleries did not communicate, but only six feet of earth divided them. The men might chop through to 9 and reach the other shaft and be saved. But the men did not know it. He explained shortly that he must get to them and tell them. He would go to the second level and with an oxygen helmet must reach possible air before he was caught. Quickly, with an unhesitating decision, he talked, and his buoyancy put courage into the stricken crowd. With that a woman's voice lifted.

"Don't go—don't ye go, darlin'," it screamed. "'Tis no frinds down there. 'Tis Terence O'Hara and his gang—'tis the strike-makers. Don't be throwin' away your sweet young life for thim."

The boy laughed. "That's all right. Terence has a right to his chance." He went on rapidly. "I want five volunteers —quick. A one-man chance isn't enough to take help. Quick—five."

And twenty men pushed to the boy to follow him into hell. Swiftly he picked five; they put on the heavy oxygen helmets; there was a deep silence as the six stepped into the cage, and McLean rang the bell that signalled the engineer to let them down. That was all. They were the last rescuers to go down, and the cage had been drawn up empty. That was all, the newspaper said. The girl read it. All! And his father racing across the continent, to stand with the shawled women at the head of the shaft. And she, in this far-off city, going through the motions of living.

The papers told of the crowds gathered, of the Red Cross, of the experts come to consider the situation, of the line of patient women, with shawls over their heads, waiting always, there at the first gray light, there when night fell; the girl, gasping at her window, would have given years of life to have stood with those women. The second day she read that they had closed the mouth of the shaft; it was considered that the one chance for life below lay in smothering the flames. When the girl read that, a madness came on her. The shawled women felt that same madness; if the inspectors and the company officials had insisted they could not have kept the mine closed long—the people would have opened it by force; it was felt unendurable to seal their men below; the shaft was unsealed in twenty-four hours. But smoke came out, and then the watchers realized that a wall of flame was worse than a wall of planks and sand, and the shaft was closed again.

For days there was no news; then the first fruitless descent; then men went down and brought up heavy shapes rolled in canvas and bore them to the women; and "each morning the Red Cross president, lifting the curtain of the car where he slept, would see at first light, the still rows of those muffled figures waiting in the hopeless daybreak." Not yet had the body of the young superintendent been found; yet one might not hope because of that. But when one afternoon the head-lines of the papers blazed with a huge "Rescued" she could not read it, and she knew that she had hoped.

It was true. Eighteen men had been brought up alive, and Johnny McLean was one. Johnny McLean carried out senseless, with an arm broken, with a gash in his forehead done by a falling beam as he crawled to hail the rescuers—but Johnny McLean alive. He was very ill, yet the girl had not a minute's doubt that he would get well.

And while he lay half-alive, the papers of the country rang with the story of what he had done, and his father sitting by his bed read it, through unashamed tears, but Johnny took no interest. Breathing satisfied him pretty well for a while. There is no need to tell over what the papers told—how he had taken the leadership of the demoralized band; how when he found them cut off from the escape which he had

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planned he had set them to work building a barrier across a passage where the air was fresher; how behind this barrier they had lived for six days, by the faith and courage of Johnny McLean. How he had kept them busy singing, playing games, telling stories; had taught them music and put heart into them to sing glees, down in their tomb; how he had stood guard over the pitiful supply of water which dripped from the rock walls, and found ways of saving every drop and made each man take his turn; how when Tom Steele went mad and tried to break out of the barrier on the fifth day, it was McLean who fought him and kept him from the act which would have let in the black damp to kill all of them; how it was the fall in the slippery darkness of that struggle which had broken his arm. The eighteen told the story, bit by bit, as the men grew strong enough to talk, and the record rounded out, of life and reason saved by a boy who had risen out of the gray of commonplace into the red light of heroism. The men who came out of that burial spoke afterward of McLean as of an inspired being.

At all events the strike question was settled in that week below, and Johnny McLean held the ring-leaders now in the hollow of his hand. Terence O'Hara opened his eyes and delivered a dictum two hours after he was carried home. "Tell thim byes," he growled in weak jerks, "that if any of thim says shtrike till that McLean child drops the hat, they'll fight—O'Hara."

Day after day, while the country was in an uproar of enthusiasm, Johnny lay unconscious, breathing and doing no more. And large engineering affairs were allowed to go to rack and ruin while Henry McLean watched his son.

On a hot morning such as comes in May, a veteran fly of the year before buzzed about the dim window of the sick-room and banged against the half-closed shutters. Half-conscious of the sound the boy's father read near it, when another sound made his pulse jump.

"Chase him out," came from the bed in a weak, cheerful voice. "Don't want any more things shut up for a spell."

An hour later the older man stood over the boy. "Do you know your next job, Johnny?" he said. "You've got to get well in three weeks. Your triennial in New Haven is then."

"Holy—mackerel!" exploded the feeble tones. "All right, Governor, I'll do it."

. . . . . .

Somewhere in the last days of June, New England is at its loveliest and it is commencement time at Yale. Under the tall elms stretch the shady streets, alive eternally with the ever-new youth of ever-coming classes of boys. But at commencement the pleasant, drowsy ways take on an astonishing character; it is as if the little city had gone joyfully mad. Hordes of men of all ages, in startling clothes, appear in all quarters. Under Phelps gate-way one meets pirates with long hair, with earrings, with red sashes; crossing the campus comes a band of Highlanders, in front of the New Haven House stray Dutchmen and Japanese and Punchinellos and other flotsam not expected in a decorous town; down College Street a group of men in gowns of white swing away through the dappled shadows.

The atmosphere is enchanted; it is full of greetings and reunions and new beginnings of old friendship; with the everyday clothes the boys of old have shed responsibilities and dignities and are once more irresponsibly the boys of old. From California and Florida, even from China and France, they come swarming into the Puritan place, while in and out through the light-hearted kaleidoscopic crowd hurry slim youngsters in floating black gown and scholar's cap—the text of all this celebration, the graduating class. Because of them it is commencement, it is they who step now over the threshold and carry Yale's honor in their young hands into the world. But small attention do they get, the graduating class, at commencement. The classic note of their grave youthfulness is drowned in the joyful uproar; in the clamor of a thousand greetings one does not listen to these voices which say farewell. From the nucleus of these busy, black-clad young fellows, the folds of their gowns billowing about light, strong figures, the stern lines of the Oxford cap graciously at odds with the fresh modelling of their faces—down from these lads in black, the largest class of all, taper the classes. A placard is on a tree in the campus that the class of '51, it may be, has its head-quarters at such a

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For days there was no news.—Page 51.

place; a handful of men with white hair are lunching together—and that is a reunion.

In the afternoon of commencement day there is a base-ball game at Yale Field. To that the returning classes go in costume, mostly marching out afoot, each with its band of music, through the gay, dusty street, by the side of the gay, crowded trolley-cars loaded to the last inch of the last step with a holiday crowd, good-natured, sympathetic, full of humor as an American crowd is always. The men march laughing, talking, nodding to friends in the cars, in the motors, and carriages which fly past them; the bands play; the houses are faced with people come to see the show.

The ampitheatre of Yale Field is packed with more than ten thousand. The seniors are there with their mothers and fathers, their pretty little sisters and their proud little brothers—the flower of the country. One looks about and sees everywhere high-bred faces, strong faces, open-eyed, drinking in this extraordinary scene. For there is nothing just like it elsewhere. Across the field where hundreds of automobiles and carriages are drawn close—beyond that is a gate-way, and through this, at three o'clock or so, comes pouring a rainbow. A gigantic, light-filled, motion-swept rainbow of men. The first rays of vivid color resolves into a hundred Japanese geishas; they come dancing, waving paper umbrellas down Yale Field; on their heels press Dutch kiddies, wooden-shod, in scarlet and white, with wigs of peroxide hair. Then sailors, some of them twirling oars—the famous victorious crew of fifteen years back; with these march a dozen lads from fourteen to eight, the sons of the class, sailor-clad too; up from their midst as they reach the centre of the field drifts a flight of blue balloons of all sizes. Then come the men of twenty years ago stately in white gowns and mortar-boards; then the Triennials, with a class boy of two years, costumed in miniature and trundled in a go-cart by a nervous father. The Highlanders stalk by to the skirl of bagpipes with their contingent of tall boys, the coming sons of Alma Mater. The thirty-five-year graduates, eighty strong, the men who are running the nation, wear a unanimous sudden growth of rolling gray beard. Class after class they come, till over a thousand men have marched out to the music of bands, down Yale Field and past the great

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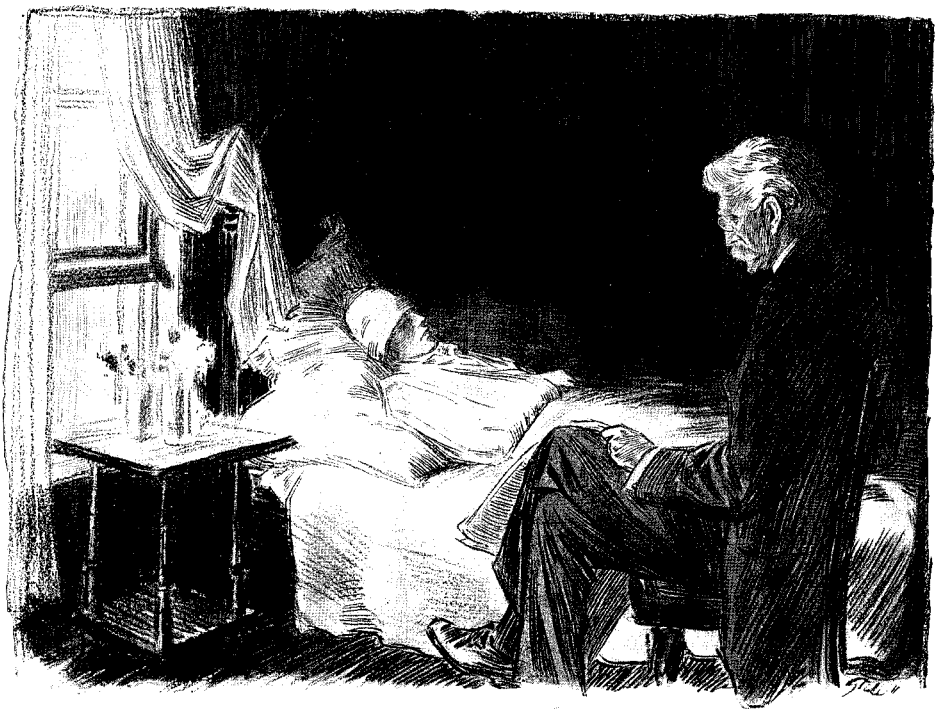

Large engineering affairs were allowed to go to rack and ruin while Henry McLean watched his son.—Page 52.

circle of the seats, and have settled in brilliant masses of color on the "bleachers." Then from across the field rise men's voices singing. They sing the college songs which their fathers sang, which their sons and great grandsons will sing. The rhythm rolls forward steadily in all those deep voices:

"Nor time nor change can aught avail,"

they sing

"To break the friendships formed at Yale."

There is many a breath caught in the crowded multitude to hear the men sing that.

Then the game—and Yale wins. The classes pour on the field in a stormy sea of color, and dance quadrilles, and form long lines hand in hand which sway and cross and play fantastically in a dizzying, tremendous jubilation which fills all of Yale Field. The people standing up to go cannot go, but stay and watch them, these thousand children of many ages, this marvellous show of light-heartedness and loyalty. Till at last the costumes drift together and disappear slowly in platoons; and the crowd thins and the last and most stirring act of the commencement day drama is at hand.

It has come to be an institution that after the game the old graduates should go, class by class, to the house of the president of Yale, to renew allegiance. It has come to be an institution that he, standing on the steps of his house, should make a short speech to each class. The rainbow of men, sweeping gloriously down the city streets with their bands, dissolves into a whirlwind at the sight of that well-known, slight, dignified figure on the doorstep of the modest house—this is a thing which one who has seen it does not forget; the three-minute speeches, each apt to its audience, each pointed with a dart straight to the heart of class pride and sentiment, these are a marvel. Few men living could come out of such a test creditably; only this master of men and of boys could do it as he does it. For each class goes away confident that the president at least shares its conviction that it is the best class ever graduated. Life might well be worth living, it would seem,

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to a man who should hear every year hundreds of men's voices thundering his name as these men behind the class banners.

Six weeks after the disaster of the Oriel mine it was commencement day in New Haven and Johnny McLean, his broken arm in a sling, a square of adhesive plaster on his forehead, was back for his Triennial. He was mightily astonished at the greeting he got. Class mates came up to him and shook his hand and said half a sentence and stopped, with an arm around his shoulder; people treated him in a remarkable way as if he had done something unheard of. It gratified him, after a fashion, yet it more than half annoyed him. He mentioned over and over again in protest that he had done nothing which "every one of you fellows wouldn't have done just the same," but they laughed at that and stood staring in a most embarrassing way.

"Gosh, Johnny McLean," Tim Erwin remarked finally, "wake up and hear the birdies sing. Do you mean to tell me you don't know you're the hero of the whole blamed nation?"

And Johnny McLean turned scarlet and replied that he didn't think it so particularly funny to guy a man who had attended strictly to his business, and walked off. While Erwin and the others regarded him astounded.

"Well, if that isn't too much!" gasped Tim. He actually doesn't know!"

"He's likely to find out before we get through," Neddy Haines, of Denver, jerked out nasally, and they laughed as if at a secret known together.

So Johnny pursued his way through the two or three days before commencement, absorbed in meeting friends, embarrassed at times by their manner, but taking ob-

Johnny McLean, ... was back for his Triennial.

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stinately the modest place in the class which he had filled in college. It did not enter his mind that anything he had done could alter his standing with the "fellows." Moreover he did not spend time considering that. So he was one of two hundred Buster Browns who marched to Yale Field in white Russian blouses with shiny blue belts, in sailor hats with blue ribbons, and when the Triennials rushed tempestuously down Trumbull Street in the tracks of the graybeards of thirty-five years before, Johnny found himself carried forward so that he stood close to the iron fence which guards the little yard from the street. There is always an afternoon tea at the president's house after the game, to let people see the classes make their call on the head of the University. The house was full of people; the yard was filled with gay dresses and men gathered to see the parade. On the high stone steps under the arch of the doorway stood the president and close by him the white, light figure of a little girl, her black hair tied with a big blue bow. Clustered in the shadow behind them were other figures. Johnny McLean saw the little maid and then his gaze was riveted on the president. It surely was good to see him again; this man who knew how to make them all swear by him.

"What will he have to say to us," Johnny wondered. "Something that will please the whole bunch, I'll bet. He always hits it."

"Men of the class of——," the President began, in his deep, characteristic intonations, "I know that there is only one name you want to hear me speak; only one thought in all the minds of your class."

A hoarse murmur which a second's growth would have made into a wild shout started in the throats of the massed men behind the class banner. The president held up his hand.

"Wait a minute. We want that cheer; we'll have it; but I've got a word first. A great speaker who talked to you boys in your college course said a thing that came to my mind to-day. 'The courage of the commonplace,' he said 'is greater than the courage of the crisis.'"

Again that throaty, threatening growl, and again the president's hand went up—the boys were hard to hold.

"I see a man among you whose life has added a line to that saying, who has shown to the world that it is the courage of the commonplace which trains for the courage of the crisis. And that's all I've got to say, for the nation is saying the rest—except three times three for the glory of the class of——, for McLean of the Oriel mine, the newest name on the honor roll of Yale."

It is probably a dizzying thing to be snatched into the seventh heaven. Johnny McLean standing, scarlet, stunned, his eyes glued on the iron fence between him and the president, knew nothing except a whirling of his brain and an earnest prayer that he might not make a fool of himself. With that, even as the thunder of voices began, he felt himself lifted, swung to men's shoulders, carried forward. And there he sat in his foolish Buster Brown costume, with his broken arm in its sling, with the white patch on his forehead, above his roaring classmates. There he sat perspiring and ashamed, and faced the head of the University, who, it must be said, appeared not to miss the humor of the situation, for he laughed consumedly. And still they cheered and still his name rang again and again. Johnny, hot and squirming under the merry presidential eye, wondered if they were going to cheer all night. And suddenly everything—classmates, president, roaring voices died away. There was just one thing on earth. In the doorway, in the group behind the president, a girl stood with her head against the wall and cried as if her heart would break. Cried frankly, openly, mopping away tears with a whole-hearted pocket handkerchief, and cried more to mop away. As if there were no afternoon tea, no mob of Yale men in the streets, no world full of people who might, if they pleased, see those tears and understand. The girl. Herself. Crying. In a flash, by the light of the happiness that was overwhelming, he found this other happiness. He understood. The mad idea which had come back and back to him out there in the West, which he had put down firmly, the idea that she had cared too much and not too little on that Tap Day four years ago—that idea was true. She did care. She cared still. He knew it without a doubt. He sat on the men's shoulders in his ridiculous clothes, and the heavens opened. Then the tumult and the shouting died and they let the hero down and to the rapid succession of strong emotions came as a relief another

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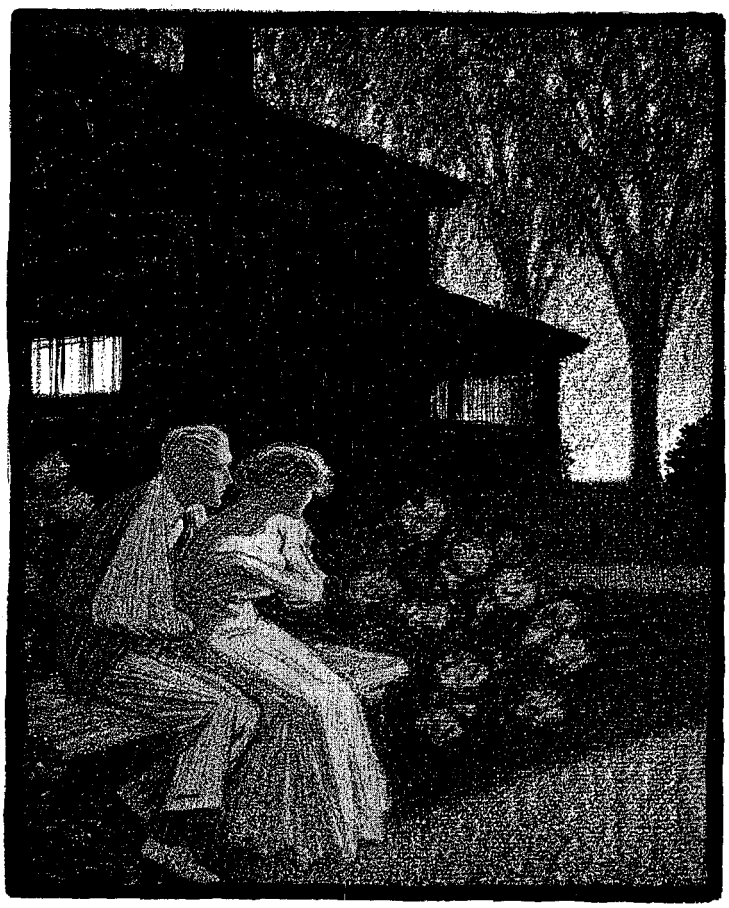
emotion—enthusiasm. They were cheering the president, on the point of bursting themselves into fragments to do it, it seemed. There were two hundred men behind the class banner, and each one was converting what was convertible of his being into noise. Johnny McLean turned to with a will and thundered into the volume of tone which sounded over and over the two short syllables of a name which to a Yale man's idea fits a cheer better than most. The president stood, quiet, under the heaped-up honors of a brilliant career, smiling and steady under that delirious music of his own name rising, winged with men's hearts, to the skies. Then the band was playing again and they were marching off down the street together, this wonderful class that knew how to turn earth into heaven for a fellow who hadn't done much of a stunt anyhow, this grand, glorious, big-hearted lot of chaps who would have done much more in his place, every soul of them—so Johnny McLean's thoughts leaped in time with his steps as they marched away. And once or twice a terror seized him—for he was weak yet from his illness—that he was going to make "a fool of himself." He remembered how the girl had cried; he thought of the way the boys had loaded him with honor and affection; he heard the president's voice speaking those impossible words about him—about *him*—and he would have given a large sum of money at one or two junctures to bolt and get behind a locked door alone where he might cry as the girl had. But the unsentimental hilarity all around saved him and brought him through without a stain on his behavior. Only he could not bolt—he could not get a moment to himself for love



He forgot that magnificent lot of fellows, his classmates.—Page 58.

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or money. It was for love he wanted it. He must find her—he could not wait now. But he had to wait. He had to go into the country to dinner with them all and be lionized and made speeches at, and made fun of, and treated as the darling child and the pride and joy and—what was harder to bear—as the hero and the great man of the class. All the time growing madder with restlessness, for who could tell if she might not be leaving town. A remnant of the class ahead crossed them—and there was Brant, her brother. Diplomacy was not for Johnny McLean—he was much too anxious.

"Brant, look here," and he drew him into a comparative corner. "Where is she?" Brant did not pretend not to understand, but he grinned.

"At the Andersons', of course."

"Now?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Fellows," said Johnny McLean, "I'm sorry, but I've got to sneak. I'm going back to town."

Sentences and scraps of sentences came flying at him from all over. "Hold him down"—"Chain him up"—"Going—tommy-rot—can't go!" "You'll be game for the round-up at eleven—you've got to be." "Our darling boy—he's got to be," and more language.

"All right for eleven," Johnny agreed. "I'll be at head-quarters then—but I'm going now," and he went.

He found her in a garden, which is the best place to make love. Each place is the best. And in some mystical manner all the doubt and unhappiness which had been gone over in labored volumes of thoughts by each alone, melted to nothing, at two or three broken sentences. There seemed to be nothing to say, for everything was said in a wordless, clear mode of understanding, which lovers and saints know. There was little plot to it, yet there was no lack of interest. In fact so light-footed were the swift moments in the rose-scented dark garden that Johnny McLean forgot, as others have forgotten before him, that time was. He forgot that magnificent lot of fellows, his classmates; there was not a circumstance outside of the shadowy garden which he did not whole-heartedly forget. Till a shock brought him to.

The town was alive with bands and cheers and shouts and marching; the distant noises rose and fell and fused and separated, but kept their distance. When one body of sound, which unnoticed by the lovers had been growing less vague, more compact, broke all at once into loud proximity—men marching, men shouting, men singing. The two, hand tight in hand, started, looked at each other, listened—and then a name came in a dozen sonorous voices, as they used to shout it in college days, across the Berkeley Oval.

"McLean! McLean!" they called. "Oh, Johnny McLean!" and "Come out there, Oh, Johnny McLean!" That was Baby Thomas.

"By Jove, they've trapped me," he said smiling in the dark and holding the hand tighter as the swinging steps stopped in front of the house of the garden. "Brant must have told."

"They've certainly found you," the girl said. Her arms lifted slowly, went about his neck swiftly. "You're mine—but you're theirs to-night. I haven't a right to so much of you even. You're theirs. Go." And she held him. But in a second she had pushed him away. "Go." she said. "You're theirs, bless every one of them."

She was standing alone in the dark, sweet garden and there was a roar in the street which meant that he had opened the door and they had seen him. And with that there were shouts of "Put him up"—"Carry him"—"Carry the boy," and laughter and shouting and then again the measured tread of many men retreating down the street, and men's voices singing together. The girl in the dark garden stood laughing, crying, and listened.

"Mother of men!"—

The deep voices sang—

"Mother of men grown strong in giving—
Honor to him thy lights have led;
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead!
We who have felt thy power, and known thee,
We in whose lives thy lights avail,
High, in our hearts enshrined, enthrone thee,
Mother of men, old Yale!"

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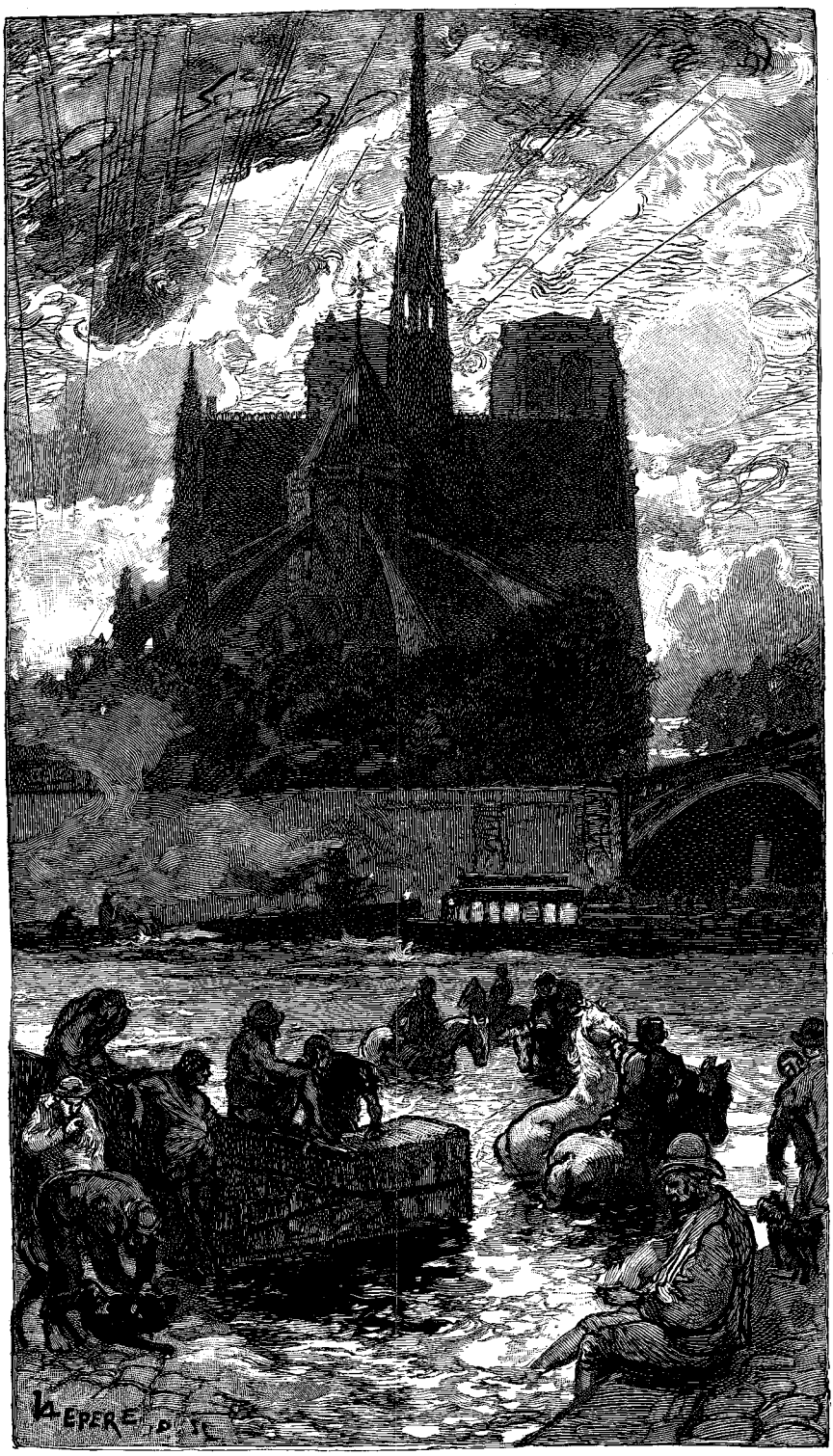

Drawn and engraved by A. Lepère.

Notre Dame de Paris at sunset.

Reprinted from SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1895.

—See "Field of Art," page 125.

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Moving supplies to the front.

PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

CALOOCAN AND ITS TRENCHES

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

SHORTLY after daylight on February 5 [1899], orders were received for the Twentieth Kansas to advance from the Lico road and occupy a line somewhat beyond the trenches captured on the preceding afternoon. It was not known whether these had been reoccupied by the enemy or not, but after a part of the regiment had been deployed scouts were sent to work their way carefully to the front in order to report on the situation. These men stated that the enemy had not returned, so that there would be no necessity to fight in order to regain the ground given up. The regiment moved into its new position without incident, and was soon intrenching. As the lagoons from the bay did not come in so close at this point, we had more room, and it was found practicable to extend our left so far that with its right resting on the railroad the regiment could have every one of its three battalions on the line. Immediately on our right we joined with the Third Artillery, which, it must be remembered, was serving as infantry, which in its turn connected with the First Montana, occupying the high ground near La Loma church. Six guns of the Utah Light Artillery Battalion under Major Richard W. Young and two guns of the Sixth Artillery under Lieutenant Adrain Fleming were posted at advantageous points along the line. During the day we could hear some firing far to our right, but there was little done on our own front, though the occasional crack of a rifle in the woods and the "zip" of a bullet furnished the necessary incentive to make the men cautious about exposing themselves. The left of the regiment fronted on dense woods, where nothing could be observed, but

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its right was partially in the open, while the other two organizations of the brigade were entirely so.

During the day an officer rode over to my regiment, stated that he was Major Bell of the division staff, and desired that I should furnish him with a non-commissioned officer and a few other men in order that he might ascertain something as to the location of the insurgent trenches covering the town of Caloocan, on our front. At this I bristled up somewhat and announced that if there was any scouting to be done in advance of my regiment I could do it myself or have it done. Upon being assured by Major Bell that he was acting under orders of the division commander, I yielded the point, but I fear not with very good grace. Thus, rather inauspiciously, began my acquaintance with my excellent friend, the present Major-General J. F. Bell, who was destined because of his exceptional services in the suppression of the Philippine insurrection to rise within a few years to the highest rank now attainable in our army. I suppose that General Bell has by this time entirely forgotten the incident described. Later in the campaign that officer had at his disposal for scouting purposes a picked body of men, and did some most astonishing things in the way of penetrating the enemy's lines and bringing back information as to the location of his trenches. The non-commissioned officer that I directed to report to Major Bell on this occasion was Corporal Arthur M. Ferguson, a man whose soldierly qualities and daring were eventually to win him the Medal of Honor and a commission in the volunteer service, and afterward in the regular army. We shall hear more of him later in connection with the passage of the Rio Grande at Calumpit. Of course, whatever information Major Bell obtained on this reconnaissance was transmitted to the division commander. I was desirous of learning something on my own hook, and later in the day took a few men and crawled with them into the dense woods in front of the left of the regiment, working gradually around to the right until we were within a few hundred yards of the trenches just south of the Caloocan church. The country here was comparatively open, and we could see that the Filipinos were working with feverish haste in improving their defenses. Being so close, the temptation to stir them up with a fusillade was very great, but it would never do, as we might be cut off before we could fall back on our lines.

I had established regimental head-quarters about two hundred yards to the rear of our trenches, just to the right of the Caloocan wagon-road, which cut the regiment's line at right angles about one-third of the distance from its right to its left. As night came on the men were instructed to lie down and get what sleep they could behind the low shelter that they had constructed, a number from each company being detailed to remain on look-out in order to give warning of any attempt to rush our line. It was not thought best to have men on outpost in the woods on our front, as in case of a sudden attack they would mask the fire of the regiment, or possibly be sacrificed before they could retire to its line. So far as firing was concerned, we had a quiet day of it, but nightfall brought trouble. The regimental staff officers with myself and a few orderlies had just spread out our blankets and were preparing to lie down, when a lively rattle of fire opened up in the direction of the enemy's lines, and bullets began striking about us and whistling overhead. I was of the opinion that it was a mere spurt and would die down, but nevertheless rose and walked over to the trench, where I was joined by Major Metcalf. The firing increased in volume, and apparently was not coming from the enemy's trenches, which were eight hundred yards on our front, but rather from a point about half-way to them. None of our men were asleep yet, and some of them began to reply without orders.

There was some delay in finding a trumpeter to blow "Cease firing," and in the meantime one of our men was hit, and gave a shriek that was heard almost the length of the regiment. In an instant the men were beyond control. As the firing on our front increased they thought a charge was coming, and, kneeling behind the low shelter, worked their old Springfields for all they were worth. It was a form of panic, but not half so bad as bolting to the rear. The men were in as close a line as they could be and work their rifles, and they crammed cartridges into them and fired as rapidly as possible. The roar was deafening, while the rapid spurts of flame along the whole

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line made in the darkness a show of fireworks that was not to be despised. The dense blanket of smoke, added to the gloom, made it impossible to see anything. We soon had every trumpeter in the regiment blowing "Cease firing," but in some cases blows and kicks had to be resorted to in order to bring the men to their senses. As our fire died down enough for one to be able to make himself heard, the officers began to open the vials of their wrath on their respective companies, while I, having to "cuss" twelve companies instead of one, was quite overcome by my efforts. But the insurgent fire had absolutely ceased, the enemy having stirred up more of a hornets' nest than he had bargained for.

What had occurred was that several hundred of them had advanced from their trenches to a point where there was good natural cover, whence they had started a fire-fight which they were doubtless glad to cease. It was in no sense an attempt to take our line by a rush, but that was what the men had feared. The regiment expended about twenty-five thousand rounds of ammunition in this piece of foolishness, but it was the last performance of that kind, involving any considerable number of men, that we had during the campaign. One of the insurgents wounded in this affair was the Filipino major, Hilario Tal Placido, who, captured more than a year later in Nueva Ecija province while I was in command there, became an "*Americanista*," and accompanied me on the expedition that brought in his old chief, Emilio Aguinaldo. Hilario, after I had come to know him, assured me that this experience cured him of any further desire to assist in unnecessarily stirring up the Americans just to see what they would do, and that he felt lucky in getting out of it with nothing worse than a big bullet through one of his lungs.

The next day while visiting La Loma church I took occasion to express to General MacArthur, who had his head-quarters there, my regret that the regiment had got into such a panic, but was assured by him that it was nothing to feel badly about, as it is a very common experience of troops until they have been under fire a few times. As a matter of fact, very few regiments in the Philippines escaped going through the same thing during the process of getting used to being under fire.

During the afternoon of the day following this incident, it being very quiet, I rather unwisely sent word to Mrs. Funston, in Manila, telling her that if she wished she could come out to the lines for a short visit, as it would give her an opportunity to see something of troops in the field, and we could have a brief chat. But in the meantime Captain Christy, who was officer of the day and was patrolling in front of the regiment with a few men, became involved in a sharp fight at about two hundred yards range with some hundred and fifty of the enemy, who had advanced from their trenches and were behind a dike, probably the same one from which they had fired on us during the night. I went out into the woods to investigate, and found that the redoubtable Christy had bitten off considerably more than he could masticate. He had only a few men, but they were fairly well sheltered and were having a hard fight, being so deeply involved that it was going to be a problem to get them out. I crouched down with the men for a few moments in order to decide what to do, and finally, by having them cease fire suddenly and then spring to their feet and make a dash by the right flank to some "dead" ground, stopped the fight. Going back to my head-quarters, behind the regiment's line, I found that Mrs. Funston had arrived, escorted by my orderly and Major Metcalf's. She had ridden in a *caromata*, a Filipino vehicle distantly related to the one-horse buggy, it being driven by one of the soldiers while the other rode along on horseback and acted as escort. The party had arrived during the skirmish in the woods, and as quite a few bullets were flying overhead, Mrs. Funston was sheltered for a time behind a portion of the Filipino earthwork that we had assaulted and carried two days before. Realizing that another fight was liable to break out at any moment, she went back to the city after a brief stay.

The hope that the Filipinos who had been stirred up by Captain Christy would desist, now that they were being let alone, proved an illusory one, as they kept up a slow fire on that portion of our trench nearest to them. Deeming it necessary once for all to break up this form of amusement, and fearing that it might continue throughout the night, I sent a staff officer to explain the situation to the brigade commander and re-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The enemy had a very fine silken flag. . . . It became the centre of a short and sharp struggle. . . . It resembled as much as anything some of the confused scrambles that are seen on the foot-ball field.—Page 64.

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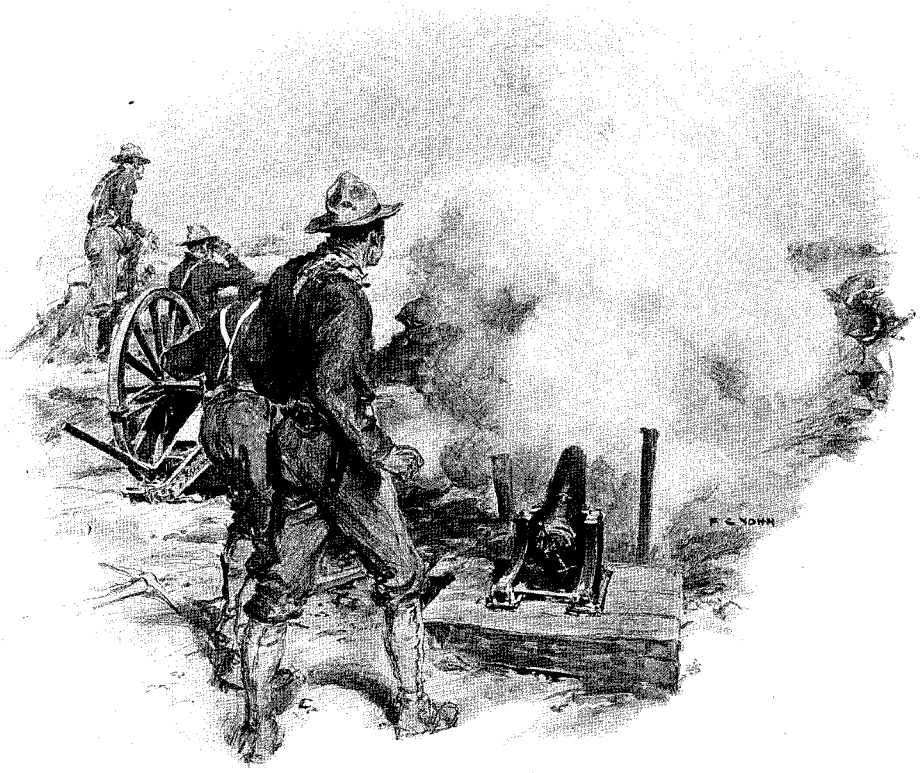

When the odd little gun was fired we saw the projectile mount a couple of hundred feet into the air.—Page 70.

quested leave to administer the necessary castigation. The desired permission was granted, but I was cautioned not to attempt any pursuit after the force annoying us had been dislodged, as it was feared that such action might bring on a general engagement, thus interfering with the plans of the division commander. Three companies were considered more than sufficient to do the work, and their commanders were directed to hold them in readiness. It was not known how far into the woods the enemy's right flank extended, and an attempt to turn his left would have exposed us to fire from the trenches near Caloocan, so that a frontal attack was decided upon as giving the greatest chance to inflict heavy loss.

Major Metcalf was to assist me in leading the attack. At the word of command the three companies rose to their feet and fixed bayonets. Leaping over the trench, the start was quickly made. Our right was directly opposite the enemy's left, but it developed that our left considerably overlapped his right. For the first hundred yards the woods screened our movements, but when we broke into the open at a distance of three hundred yards from the dike we could see that it was fairly alive with the straw hats of the Filipinos, and they opened on us as rapidly as they could fire. Our men, perfectly steady, did not reply until ordered to a few seconds later, and when they did they fairly combed the top of that dike with bullets. We were advancing at a walk and it was point-blank range, and our fire so disconcerted the enemy that though they plied their rifles with great vigor, they were not exposing themselves enough to get any sort of good aim. They were armed entirely with Mausers so that they had no smoke to interfere with them, while our Springfields produced the usual prairie-fire effect. What little wind there was, however, served to drive the smoke behind instead of ahead of us, so that we were not so much troubled by it as ordinarily.

The men were under perfect control, and while somewhat excited, were attending to

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their knitting. There had been scarcely a word spoken except for the occasional commands given by officers and non-commissioned officers, but when we were within eighty yards I had the "Charge" blown. Only the men near the trumpeter could hear it, but as they raised a yell and went forward on a run the others followed suit. It does not take long to cover eighty yards if you are in a hurry, and in no time we were among them. Of course, as soon as our men began to run, they ceased firing, though it was recommenced to a certain extent when we closed. As we reached the position and went over the dike all of the Filipinos who had not been killed or disabled rose to their feet and tried to get away. If we had molested them no further, and had let them go, it is probable that the fight would have ended at once, but our men were among them and a good many fought to save their lives. It did not seem to occur to them that they would be spared if they threw down their arms, but they had been used to fighting Spaniards, who had given them the same kind of quarter that they had given the insurgents of Cuba. A confused mêlée followed. It was the only time in my life that I saw the bayonet actually used.

Within twenty feet of me, a plucky little Filipino, one of the few of them who had his bayonet fixed, made a vicious jab at one of our sergeants, and a second later was run through the body. And he was not the only one to get the cold steel. During the mix-up I saw a Filipino raise his rifle and at a distance of only a few yards take a shot at one of our men. Just as the bullet struck the soldier in the thigh he saw the man who had shot him lowering his rifle. At first he seemed dazed, dropping his own weapon, but without stopping to pick it up sailed into that Filipino bare-handed, twisted his rifle out of his hands and beat his brains out with it. The enemy had a very fine silken flag with the emblem of the Katipunan embroidered on it. A number of them tried to get away with it, and it became the centre of a short and sharp struggle in which fire-arms could not be used. In fact, it resembled as much as anything some of the confused scrambles that are seen on the foot-ball field. When we finally got the flag it had been riddled by bullets and was drenched in blood. It is now in the State House at Topeka. All of the Filipinos who could do so were getting toward the rear as rapidly as possible. Those who could cover the sixty yards to the dense underbrush were safe, as our orders did not permit us to follow them.

The whole affair had lasted less time than it takes to tell it. The companies were assembled as soon as possible, preparatory to returning to our own lines, as a counter attack which might be made on us by the Filipinos in the Caloocan trenches, distant only a few hundred yards, might have brought on the general engagement that I had orders to avoid. The Filipinos suffered severely in this combat, but we did not take the time necessary to make a complete count of their dead and disabled, though along the left of their trench where the hardest fighting had taken place, I counted thirty dead. There were not a great many wounded left on the ground, as all who were able to rise had escaped to the rear. Among the dead we were surprised to find a very large and coal-black negro. As this was many months before any of our colored troops had been brought to the islands, the man could not have been a deserter from them, but was probably some vagabond seaman who had run away from a merchant-vessel in Manila Bay. The storm of bullets that we had poured into the enemy as we advanced, disconcerting and "rattling" him, as well as the fact that the Filipinos were absolutely no match for our much larger men in the hand-to-hand struggle, had saved us from heavy loss. First Lieutenant Alfred C. Alford, commanding Company B, an excellent officer, who had been one of my schoolmates at the University of Kansas, was killed just as we carried the position. Sergeant Jay Sheldon, of Company I, was so badly wounded that he died the next day, while five other enlisted men were wounded, all severely. After we had returned to our line I went over to the dressing station to see our wounded. I tried to cheer up and encourage Sergeant Sheldon, though the surgeon had told me that his condition was very grave. He was a plucky fellow, and though suffering greatly, made the remark, "Well, it was worth getting hit to have been in so fine a fight." We had left the enemy's wounded where they had fallen, knowing that their friends would come for them during the night, now close at hand.

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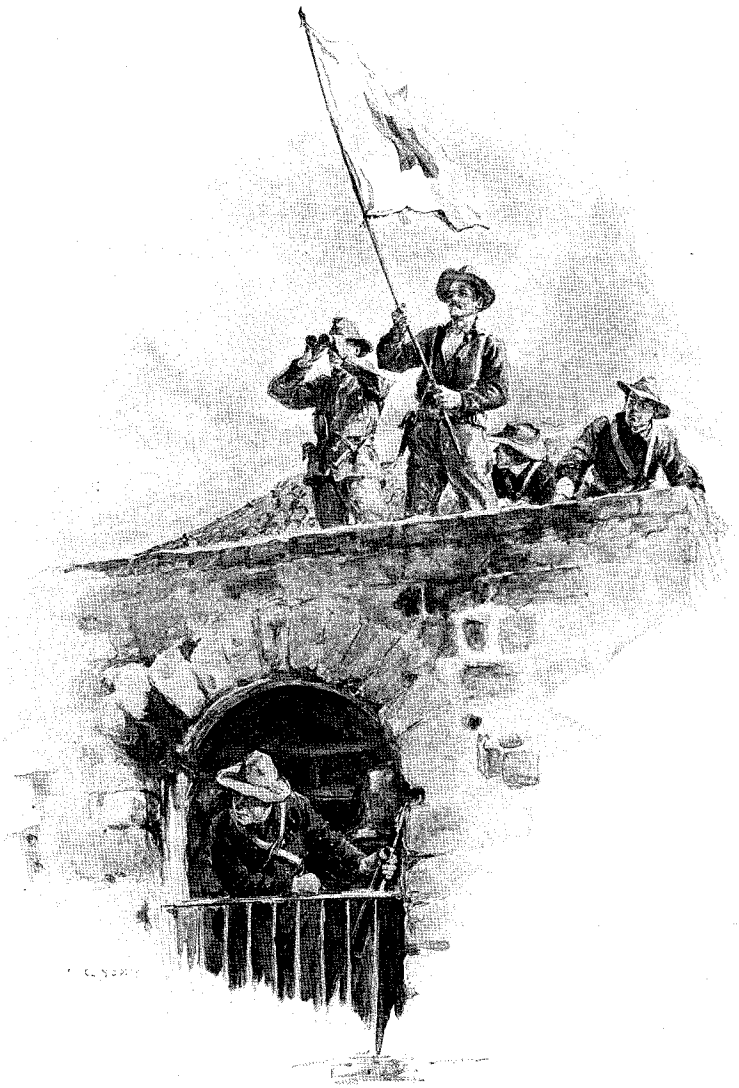

Captain Edgar Russell had been wig-wagging from the church tower certain angles, elevations, and other scientific stuff to a couple of naval vessels.—Page 72.

After the affair just described practically nothing of note occurred along the front of the Twentieth Kansas until the afternoon of the 10th, though we could occasionally hear firing far to the right along the front of Hale's brigade. After consideration of the situation General MacArthur determined to rectify the line occupied by the division to the extent of advancing our brigade, the First. From left to right the three regiments of the brigade were distributed as follows: Twentieth Kansas, First Montana, and Third Artillery, the last-named organization connecting with Hale's brigade on the ridge near La Loma church. The contemplated movement really constituted a partial wheel to the right, pivoting on the right of the Third Artillery, so that that regiment had to make a very slight advance, the First Montana considerably more, while my own regiment had to push forward through the woods for more than half a mile, incidentally taking the town of Caloocan and the trenches covering it. Major Whitman had become ill a day or two previously and had returned to Manila, so that his battalion was commanded by Captain Edmund Boltwood, a gallant old veteran of the Civil War, in which he had served as an officer.

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After the orders for the attack had been issued I had a heart-to-heart talk with Major Kobbe of the Third Artillery, and confided to him that I expected my regiment to lose heavily, as it would have to carry the strong trenches covering Caloocan on the south, as well as the massive church and adjacent wall. That officer agreed that I had a hard job cut out, and coincided with my view that the best way to avoid heavy loss in the advance would be to cover the Filipinos with fire as we attacked, and to make no attempt to save ammunition. The experience obtained in our attacks of the 5th and 7th had convinced me that by sweeping the ground that we were advancing over with a storm of bullets we could so demoralize the enemy that his fire would be badly directed. Appropriate orders were issued to battalion and company commanders, and we formed for the attack, being, so far, completely screened from the enemy by the woods on our front. The preliminary bombardment of the Filipino position by several vessels of the fleet and all our field artillery, took half an hour, and fairly filled the air with its roar. Owing to intervening tree growth the trenches could not be seen from the fleet, but their positions were approximately known, being marked by the church, which was in sight. The eight-inch and six-inch shells, following each other in quick succession, were continuously exploding in the woods to our front. They must have been a severe trial for the insurgents, as they had no adequate protection from them.

Of course, however, the fire of the fleet had to cease before the beginning of the infantry attack, so that they had some time in which to recover their composure. At last the pandemonium of sound ceased, and we dashed forward into the woods. Although the insurgents could not yet see us, they knew from the movements of the other two regiments in the open ground that the advance had begun, and how they did fill those woods with bullets! We had all twelve companies on the firing line, our support marching in rear being a battalion of the First Idaho, brought over for the occasion from the First Division, and the whole regiment as the bugles rang out the command to commence firing became wreathed in smoke, while the noise was so great that it was out of the question to make one's self heard. The attack was made at a walk, the men firing to the front as rapidly as they could, regardless of the fact that at first no target could be seen. Many bullets were stopped by tree trunks, but thousands more, striking about the Filipino trenches or passing close over them, so demoralized the defenders that their fire, while of great volume, was very wild. I had started to ride my horse through the fight, but finally concluded to dismount, as fences confined me largely to the road, down which was coming the heaviest fire. So I followed the attack on foot, immediately behind Company C. We passed over the scene of the severe little fight of the 7th, and saw the Filipino dead still lying where they had fallen, though their wounded had been removed. In this company was a unique character, Sergeant John C. Murphy, who died only a couple of years ago as a retired officer of the regular army. Throughout the whole advance Murphy serenely smoked a large brier-wood pipe, which he only removed from his mouth when it became necessary to address some pointed remarks to the men of his section. He saw one of his men crouch quietly down behind a low shelter as if he contemplated remaining there as the company passed on. Murphy walked back to the man, deliberately removed his pipe, as if he were afraid of biting the stem in two, and then with unhoneyed words fairly kicked him up onto the firing line, where the man made up for lost time by plying his rifle with great vigor.

The five companies on the right of the regiment had now broken into the open in full view of the church and the trenches near it. These trenches and the top of the wall near the church were alive with straw hats bobbing up and down, while from both came a severe but badly aimed fire. It was a pretty exciting moment. For half a minute one company showed some signs of disorder, the men beginning to halt and lie down, but Major Metcalf and the officers and sergeants of the company strode up and down the line and quickly got them going again. I ordered the "Charge" blown, and all who could hear it sprang forward, the men to the right or left taking the cue and advancing with them, the whole regiment breaking into yells as we closed. In no time we were over the trenches, the survivors among the defenders bolting to the rear, the wall near the church being abandoned at the

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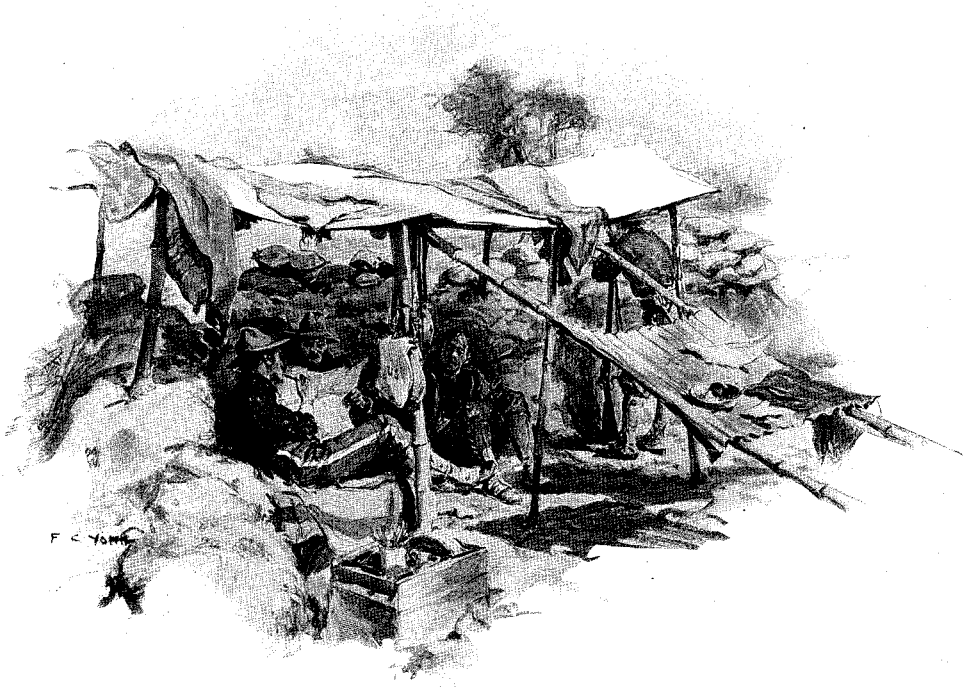

The next few days were ones of comparative quiet.—Page 73.

same time. Some of them were shot down as they ran, but our men were so "winded" that their shooting was not so good as it might have been. Major Metcalf saw one man bring down a fleeing Filipino by, with both hands, hurling his rifle at him, muzzle first. The bayonet passed entirely through the man's skull. The bottom of the trench was a shocking spectacle, being simply covered with dead and wounded men, the most of whom had been brought down in the brief fire fight at close range that had preceded the final rush. The town had been fired in many places by the Filipinos as they retired. The nipa houses burned like tinder, and through the smoke and flames we took up the pursuit.

There was a moment's delay after the church was reached, the field and staff officers remounted their horses that had been brought up in the rear of the line, and the irregular and waving line of a thousand yelling men pushed through the burning town in pursuit. We were soon in the open country, but the fleet-footed Filipinos had several hundred yards the start of us, and we did not bring down many of them, the excitement of the chase and the exhaustion of the men not being conducive to good shooting. Occasionally a group would turn and fire on us for a few seconds, but the most of their efforts were bent on placing the Tuliajan River between themselves and our line. We chased them to the summit of the ridge overlooking that stream, about half a mile beyond Caloocan, and then halted, being far beyond where we had been directed to establish our new line.

The dusk was now gathering, but across the river near Malinta we could see long lines of the enemy, some of whom opened on us with a rather sharp but quite ineffective fire, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. We did not at first reply, but finally Captain Orwig of his own initiative began volley-firing with his company. I rode over to his position and pitched into him rather savagely in the hearing of his men, telling him that we could not hit anybody with our old Springfields at that distance, and that the fire of the enemy could do us no harm. Hardly had I delivered myself of this sage opinion when my horse whirled suddenly and began to sink down. Dismounting immediately, it was discovered that the animal had been shot clear

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through the neck, one of the surgeons later removing the bullet from under the skin on the right-hand side. In view of my heated remarks only a moment before, this incident caused a derisive chuckle throughout the whole company. The horse, a fine little bay of the better type of Filipino pony, surefooted, and indifferent to the noise of firing, completely recovered in time, and I rode him through all of the campaign up the railroad.

After dark the regiment fell back to a point about four hundred yards north of the Caloocan church where it was to intrench and remain until the general advance, six weeks later. Considering the heavy fire that we had been under, especially while the right flank of the regiment was engaging the trenches near the church, our losses had been small, consisting of two enlisted men killed and Captain Christy and eight enlisted men wounded. This did not include several slight wounds and contusions from spent bullets. The next morning we counted sixty-four insurgent dead, mostly in the trenches near the church or in their vicinity. Their wounded who had been left on the ground we gathered up and sent in to the hospital with our own. About one hundred rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition were captured and destroyed, as we had no way of sending them back to the city. We also found standing near the railway repair-shops the big bronze siege-gun that had fired at us during the fighting of the night of the 4th and the next day. It had not been used in the present engagement, possibly because its ammunition had been exhausted. It must by no means be inferred that all the fighting on this day had fallen to the Twentieth Kansas, as the other two regiments of the brigade were just as severely engaged, but in the open country, while a detachment under Major Bell had assisted in the operation by crawling up a ravine and attacking the enemy in the left flank.

The regiment's new line was an undesirable one for several reasons, all of them beyond the control of any body other than the insurgents. Its left was on the narrow causeway which connected Caloocan with the considerable town of Malabon, this causeway being parallel with the regiment, or rather being on an extension of its left flank. This condition subjected us constantly to a long-range enfilading fire which in the long run cost us numerous casualties, but which was in a measure provided against by the construction of sand-bag traverses six feet high in the shelter occupied by the battalion on the left. On the front of this same battalion the woods and bamboos came very close, and the ground was cut up by shallow ravines, the insurgents thus being enabled to construct trenches almost under our noses. The town of Malabon could not be taken except under the most disadvantageous conditions until our line had been advanced beyond the Tuliajan River, as the only method possible would have been a charge up the narrow causeway, flanked on both sides by swamps, and would have been a costly enterprise, especially as a bridge on it had been removed.

A week or so later I volunteered to try to rush the causeway by night with a small detachment in the hope that we could effect a lodgment in the town and hold on until the arrival of reinforcements. But General MacArthur did not think much of the project, and I have no doubt that his judgment was correct. At the time we had not a sufficient number of troops to hold the town even if we had succeeded in taking it. The centre of the regiment occupied an old Spanish trench which we improved, while the right, extending across the railroad, made some very satisfactory cover for itself. All day of the 11th was spent in intrenching, the work being done under an almost incessant long-range fire from Malabon. The left flank battalion was protected by a loop-holed sand-bag parapet six feet high, and was provided with traverses at short intervals. Just to the front of the centre of our right the field artillery constructed a redoubt open to the rear in which were installed several field-pieces. Lieutenant Seaman, of the Utah Artillery Battalion, was wounded while supervising the work, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Fleming, Sixth Artillery, who, under the general direction of Major Young, the chief of artillery, had charge of the battery thereafter. The Twentieth Kansas had four men wounded during the day, while two men of the Thirteenth Minnesota who in order to see some fighting had run away from their own regiment, which was still on duty in the city, were also hit, which came about being what they deserved.

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General MacArthur established himself in the temporarily abandoned residence of Mr. Higgins, general manager of the Manila-Dagupan railway, this building being located in a very exposed position just west of the railroad track and less than a hundred yards behind the trench of my regiment. The brigade commander, General H. G. Otis, was camped in the open in the rear of the centre of his command. As headquarters for my own regiment, I took the Caloocan church, and rather think that I had the better of my superiors.

On the previous evening, just after bringing the regiment back from the ridge overlooking the Tuliajan, I had entered the building for the first time, and had had a small adventure that was to rise up and plague me months later. I had found there, rummaging about among the few articles that had been left in the building, an iron-visaged American woman, somewhat past middle age. I had seen her on several occasions, and knew her to be one of those self-appointed, so-called nurses, but really meddlesome busybodies, who are so apt to be found in the wake of armies in the field. This person had two names, or at least went by two different ones. Women of her type should not for a moment be confused with the members of that splendid and efficient body who go to make up the Army Nurse Corps, who remained on duty in the hospitals where they belonged, and who never made nuisances of themselves. I watched the woman for a few moments, and seeing her roll into a bundle a few articles of really no intrinsic value, told a sergeant to inform her quietly that she would not be permitted to take anything from the building. She replied to the effect that she would do as she pleased, and that it was nobody's business what she took. This courteous message having been delivered to me, I walked over to her, made her drop the bundle, and received a most artistic tongue-lashing in return. I closed the scene by telling her that if she did not at once leave the building I would send her under guard to Manila, even if I had to tie her up. She flounced out of the building in high dudgeon, vowing she would have me dismissed from the service. As a matter of fact, the things that she had attempted to take were of no intrinsic value, being merely an old and much torn priest's robe and some sheet music, there being nothing else left in the church, but our orders to prevent looting, and especially to protect the churches, were so strict that I did not feel justified in permitting her to remove anything.

The rapidly moving incidents of the campaign made me all but forget this affair, but on my return to the United States, this woman, having preceded me to San Francisco, made and furnished to the newspapers an affidavit to the effect that she had entered the Caloocan church immediately after the battle and had seen me kick open a glass case containing a statue of the Virgin, from which I had stripped a gold-embroidered robe worth more than a thousand dollars, sending it to my wife in Manila. I made indignant denial, but a day later a man named Fitzgerald came out with another affidavit stating that he had been a witness to the occurrence. That of course settled it. This man was a fireman who had deserted from one of the transports, weeks after the taking of Caloocan, and had followed the army as a hanger-on during the campaign that had ended in the taking of Malolos, nearly two months later. One day shortly after the taking of Malolos I had caught him coming out of an abandoned residence with his arms full of clothing, and had sent him before the provost-marshal, who had punished him severely.

The allegations of this sweet-scented pair of perjurers all but ruined me. It almost destroyed my faith in the fair-mindedness of my countrymen that except among my friends my denials went for absolutely nothing. The whole pack, from high dignitaries of the church down, were after me in full cry, and the only thing that saved me at all was the vigorous defence of me by my excellent friend, Chaplain McKinnon of the First California, himself a Catholic priest, who stated that having come out to see the fight as a spectator, he had entered the church before I did and that there was in it no statue of the Virgin, or for that matter anything else of the slightest value from either a sacred or any other stand-point. The idea that nothing of value would have been left in a building in which services had not been held for nearly a year, and which during all of this time had been an insurgent fort and barrack, never seems to have occurred to my detractors. But to this day not one of the

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men who took the matter up through the press and in public addresses has had the decency to express regret for his action. There never was a grosser slander against an army than the stories of church-looting in the Philippines. That there may have been isolated instances I am not prepared to deny, but such articles as the soldiers brought home were usually purchased from Chinese or Filipinos who had themselves stolen them from the churches when these were abandoned by their priests, which was long before the outbreak of the insurrection against the authority of the United States, and in most cases the purchasers knew nothing of any sacred character that these articles may have had. So far as the incident recounted has had any effect on myself, I feel that there is one thing mighty certain, and that is that if Uncle Sam should ever in a moment of confidence intrust me with the command of an army in the field, no camp-follower, male or female, will ever get within sight of it.

We now settled down to a by no means humdrum existence, waiting for the arrival of troops from the United States, who were to hold the "north line" of Manila while our division advanced against the insurgent capital. In the Twentieth Kansas was a large number of railroad men, and we soon had the tramway to Manila in operation hauling out to the front ammunition and subsistence supplies. On the wheezy engine at our disposal the men painted such legends as "Kansas and Utah Short Line," "Freddy's Fast Express," and such other bits of soldier humor as occurred to them. The insurgents were heavily intrenched within two hundred yards of the left of our line, having taken advantage of the cover afforded to dig themselves into the ground. We could have chased them out by an attack, but it was contrary to the plans of the division commander to bring on a general engagement before he was prepared to follow it up. So we had to bide our time. In spite of all precautions bullets from the trenches on our front or from Malabon kept taking their toll. If a man moved about by daylight for a bit of exercise he was liable to become the target for a hundred rifles and have to dive for cover. Fortunately a Filipino seldom hit anything that he shot at, so that the greatest danger arose from the long-range dropping fire from Malabon.

There would be days of comparative quiet, and then others in which the enemy would sweep us with a hot fire for half an hour or so. He seemed to have no end of ammunition, and was not lacking in a willingness to expend it. The field-guns in the redoubt sent occasional shells at our opponents, but they seemed so well sheltered that but little harm could be done them. But they had awaiting them a most unwelcome surprise, for in a few days a field-mortar was installed among the other guns. A mortar, it should be said for the benefit of non-military readers, is a very short gun using a small charge of powder. Instead of sending its projectile a long distance on a comparatively flat trajectory it throws it up into the air, and it comes almost straight down, being especially useful against troops behind cover at short range. There was one big yellow trench opposite the left of my regiment that had peppered us persistently, and the mortar gave it attention first. When the odd little gun was fired we saw the projectile mount a couple of hundred feet into the air and then sweep down with a graceful curve. It was a shrapnel with time fuse, and burst about thirty feet above the trench, being an absolutely perfect shot. The Filipinos swarmed out of the work like bees and began to run for cover. Several companies of the regiment had been warned to be in readiness for the occasion, and at short range poured in a fire that littered the ground with them. An occasional mortar shell at those of the trenches that we could see served to keep the enemy out of them during daylight, forcing them to lie behind low and inconspicuous cover. The trenches opposite our right, distant about eight hundred yards, caused us some annoyance, but did not do harm to compare with the others.

Among the vessels lying in the bay was the great British cruiser, *Powerful*, commanded by Captain the Honorable Hedworth Lambton, who less than a year later with his officers and crew was to win world-wide renown for his work with the naval guns in the defence of Ladysmith. The officers of the cruiser frequently came out to our lines, and were much interested in the novel situation. Commander A. P. Ethelston and I had become great friends, and one day he visited us accompanied by about a dozen junior officers of the *Powerful*, saying that he would like to show them

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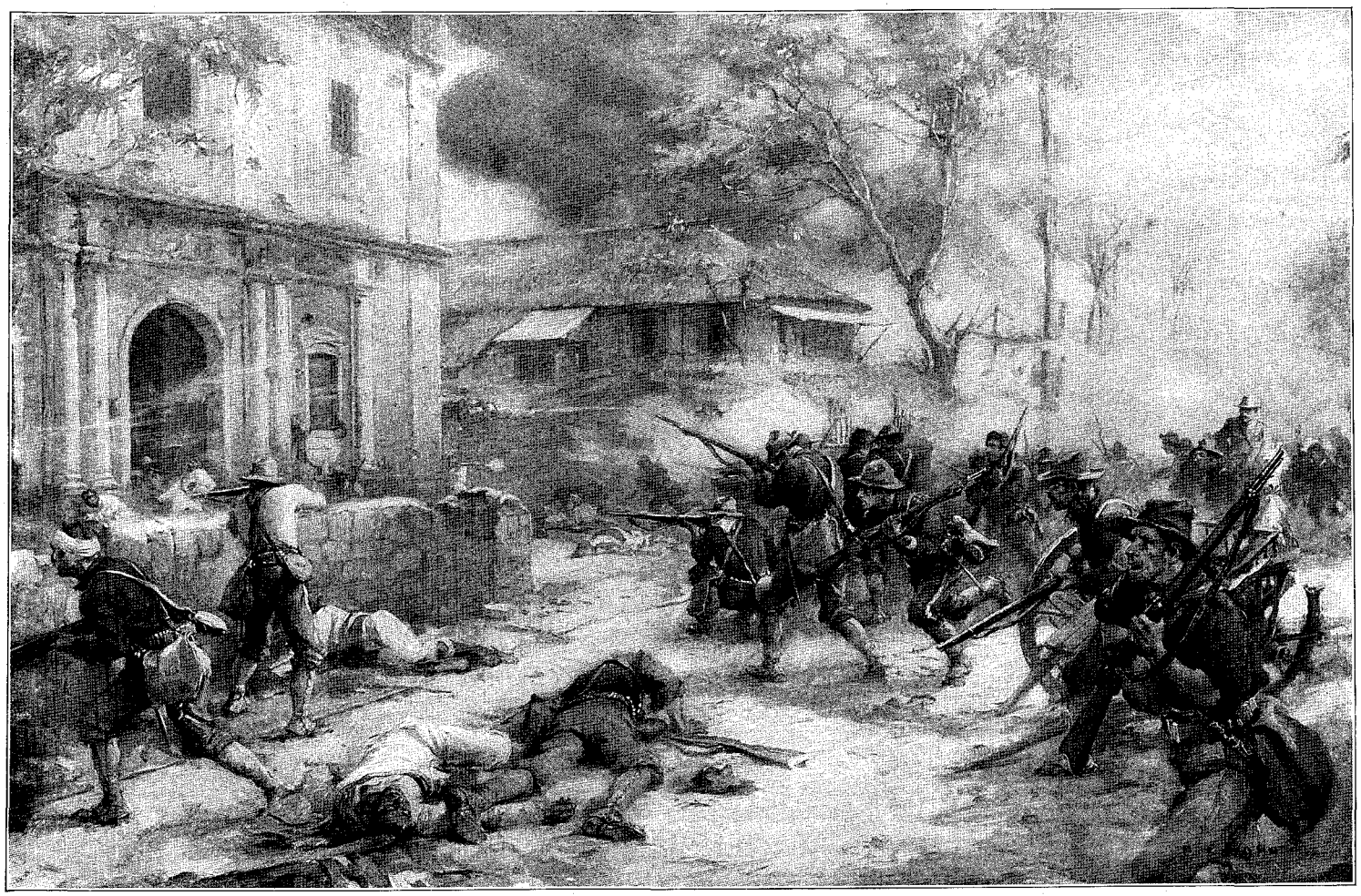

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

I ordered the "Charge" blown, and all who could hear it sprang forward . . . the whole regiment breaking into yells as we closed.—Page 66.

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about. I was very uneasy about having them visit the trenches, fearing that so large a party might draw fire, and some of them be hit, especially as they were quite conspicuous on account of the white uniforms worn by them. I, however, felt some delicacy about referring to the possible danger. We walked down from the church to the right of the regiment's line, and then slowly strolled toward its left. We had covered half the distance, and I was beginning to thank my stars that we were going to get through without mishap, when the trouble began. About twenty men in a trench some six hundred yards distant opened on us, and bullets whistled all about, several passing through the group without hitting any one. As soon as the fire began I quickened the pace to a fast walk, and Ethelston, looking around at the young men with him, saw one or two of them flinch to the slightest degree, and spoke out sharply, "Remember, gentlemen, no ducking," and they threw their heads back and went through it without batting an eyelash. But they were all soon to go through a war that must have made our Philippine affair seem like play, and poor Ethelston himself, only nine months later, was to die a hero's death in the desperate assault of the naval brigade at Gras Pan in South Africa.

The night of February 22d was the date set by the insurgent leaders for a grand *coup*, a demonstration against our north line to hold all our troops in it, while a large number passed our left flank, which it has already been explained did not reach to the bay shore, and entered the city, where they were to be joined by the so-called militia, a lot of riff-raff numbering several thousands, armed mostly with bolos. They were then to set fire to the city in numerous places and attack Americans wherever they could be found. Up to a certain point this admirable project was carried out according to programme. Just after nightfall a severe fire was opened along our whole front, the entire brigade at least being attacked, and this continued almost without cessation until daylight. At times it was so severe that we anticipated that it was the prelude to an assault. The regiment had a number of men hit, despite the fact that we kept the men well down and did not allow them to reply except by a few volleys fired under the direction of company commanders. Major Metcalf had a very neat hole punched through his right ear close up to the head by a Mauser bullet. It was as close a call as one could get and not be killed.

On this night occurred a very unique incident. Company L was firing a few volleys, and one of the men having just discharged his piece felt a second blow against his shoulder, it being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to reload it was found that the breech of the piece could not be opened, and it was laid aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon forcing the breech open it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired just before the weapon had been disabled had been shot away, while mixed all up in the breech mechanism we found the remains of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet. There was a very pronounced dent on the muzzle of the piece. What had happened was that while the man had the gun extended in the firing position a bullet had gone down the muzzle. A man will go through a good many wars before he will encounter another such case. This weapon is now in the Army Ordnance Museum in Washington.

While we were having all this furor on our front about a thousand of the best insurgent troops, taking advantage of low tide, crossed the estuaries between Malabon and the Tondo district of Manila, attacked and drove from the tramway car-barn the small guard of half a dozen men of the Twentieth Kansas, wounding one of them, and then swarmed through the Tondo and Binondo districts, setting scores of fires and attacking detachments of the provost guard. The street fighting came within a few blocks of the business centre, and the portions of the city burned aggregated probably a hundred acres, mostly the poorer class of nipa houses. From Caloocan we anxiously watched the glare of the great conflagration and listened to the continuous rattle of rifle-fire miles in the rear of our lines. It was a bad night for those of us who had their families in Manila, but it was out of the question to think of leaving our posts for the purpose of protecting them.

The whole regiment had, of course, been awake and on the alert the entire night, and shortly after five o'clock the next morning,

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while I was down on the trench line, I saw a big puff of smoke rise from the the summit of the hill near Malinta, about four thousand yards to the north. In a second came the tell-tale rumble, like the sound made by a train crossing a bridge, and at the same time a loud report was borne to our ears. When we first saw the puff of smoke it was thought to be the result of an accidental explosion, but the sound of the coming shell told us what to expect, and in a couple of seconds we saw it come sweeping down in a beautiful curve. It struck fifty yards in front of that portion of the trench occupied by Company E, threw half a wagon-load of earth into the air, and exploded with a noise like the report of a young cannon, while what looked like a general assortment of shelf hardware flew in all directions. The report had brought almost every man in the regiment to his feet, but the way the men of Company E dived to cover when the thing struck was worth going to see. It was subsequently learned that the shot was fired from a Krupp breech-loading rifled coast-defence gun, which after what must have been infinite labor had been brought from either Cavite or Subig Bay. It was served by Spanish artillerymen who were prisoners among the Filipinos, and who were compelled to do the work. It had been aimed at the Higgins house, known to be General MacArthur's head-quarters, and was an excellent shot, being in perfect line and less than a hundred and fifty yards short.

During the first day's fighting, as has been told, we had been fired at a number of times by a good-sized gun of antique type, and one day a shell from a Nordenfeldt field-gun had landed among us while in the Caloocan trenches, but had not exploded, but we were greatly astonished to receive the attentions of so large a weapon as this one. We were still discussing the matter when another cloud of smoke rose at Malinta. This shot was perfect on elevation, but a few yards to the right. It cleared the trench by only a few feet and exploded when it struck. The thing was becoming interesting, and all eyes were riveted on Malinta. After a few moments came the third, and poorest shot of all, it being far to the right and with too much elevation. It struck about half-way between the trench and the church, and did not explode, but sailed up into the air and tumbling end over end passed a hundred feet over the roof of the church, and fell to the south of it. A number of the men went out and brought it in. It was an elongated projectile about six inches in diameter, and weighed about eighty pounds. The gun from which these shots were fired was dug up in the streets of Malolos after the capture of that place.

In the meantime Captain Edgar Russell, chief signal officer of the division, had been wig-wagging from the church tower certain angles, elevations, and other scientific stuff to a couple of naval vessels, the *Monadnock* and *Charleston*, if I am not mistaken, lying off Malabon, and soon puffs of smoke rose from them as they began to take an interest in the proceedings. The distance was great, but the shooting was beautiful, especially when it is considered that the target was not in sight. The shells struck all about the offending gun, blowing big craters in the ground as they exploded, and we heard no more from it. For months we took it for granted that the navy fire had either disabled the gun or made the gunners afraid to serve it, but the Spaniard, Segovia, who was serving as an officer with the insurgents, and who was present at the time, told me more than a year later that the third shot had broken the elevating gear of the gun and that they were trying to remove it when the navy opened, the shells coming so close that everybody ran from the piece.

Soon stories began to drift in to us to the effect that twenty-four men had been killed by a shell at Malinta, and our field artillerymen began to pride themselves that one of their long-range efforts had potted a group of insurgents. But this same Segovia gave me the facts when I came to know him, and his statements were corroborated by Filipinos. According to him, the day after the occurrences just described a number of men of the Neuva Ecija Battalion, from the province of that name, dug out of the ground an unexploded navy shell, which from the description given me must have been of either ten-inch or eight-inch calibre. They were unable to carry it, but managed to stand it on end, point down, and a large crowd gathered about, among them General Llanera and his adjutant, Segovia. Finally most of the group dispersed, their curiosity satisfied, but a considerable number remained, and by much

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effort, using a hammer and chisel, managed to unscrew the fuse which was in the base of the shell. Of course, all crowded around to look into the aperture, and a corporal who was smoking a cigarette, being jostled, let it drop from his mouth into the shell. When the smoke cleared away half an acre of ground was littered with fragments of human beings, the head of one man being found in a mango tree, a hundred yards away. Strangely enough, several who were in the group recovered from their injuries, one of them having been close enough to see what had caused the accident. It was hopeless to arrive at the number of killed by trying to match the fragments scattered about, but twenty-four men of the battalion who had responded to roll-call that morning were never heard of again. The story has some rather improbable features, but I believe it to be true, as it was common talk in Nueva Ecija, where I afterward served for two years. At any rate, on the day after we had been fired on by the big gun those of us at Caloocan had seen a big puff of white smoke at Malinta, and had heard an explosion. To my mind this incident furnishes a most convincing argument against the use of cigarettes, especially while looking into loaded shells.

But to get back to what was happening to us. During the forenoon of this day, the 23d, a strong demonstration was made against our lines, without actually attempting to drive home the attack. The ridge opposite our right and centre was lined with Filipinos lying down and firing, while those in the trenches on our left were very active. Even Malabon contributed to the gayety of the occasion with its long-range fire. Our field-guns were in action at intervals during the day, and the regiment did considerable firing. We had a number of casualties, and the demonstration did not cease until toward noon. In the meantime the Filipinos who had sneaked into the city and the bolo-men who had joined them there were meeting a terrible retribution at the hands of the provost guard, consisting mostly of the Twenty-third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota. There was much fighting behind street barricades, which were assaulted by our troops. After it was over hundreds of dead were found. I saw one barricade, while on my way into the city that afternoon, behind which the ground was literally covered with dead men. We had been actually cut off from our base for hours. In opening up communications, Major J. S. Mallory of the division staff, who had gone back with a company of the First Montana, had had a very severe but successful fight near the scene of the Twentieth's baptism of fire on the night of the 4th.

The next few days were ones of comparative quiet, though we had to contend with the continual sniping. Captain David S. Elliott, one of the three Civil War veterans in the regiment, and a most efficient officer, was mortally wounded on the 28th, dying the next day. Pathos was added to his death by the fact that he had two sons in his company. A day or two after the death of Captain Elliott a flag of truce appeared in front of the centre of the regiment, and I went out to meet it. It was a commission from the insurgent government desirous of having an interview with the military governor, General E. S. Otis. Before admitting them through our lines I had to receive the authority of the division commander, and this took some time. While the flag was flying it was very amusing to see the Filipinos as well as our own men crawl out of their holes and move about with unconcern. The enemy's trenches fairly swarmed with men.

The truce gave me an opportunity to talk with a Filipino officer commanding the troops opposite our left and I told him that in my opinion the everlasting sniping that his men and ours were doing at each other served no useful purpose and was making life a burden to all concerned, calling attention to the way everybody was enjoying himself during this brief respite. I told him that I had no authority to make any agreement with him, but that I could assure him that my men would do no more firing unless his people started it. He seemed rather favorably impressed with my views, but said that he could make no definite promise. The results of this interview were most gratifying. I at once issued orders to the regiment to do no more firing until ordered, but for a while to be careful about exposing themselves, and not to gather in large groups. From that time for three weeks not a shot was fired along the front of the Twentieth Kan-

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sas, though conditions did not change on the front of the other two regiments of the brigade. Gradually our men became more confident and moved about with the utmost freedom. Some of them even wanted to visit the insurgent lines, but this, of course, was not allowed. A couple of base-ball teams were organized, and played numerous games in full view of the enemy. The Filipinos showed the same disregard of our presence that we did of theirs, and could be seen taking their ease on top of their trenches instead of down under the ground. In fact, life became much less irksome for all of us. But the oddest thing was brought about by the fact that our band sent in to Manila for its instruments, the men since the outbreak having been fighting in the companies, and every evening we had a concert on our lines. The Filipinos would crowd the tops of their trenches to hear the music, and would vigorously applaud pieces that struck their fancy. Every concert closed with the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," at which not only our men, but all the Filipinos stood at attention, uncovered. This state of affairs was the cause of much wonderment among visitors to our lines, and well it might be.

But it was too good to last, and one day the discovery was made that the enemy was running a zig-zag trench toward our left, the work being done under cover of dense undergrowth. They were already within seventy-five yards of the left flank of the regiment and within fifty of the Malabon causeway. This would never do, as it would enable them to get in our rear by running a short sap under the causeway and the left of our trenches. In this way they might by a sudden rush do us great damage, even if they did not for a time drive us out. Holding aloft a white handkerchief, I walked out in front of the sand-bag parapet that covered the First Battalion and approached the working party, but was warned back by an officer. I called to him that we could not allow the work to proceed, but received no reply, his attitude being distinctly hostile. Going back to the regiment, I had Company F fire a volley into the brush, and the long truce was broken. In a minute came the spiteful popping of the Mausers, and everybody dived into the earth. The trenches that half an hour before had been busy with life looked deserted. It would be interesting, however, if we could know how many casualties were avoided by this informal arrangement. But we were nearly through with the Caloocan trenches, as the arrival of a number of regular regiments from the United States had increased the number of troops at the disposal of the division commander so that the longed-for campaign against the insurgent capital could begin.

On the afternoon of the 24th of March orders were received making radical changes in the distribution of the troops of the division preparatory to the advance. The First Montana, which had been on the centre of the brigade line, was shifted to its extreme right, where a portion of Hale's Brigade had been, and, having sent back to Manila all its useless impedimenta, the Twentieth Kansas just after dark formed in column of fours and moved away from the position that it had so long occupied, and in which it had had one officer and seven men killed and two officers and fifteen men wounded, marching in rear of the line to La Loma church, where in line of masses it went into bivouac for the night. Hale's Brigade had been moved by the right flank, and now my regiment was sandwiched in between the First Montana on its right and the Third Artillery on its left, this organization not having changed its position. Troops recently arrived from the United States occupied the old trenches on our front, in order to hold them and thus deny access to the city during the advance of the Second Division. The positions in the trenches on the extreme left of the division were occupied by what was known as the Separate Brigade, temporarily attached to General MacArthur's command. This brigade consisted of the Twenty-second United States Infantry and the Second Oregon, the first-named regiment having just recently arrived from the United States. It was commanded by Brigadier-General Loyd Wheaton, a dashing and aggressive soldier who was to win great laurels in the coming campaign. He commanded our own brigade later, and we shall hear much of him in the story of the campaign north of Malolos.

We of the Twentieth Kansas were in a measure disappointed that the changes preparatory to the advance spoiled our chance of settling a few scores with the insurgent trenches that had been on our front for

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six weeks. The Second Oregon, that was the next day to take them by direct assault, had very severe fighting, losing more men, I believe, than any other organization did in any one fight in the Philippines. To the right of Hale's was still another brigade, that of Brigadier-General Robert H. Hall, which for a day or two was to act in conjunction with the Second Division. The general plan for the coming advance was for the brigades of Hale and Otis to advance rapidly just after daybreak and carry the insurgent lines on their front, Wheaton's brigade for the time to stand fast. After forcing the passage of the Tuliajan River the brigades of Hale and Otis were to execute a wheel to the left as rapidly as possible in order to cut off the main force of the insurgents near Malinta and pin them up against the bay shore north of Malabon. After the attack had progressed to a certain point Wheaton was to carry the trenches on his front, the hope being that the men falling back before him would find their retreat barred at Malinta. Hall's brigade on the extreme right was to engage the attention of the enemy on his front and protect the right of the Second Division.

Not counting the troops to be left in the trenches to cover Manila, this movement was to be participated in by about nine thousand men on a front of eight miles. The enemy opposed to us was of about equal strength, well armed, with an abundant supply of ammunition, and occupying an almost continuous line of trenches and field-works. These facts are submitted for the prayerful consideration of those who affect to think that there was nothing but guerilla fighting in the Philippines. The next day was to see the most extensive combat that United States troops have been engaged in since the Civil War, with the sole exception of the 1st of July, 1898, at Santiago.

[The third of General Funston's Philippine papers, "Up the Railroad to Malolos," will appear in the August Number.]

THE WINE OF VIOLENCE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

I AM an old man now, and like many other old men, I feel like making confession. Not of my own sins: I have always been called, I am well aware, a dilettante, and I could hardly have sinned in the ways of the particular sinners of whom I am about to speak. But I have the dilettante's liking for all realities that do not brush him too close. Throughout the case of Filippo and Rachel Upcher, I was always on the safe side of the footlights. I have no excuse for not being honest, and I have at last an excuse for speaking. It is wonderful how death frees one's acquaintances; and I am discovering, at the end of life, the strange lonely luxury of being able to tell the truth about nearly every one I used to know. All the prolonged conventional disloyalties are passed away. It is extraordinary how often one is prevented from telling the blessed truth about the familiar dead because of some irrelevant survivor. I do not know that there was much to choose between Filippo and Rachel Upcher—though the world would not agree with me. Both of them, in Solomon's words, "drank the wine of violence." I never really liked either of them, and I have never been caught by the sentimental adage that to understand is to forgive. If we are damned, it is God who damns us, and no one ventures to accuse Him of misunderstanding. It is a little late for a mere acquaintance to hark back to the Upchers, but by accident I, and I only, know the main facts that the world has so long been mistaken about. They were a lurid pair; they were not of my clan. But I cannot resist the wholly pious temptation to set my clan right about them. I should have done it long ago, in years when it would have made "scare-heads" in the same papers that of old had had so many "scare-heads" about the Upchers, but for

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my dear wife. She simply could not have borne it. To tell the story is part of the melancholy freedom her death has bestowed on me.

By the time you have read my apology you will have remembered, probably with some disgust, the Upcher "horror." I am used to it, but I can still wince at it. I have always been pleased to recognize that life, as my friends lived it, was not in the least like the newspapers. Not to be like the newspapers was as good a test of caste as another. Perhaps it is well for a man to realize, once in his time, that at all events the newspapers are a good deal like life. In any case, when you have known fairly well a man sentenced and executed for murder—and on such evidence!—you never feel again like saying that "one doesn't know" people who sue for breach of promise. After all, every one of us knows people who accept alimony. But I've enough grudge against our newspapers to be glad that my true tale comes too late for even the *Orb* to get an "extra" out of it. The *Orb* made enough, in its time, out of the Upchers. On the day when the charwoman gave her evidence against Filippo Upcher, the last copies of the evening edition sold in the New York streets for five dollars each. I have said enough to recall the case to you, and enough, I hope, to explain that it's the kind of thing I am very little used to dealing with. "Oblige me by referring to the files," if you want the charwoman's evidence. Now I may as well get to my story. I want it, frankly, off my hands. It has been pushing, for a year, into my "Italian Interludes"; thrusts itself in, asking if it isn't, forsooth, as good, for emotion, as anything in the Cinquecento. And so, God knows, it is . . . but the Cinquecento charwomen have luckily been obliterated from history.

I knew Filippo Upcher years ago; knew him rather well, in a world where the word "friend" is seldom correctly used. We were "pals," rather, I should think: ate and drank together, at Upcher's extraordinary hours, and didn't often see each other's wives. It was Upcher's big period. London and New York went, docile enough, to see him act Othello. He used to make every one weep over Desdemona, I know, and that is more than Shakespeare unassisted has always managed. Perhaps if he hadn't done Othello so damnably well, with such a show of barbaric passion . . . It was my "little" period, if I may say it; when I was having the inevitable try at writing plays. I soon found that I could not write them, but meanwhile I lived for a little in the odd flare of the theatric world. Filippo Upcher—he always stuck, even in play-bills, you remember, to the absurd name—I had met in my Harvard days, and I found him again at the very heart of that flare. The fact that his mother was an Italian whose maiden name had been brushed across with a title, got him into certain drawing-rooms that his waistcoats would have kept him out of. She helped him out, for example, in Boston—where "baton sinister" is considered, I feel sure, merely an ancient heraldic term. Rachel Upcher, his wife, I used to see occasionally. She had left the stage before she married Upcher, and I fancy her tense renditions of Ibsen were the last thing that ever attracted him. My first recollection of her is in a *pose plastique* of passionate regret that she had never, in her brief career, had an opportunity to do "Ghosts". "Rosmersholm," I believe, was as far as she ever went. She had beauty, of the incongruous kind that makes you wonder when, where, and how the woman stole the mask. She is absolutely the only person I ever met who gave you the original of the much-imitated "mysterious" type. She was eternally mysterious—and, every day, quite impossible. It wasn't to be expected that poor Evie should care to see much of her, and I never put the question that Mrs. Upcher seemed to be always wanting to refuse to answer. The fact is that the only time I ever took poor Evie there, Filippo and his wife quarrelled so vulgarly and violently that we came away immediately after dinner. It would have been indecent to stay. You were sure that he would beat her as soon as you left, but also that before he had hurt her much, she would have cut his head open with a plate. Very much, you see, in the style of the newspapers. I saw Filippo at the club we both had the habit of, and on his Anglo-Saxon days liked him fairly well. When his Italian blood rose beneath his clear skin, I would have piled up any number of fictitious engagements to avoid him. He was unspeakable, then: unappeasable, vitriolic, scarce human. You felt,

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on such days, that he wanted his *entrée* smeared with blood, and you lunched at another table so that at least the blood shouldn't be yours. I used to fancy whimsically that some ancestress of his had been a housemaid to the Borgias, and had got into rather distinguished "trouble." But she must have been a housemaid. I did not, however, say this to any one during the trial. For I was sure that his passion was perfectly unpractical, and that he took action only in his mild moments.

I found, as I say, that I could not write plays. My wife and I went abroad for some years. We saw Upcher act once in London, but I didn't even look him up. That gives you the measure of our detachment. I had quite forgotten him in the succeeding years of desultory delightful roaming over southern Europe. There are alike so much to remember and so much to forget, between Pirene and Lourdes! But the first headlines of the first newspaper that I bought on the dock when we disembarked reluctantly in New York, presented him to me again. It was all there: the "horror," the "case," the vulgar, garish tragedy. We had landed in the thick of it. It took me some time to grasp the fact that a man whom I had occasionally called by his first name was being accused of that kind of thing. I don't need to dot my i's. You had all seen Filippo Upcher act, and you all, during his trial, bought the *Orb*. I read it myself: every sickening column that had been, with laborious speed, jotted down in the court-room. The evidence made one feel that, if this was murder, a man who merely shoots his wife through the heart need not be considered a criminal at all. It was the very scum of crime. Rachel Upcher had disappeared after a violent quarrel with her husband, in which threats—overheard—had been freely uttered. He could give no plausible account of her. Then the whole rotten mass of evidence—fit only for a rag-picker to handle—began to come in. The mutilated body disinterred; the fragments of marked clothing; the unused railway ticket—but I really cannot go into it. I am not an *Orb* reporter. The evidence was only circumstantial, but it was, alack! almost better than direct testimony. Filippo was perfectly incoherent in defence, though he of course pleaded "not guilty." He had, for that significant scene—he, Filippo Upcher! —no stage presence.

The country re-echoed the sentence, as it had re-echoed every shriek of the evidence, from Atlantic to Pacific. The jury was out five hours; would have been out only as many minutes, if it had not been for one Campbell, an undertaker, who had some doubts as to the sufficiency of the "remains" disinterred to make evidence. But the marked underclothing alone made their fragmentariness negligible. Campbell was soon convinced of that. It was confused enough, in all conscience,—he told Upcher's and my friend, Ted Sloan, later—but he guessed the things the charwoman overheard were enough to convict any man; he'd stick to that. Of course, the prosecuting attorney hadn't rested his case on the imperfect state of the body, anyhow—had just brought it in to show how nasty it had been all round. It didn't even look very well for him to challenge medical experts, though a body that had been buried was a little more in his line than it was in theirs, perhaps. And any gentleman in his profession had had, he might say, more practical experience than people who lectured in colleges. He hadn't himself though, any call from superior technical knowledge, to put spokes in the wheel of justice. He guessed that was what you'd call a quibble. And he was crazy to get home—Mrs. C. was expecting her first, any time along. Sloan said the man seemed honest enough; and he was quite right—the chain of circumstance was, alas! complete. Upcher was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death. He didn't appeal—wouldn't, in spite of his counsel, and Sloan's impassioned advice: "Give 'em a run for their money, Filippo. Be a sport, anyhow!"

"Lord, man, all juries are alike," was the response. "They've no brains. I wouldn't have the ghost of a show, and I'm not going through that racket again, and make a worse fool of myself on the stand another time."

"But if you don't, they'll take it you've owned up."

"Not necessarily, after they've read my will. I've left Rachel the 'second-best bed.' There wasn't much else. She's got more than I ever had. No, Sloan, a man

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must be guilty to want to appeal. No innocent man would go through that hell twice. I want to get out and be quiet."

The only appeal he did make was not such as to give Mr. Campbell any retrospective qualms of conscience. The request was never meant to get out, but, like so many other things marked "private," it did. His petition was for being allowed to act a certain number of nights before his execution. He owed frightful sums, but, as he said, no sums, however frightful, could fail to be raised by such a device.

"It would kill your chances of a reprieve, Filippo," Sloan said he told him.

"Reprieve?" Filippo had laughed. "Why, it would *prove* me guilty. It would turn all the evidence pale. But think of the box-office receipts. There would have to be a platoon of police deadheading in the front rows, of course. But even at that——!"

Sloan came away a little firmer for circumstantial evidence than he had been before. He wouldn't see Filippo again; wouldn't admit that it was a good epigram; wouldn't even admit that it was rather fine of Filippo to be making epigrams at all. Most people agreed with him; thought Upcher shockingly cynical. But of course people never take into account the difference there is between being convicted and pleading guilty. Is it not *de rigueur* that, in those circumstances, a man's manner should be that of innocence? Filippo's flight has always seemed to me a really fine one. But I do not know of any man one could count on to distil from it the pure attar of honesty.

We had gone straight to my wife's family in New England, on arriving. Until I saw Sloan, I had got my sole information about Upcher from the newspapers. Sloan's account of Filippo's way of taking it roused my conscience. If a man, after all that, could show *any* decency, one owed him something. I decided, without consulting my wife about it, to go over to New York and see Filippo, myself. Evie was so done up by the thought of having once dined with the Upchers, that I could hardly have broken my intention to her. I told her, of course, after I returned, but to know beforehand might have meant a real illness for her. I should have spared her all of it, had it not seemed to me, at the moment, my duty to go. The interview was not easy to manage, but I used Evie's connections shamelessly, and in the end the arrangement was made. I have always been glad that I went, but I don't know anything more nerve-racking than to visit a condemned criminal whose guilt you cannot manage to doubt. Only Filippo's proposal (of which Sloan had told me) to act long enough to pay his debts, made me do it. I still persist in thinking it magnificent of Filippo, though I don't pretend there wasn't, in his desire, some lingering lust of good report. The best he could hope for was to be forgotten; but he would naturally rather be forgotten as Hamlet than as Filippo Upcher.

Upcher was not particularly glad to see me, but he made the situation as little strained as possible. He did no violent protesting, no arraigning of law and justice. If he had perhaps acted according to the dictates of his hypothetical ancestress, he at least spoke calmly enough. He seemed to regard himself less as unjustly accused than as unjustly executed, if I may say so: he looked on himself as a dead man, and his calamity was irretrievable. The dead may judge, but I fancy they don't shriek. At all events, Upcher didn't. A proof of his having cast hope carelessly over his shoulder was his way of speaking of his wife. He didn't even take the trouble to use the present tense; to stress, as it were, her flesh-and-blood reality. It was "Rachel was," never "Rachel is"—as we sometimes use the past tense to indicate that people have gone out of our lives by their own fault. The way in which he spoke of her was not tactful. A franker note of hatred I've never—except perhaps once—heard struck. Occasionally he would pull himself up, as if he remembered that the dead are our natural creditors for kindly speech.

"She was a devil, and only a devil could live with her. But there's no point in going into it now."

I rather wanted him to go into it: not—might Heaven forbid!—to confess, but to justify himself, to gild his stained image. I tried frankness.

"I think I'll tell you, Upcher, that I never liked her."

He nodded. "She was poison; and I am poisoned. That's the whole thing."

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I was silent for a moment. How much might it mean?

"You read the evidence?" he broke out. "Well, it was bad—damned bad and dirty. I'd rather be hanged straight than hear it all again. But it's the kind of thing you get dragged into sooner or later, if you link yourself to a creature like that. I suppose I'm essentially vulgar, but I'm a better lot than she was—for all her looks."

"She had looks," I admitted.

"No one could touch her, at her best. But she was an unspeakable cat."

It had been, all of it, about as much as I could stand, and I prepared to go. My time, in any case, was about up. I found it—in spite of the evidence—shockingly hard to say good-by to Upcher. You know what farewells by a peaceful death-bed are; and you can imagine this.

There was nothing to do but grip his hand. "Good-by, Filippo."

"Good-by, old man. I'll see you——" The familiar phrase was extinguished on his lips. We stared at each other helplessly for an instant. Then the warder led me out.

The Upcher trial—since Filippo refused to appeal—had blown over a bit by the time I went West. My widowed sister was ill, and I left Evie and every one, to take her to southern California. We followed the conventional route of flight from tuberculosis; and lingered a little in Arizona, looking down into the unspeakable depths of the Grand Cañon. I rather hoped Letitia would stay there, for I've never seen anything else so good; but the unspeakable depths spoke to her words of terror. She wanted southern California: roses, and palms, and more people. It was before the Santa Fé ran its line up to Bright Angel, and of course El Tovar wasn't built. It was rather rough living. Besides, there were Navajos and Hopis all about, and Letitia came of good Abolitionist stock and couldn't stand anything that wasn't white. So we went on to Santa Barbara.

There we took a house with a garden; rode daily down to the Pacific, and watched the great blue horizon waves roll ever westward to the immemorial East. "China's just across, and that is why it looks so different from the Atlantic," I used to explain to Letitia; but she was never disloyal to the North Shore of Massachusetts. She liked the rose-pink mountains, and even the romantic Mission of the Scarlet Woman; but she liked best her whist with gentle white-shawled ladies, and the really intellectual conversations she had with certain college professors from the East. I could not get her to take ship for Hawaii or Samoa. She distrusted the Pacific. After all, China *was* just across.

I grew rather bored, myself, by Santa Barbara, before the winter was out. Something more exotic, too, would have been good for Letitia. There was a little colony from my sister's Holy Land, and in the evenings you could fancy yourself on Brattle Street. She had managed, even there, to befog herself in a New England atmosphere. I was sure it was bad for her throat. I won't deny, either, that there was more than anxiety at the heart of my impatience. I could not get Filippo Upcher out of my head. After all, I had once seen much of him; and, even more than that, I had seen him act a hundred times. Any one who had seen him do Macbeth would know that Filippo Upcher could not commit a murder without afterthoughts, however little forethought there might have been in it. It was all very well for van Vreck to speculate on Filippo's ancestry and suggest that the murder was a pretty case of atavism—holding the notion up to the light with his claret, and smiling æsthetically. Upcher had had a father of sorts, and he wasn't all Borgia—or housemaid. Evie never smirched her charming pages with the name of Upcher, and I was cut off from the *Orb;* but I felt sure that the San Francisco papers would announce the date of his execution in good time. I scanned them with positive fever. Nothing could rid me of the fantastic notion that there would be a terrible scene for Upcher on the other side of the grave; that death would but release him to Rachel Upcher's Stygian fury. It seemed odd that he should not have preferred a disgusted jury to such a ghost before its ire was spent. The thought haunted me; and there was no one in Letitia's so satisfactory circle to whom I could speak. I began to want the open: for the first time in my life, to desire the sound of unmodulated voices. Besides, Letitia's régime was silly. I took drastic measures.

It was before the blessed days of limousines, and one had to arrange a driving-

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trip with care. Letitia behaved very well. She was really worried about her throat, and absurdly grateful to me for giving up my winter to it. I planned as comfortably as I could for her—even suggested that we should ask an acquaintance or two to join us. She preferred going alone with me, however, and I was glad. Just before we started, while I was still wrangling with would-be guides and drivers and sellers of horses, the news of Upcher's execution came. If I could have suppressed that day's newspapers in Santa Barbara, I should have done so, for little as I had liked Filippo, I liked less hearing the comments of Letitia's friends. They discussed the case, criminologically, through an interesting evening. It was quite scientific, and intolerably silly. I hurried negotiations for the trip, and bought a horse or two rather recklessly. Anything, I felt, to get off. We drove away from the hotel, waving our hands to a trim group (just photographed) on the porch.

The days that followed soothed me: wild and golden and increasingly lonely. We had a sort of cooking-kit with us, which freed us from too detailed a schedule, and could have camped, after a fashion; but usually by sundown we made some rough tavern or other. Letitia looked askance at these, and I did not blame her. As we struck deeper in toward the mountains, the taverns disappeared, and we found in their stead lost ranches—self-sufficing, you would say, until, in the parched faces of the women-folk, all pretence of sufficiency broke down. Letitia picked up geological specimens, and was in every way admirable, but I did not wish to give her an overdose. After a little less than a fortnight, I decided to start back to Santa Barbara. We were to avoid travelling the same country twice, and our route, mapped, would eventually be a kind of rough ellipse. We had just swung round the narrow end, you might say, when our first real accident occurred. The heat had been very great, and our driver had, I suspect, drunk too much. At all events, he had not watched his horses as he should have done, and one of the poor beasts, in the mid-afternoon, fell into a desperate state with colic. We did what we could—he nearly as stupid as I over it—but it was clear that we could not go on that night whither we had intended. It was a question of finding shelter, and help for the suffering animal. The sky looked threatening. I despatched the inadequate driver in search of a refuge, and set myself to impart hope to Letitia. The man returned in a surprisingly short time, having seen the outbuildings of a ranch-house. I need not dwell on details. We made shift to get there eventually, poor collapsed beast and all. A ranchman of sorts met us, and conducted Letitia to the house. The ranch belonged, he said, to a Mrs. Wace, and to Mrs. Wace, presumably, he gave her in charge. I did not, at the moment, wish to leave our horse until I saw into what hands I was resigning him. The hands seemed competent enough, and the men assured me that the animal could travel the next day. When the young man returned from the ranch-house, I was quite ready to follow him back thither, and get news of Letitia. He left me inside a big living-room. A Chinese servant appeared presently and contrived to make me understand that Mrs. Wace would come down when she had looked after my sister. I was still thinking about the horse when I heard the rustle of skirts. Our hostess had evidently established Letitia. I turned, with I know not what beginnings of apologetic or humorous explanation on my lips. The beginning was the end, for I stood face to face with Rachel Upcher.

I have never known just how the next moments went. She recognized me instantly, and evidently to her dismay. I know that before I could shape my lips to any words that should be spoken, she had had time to sit down and to suggest, by some motion of her hand, that I should do the same. I did not sit: I stood before her. It was only when she began some phrase of conventional surprise at seeing me in that place of all places, that I found speech. I made nothing of it; I had no solution; yet my message seemed too urgent for delay. All that I had suffered in my so faint connection with Filippo Upcher's tragedy, returned to me in one envenomed pang. I fear that I wanted most, at the moment, to pass that pang on to the woman before me. My old impatience of her type, her cheap mysteriousness, her purposeless inscrutability, possessed me. I do not defend my mood; I only give it to you as it was. I have often noticed that crucial moments

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are appallingly simple to live through. The brain constructs the labyrinth afterwards. All perplexities were merged for me just then in that one desire—to speak, to wound her. But my task was not easy, and I have never been proud of the fashion of its performance.

"Mrs. Wace" (even the subtle van Vreck could not have explained why I did not give her her own name), "is it possible—but I pray Heaven it is—that you don't know?"

"Know?" It was the voice of a stone sphinx.

"How can I tell you—how can I tell you?"

"What?"

"About Filippo."

"Filippo?"

"Yes, Filippo! That he is dead."

"Dead?" The carved monosyllables were maddening.

"Yes—killed. Tried, sentenced, *executed*."

Her left hand dropped limply from the lace at her throat to a ruffle of her dress. "For what?" Her voice vibrated for the first time.

"For murdering you."

"Me?" She seemed unable to take it in.

"You must have seen the papers."

"I have seen no papers. Does one leave the world as utterly as I have left it, to read newspapers? On a lonely ranch like this"—she broke off. "I haven't so much as seen one for five months. I—I—" Then she pulled herself together. "Tell me. This is some horrid farce. What do you mean? For God's sake, man, tell me!"

She sat back to hear.

I cannot remember the words in which I told her. I sketched the thing for her—the original mystery, breaking out at last into open scandal when the dismembered body was found; the evidence (such of it as I could bring myself to utter in the presence of that so implicated figure); the course of the trial; Filippo's wretched defence; the verdict; the horrid inevitable result. My bitterness grew with the story, but I held myself resolutely to a tone of pity. After all—it shot across my mind—Filippo Upcher had perhaps, in the grave, found peace.

It must have taken me, for my broken, difficult account, half an hour. Not once, in that time, was I interrupted. She seemed hardly to breathe. I told her to the very date and hour of his execution. I could give her no comfort; only, at best, bald facts. For what exhibition of self-loathing or self-pity I had been prepared, I do not know; but surely for some. I had been bracing myself, throughout, for any kind of scene. No scene of any kind occurred. She was hard and mute as stone. I could have dealt better, when at last I stopped, with hysterics than with that figure before me—tense, exhausted, terrible. I found myself praying for her tears. But none came.

At last I rose—hoping, by the sudden gesture, to break her trance. Her eyes followed me. "Terrible—terrible—beyond anything I ever dreamed." I caught the whispered words. I took the chance for pity; found myself—though I detested the woman as never before—wanting to comfort her.

"He never appealed," I reminded her. "Perhaps he was glad to die." It sounded weak and strange; but who could tell what words would reach that weak, strange heart?

I stood before her, more perplexed than at any other moment of my life. At last, she opened her eyes and spoke. "Leave me. And do not tell your sister who I am. I shall pull myself together by dinner-time. Go." She just lifted her hand, then closed her eyes again.

I went out, and stumbling across a Chinese servant, got him to show me my room.

Of what use would it be to recall, after all the years, what I felt and thought during the next hours? I did not try to send Letitia to Mrs. Upcher. Letitia would have been of no use, even if she had consented to go. It was sheerest wisdom to obey Rachel Upcher, and not to tell. But I had a spasm of real terror when I thought of her, "pulling herself together" in her lonely chamber. I listened for a scream, a pistol-shot. It did not seem to me that a woman could hear news like that which it had been my tragic luck to give, without some according show of emotion. Yet a little later, in good faith I asked myself what show could ever fit that situation. What speech, what gesture, in that hour, would have been adequate? The dangerous days, in point of fact, would probably come later. I thought more of her, in those two hours, than of Filippo. Though she might well, from all

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the evidence, have hated him quite honestly, hers was the ironic destiny that is harder to bear than mere martyrdom. No death had ever been more accidental, more irrelevant, more preventable, than Filippo's. One fortnight sooner, she could have turned back the wheel that had now come full circle. That was to be her Hell, and—well, having descended into it in those two hours, I was glad enough to mount once more into the free air.

Mrs. Upcher kept her promise. She pulled herself together, and came to dinner, in a high black dress without so much as a white ruche to relieve it. The manager of the ranch, a young Englishman named Floyd, dined with us. He was handsome in a bloodshot way, and a detrimental, if ever there has been one. In love with Mrs. Upcher, he looked to be; that, too, in the same bloodshot way. But she clearly had him in perfect order. The mask, I suppose, had worked. Letitia did her social best, but her informing talk failed to produce any pleasant effect. It was too neat and flat. Floyd watched Mrs. Upcher, and she watched the opposite wall. I did my best to watch no one. We were rather like a fortuitous group at a provincial *table d'hôte:* dissatisfied with conditions, and determined not to make acquaintance. We were all thankful, I should think, when the meal was over. Mrs. Upcher made no attempt to amuse us or make us comfortable. The young manager left for his own quarters immediately after dinner, and Letitia soon went to her room. I lingered for a moment, out of decency, thinking Rachel Upcher might want to speak to me, to ask me something, to cry out to me, to clutch me for some desperate end. She sat absolutely silent for five minutes; and seeing that the spell, whatever it was, was not yet broken, I left her.

I did not go to bed at once. How should I have done that? I was still listening for that scream, that pistol-shot. Nothing came. I remember that after an hour I found it all receding from me—the Upchers' crossed emotions and perverted fates. It was like stepping out of a miasmic mist. Filippo Upcher was dead; and on the other side of the grave there had been no such encounter for him as I had imagined. And I had positively seen a demoniac Rachel Upcher waiting for him on that pale verge! I searched the room for books. There was some Ibsen, which, at that moment, I did not want. I rejected, one after one, nearly all the volumes that the shelves held. It was a stupid collection. I had about made up my mind to the "Idylls of the King" (they were different enough, in all conscience, from the Upcher case) when I saw a pile of magazines on a table in a distant corner. "Something sentimental," I proposed to myself, as I went over to ravage them. Underneath the magazines—a scattered lot, for the most part, of *London Graphics* and *English Illustrateds*—I found a serried pack of newspapers: San Francisco and Denver sheets, running a few months back. I had never seen a Denver newspaper, and I picked one up to read the editorials, out of a desultory curiosity rare with me. On the first page, black headlines took a familiar contour. I had stumbled on the charwoman's evidence against Filippo Upcher. *Rien que ça!*

My first feeling, I remember, was one of impotent anger—the child's raving at the rain—that I must spend the night in that house. It was preposterous that life should ask it of me. Talk of white nights! what, pray, would be the color of mine? Then I, in my turn, "pulled myself together." I went back to the newspapers and examined them all. The little file was arranged in chronological order, and was coextensive with the Upcher case, from arrest to announcement of the execution. The *Orb* might have been a little fuller, but not much. The West had not been fickle to Filippo.

I sat staring at the neatly folded papers for a time. They seemed to me monstrous, not fit to touch, as if they were by no means innocent of Filippo Upcher's fate. By a trick of nerves and weak lamplight, there seemed to be nothing else in the room. I was alone in the world with them. How long I sat there, fixing them with eyes that must have shown clear loathing, I have never known. There are moments like that, which contrive cunningly to exist outside of Time and Space, of which you remember only the quality. But I know that when I heard steps in the corridor, I was sure, for an instant, that it was Filippo Upcher returning. I was too overwrought to reflect that, whatever the perils of Rachel Upcher's house might be, the intrusion of

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the dead Filippo was not one of them: that he would profit resolutely by the last league of those fortunate distances; if so it chanced, by the immunity of very Hell. It could not be Filippo's hand that knocked so nervously on the door. Nor was it. I opened to Rachel Upcher. The first glance at her face, her eyes, her aimless, feverish, clutching hands, showed that the spell had at last been broken. She had taken off her black dress and was wrapped in loose, floating, waving pink. Have you ever imagined the Erinyes in pink? No other conceivable vision suggests the figure that stood before me. I remember wondering foolishly and irrelevantly why, if she could look like that, she had not done Ibsen better. But she brought me back to fact as she beckoned me out of the room.

"I am sorry—very sorry—but—I was busy with your sister when you came in, and they have given you the wrong room. I will send some one to move your things—I will show you your room. Please come—I am sorry."

I cannot describe her voice. The words came out with difficult, unnatural haste, like blood from a wound. Between them, she clutched at this or that shred of lace. But I could deal better even with frenzy than with the mask that earlier I had so little contrived to disturb. I felt relieved, disburdened. And Filippo was safe—safe. I was free to deal as I would.

I stepped back into the room. The pile of papers no longer controlled my nerves. After all, they had been but the distant reek of the monster. I went over and lifted them, then faced her.

"Is this what you mean by the wrong room?"

She must have seen at once that I had examined them; that I had sounded the whole significance of their presence there. The one on top—I had not disturbed their order—gave in clear print the date fixed for Filippo Upcher's execution: that date now a fortnight back. And she had played to me as if I were a gallery god, with her black dress!

"I have looked them through," I went on; "and though I didn't need to read those columns, I know just what they contain. You knew it all." I paused. It would have taken, it seemed to me, the vocabulary of a major prophet, to denounce her fitly. I could only leave it at that bald hint of her baseness.

She made no attempt at denial or defence. Something happened in her face; something more like dissolution than like change, as if the elements of her old mask would never reassemble. She stepped forward, still gathering the floating ribands, the loose laces, in her nervous hands. Once she turned, as if listening for a sound. Then she sat down beside my fire, her head bent forward toward me, ready, it seemed, to speak. Her fingers moved constantly, pulling, knotting, smoothing, the trailing streamers of her gown. The rest of her body was as still as Filippo Upcher's own. I endured her eyes for a moment. Then I repeated my accusation. "You knew it all."

"Yes, I knew it all."

I had not dreamed, in spite of the papers that I clutched in full view of her, that she would confess so simply. But they apparently brought speech to her lips. She did not go on at once, and when she did, she sounded curiously as Filippo Upcher in prison had sounded. Her voice touched him only with disgust. Yet she stinted no detail, and I had to hear of Filippo's vices: his vanities, his indiscretions, his infidelities, all the seven deadly sins against her pride committed by him daily. He may have been only a bounder; but his punishment had been fit for one heroic in sin. I did my best to keep that discrepancy in mind, as she went on vulgarizing him. I am no cross-questioner, and I let her account move, without interruption, to the strange, fluttering *tempo* of her hands. Occasionally, her voice found a vibrant note, but for the most part it was flat, impersonal as a phonograph; the voice of the actress who is not at home in the unstudied rôle. I do not think she gauged her effect; I am sure that she was given wholly to the task of describing her hideous attitude veraciously. There was no hint of appeal in her tone, as to some dim tribunal which I might represent; but she seemed, once started, to like to tell her story. It was not really a story; the patched portrait of a hatred, rather. Once or twice I opened my lips to cry out, "Why not, in Heaven's name, a divorce rather than this?" I always shut them without asking, and before the end I understood. The two had simply hated each other too much. They

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could never be adequately divorced while both beheld the sun. To walk the same earth was too oppressive, too intimate a tie. It sounds incredible—even to me, now; but I believed it without difficulty at that moment. I remembered the firmness with which Filippo had declared that, herself poison, she had poisoned him. Well: there *were* fangs beneath her tongue.

Heaven knows—it's the one thing I don't know about it, to this day—if there was any deliberate attempt on Rachel Upcher's part to give her flight a suspicious look. There were so many ways, when once you knew for a fact that Filippo had not killed her, in which you could account for the details that earlier had seemed to point to foul play. My own notion is that she fled blindly, with no light in her eyes—no ghastly glimmer of catastrophe to come. She had covered her tracks completely because she had wished to be completely lost. She didn't wish Filippo to have even the satisfaction of knowing whether she was alive or dead. Some of her dust-throwing—the unused ticket, for example—resulted in damning evidence against Filippo. After that, coincidence labored faithfully at his undoing. No one knows, even now, whose body it was that passed for Rachel Upcher's. All other clues were abandoned, at the time, for the convincing one that led to her. I have sometimes wondered why I didn't ask her more questions: to whom she had originally given the marked underclothing, for example. It might have gone far toward identifying what the Country Club grounds had so unluckily given up. But to lead those tortured fragments of bone and flesh into another masquerade would have been too grotesque. And at that moment, in the wavering unholy lamplight of the half-bare, half-tawdry room—the whole not unlike one of Goya's foregrounds—justice and the public were to me equally unreal. What I realized absolutely was that so long as Rachel Upcher lived, I might not speak. Horror that she was, she had somehow contrived to be the person who must be saved. I would have dragged her by the hair to the prison gates, had there been any chance of saving Filippo—at least, I hope I should. But Filippo seemed to me at the moment so entirely lucky that to avenge him didn't matter. I think I felt, sitting opposite that Fury in pink, something of their own emotion. Filippo was happier, *tout bonnement*, in another world from her; and to do anything to bring them together—to hound her into suicide, for example—would be to play him a low trick. I could have drunk to her long life, as she sat there before me. It matters little to most of us what the just ghosts think: how much less must our opinion matter to them! No: Rachel Upcher, even as I counted her spots and circles, was safe from me. I didn't want to know anything definitely incriminating about her flight: anything that would bring her within the law, or impose on me a citizen's duties. Citizens had already bungled the situation enough. If she had prepared the trap for Filippo, might that fact be forever unknown! But I really do not believe that she had. What she had done was to profit shamelessly (a weak word!) by coincidence. I have often wondered if Rachel Upcher never wavered, never shuddered, during those months of her wicked silence. That question I even put to her then, after a fashion. "It was long," she answered; "but I should do it all again. He was horrible." What can you do with hatred like that? He had been to her, as she to him, actual infection. "Poison . . . and I am poisoned." Filippo's words to me would have served his wife's turn perfectly. There was, in the conventional sense, for all her specific complaints, no "cause." She hated him, not for what he did, but for what he was. She *would* have done it all again. The mere irony of her action would have been too much for some women; but Rachel Upcher had no ironic sense—only a natural and Ibsen-enhanced power of living and breathing among unspeakable emotions. And she plucked at those ribands, those laces, with the delicate hovering fingers of a ghoul.

It is all so long ago that I could not, if I would, give you the exact words in which, at length, she made all this clear. Neither my mind nor my pen took any stenographic report of that conversation. I have given such phrases as I remember. The impression is there for life, however. Besides, there is no man who could not build up for himself any amount of literature out of that one naked fact: that Rachel Upcher knew her husband's plight, and that she lay, mute, breathless, concealed, in her lair, lest she should, by word or gesture, save him. She took the whole trial, from ac-

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cusation to sentence, for a piece of sublime unmitigated luck—a beautiful blunder of Heaven's in her behalf. That she thought of herself as guilty, I do not believe; only as—at last!—extremely fortunate. At least, as her tale went on, I heard, less and less, any accent of hesitation. She knew—oh, perfectly—how little any one else would agree with her. She was willing to beg my silence in any attitude of humility I chose to demand. But Rachel Upcher would never accuse herself. I asked no posturing of her. She got my promise easily enough. Can you imagine my going, hot-foot, to wake Letitia with the story? No more than that could I go to wake New York with it. Rachel Upcher, calmed by my solemn promise (though, if you'll believe it, her own recital had already greatly calmed her), left me, to seek repose. I watched her fluttering, sinister figure down the corridor, then came back to my infected room. She had not touched the pile of newspapers. I spent the night reading Ibsen; and in the morning managed so that we got off early. Mrs. Wace did not come down to breakfast, and I did not see her again. Young Floyd was in the devil of a temper, but his temper served admirably to facilitate our departure. He abandoned ranch affairs entirely to get us safely on our way. Our sick horse was in perfectly good condition, and would have given us no possible excuse for lingering. Letitia, out of sight of the ranch, delivered herself of a hesitating comment.

"Do you know, Richard, I have an idea that Mrs. Wace is not really a nice woman?"

I too, had broken Mrs. Wace's bread, but I did not hesitate. "I think you are undoubtedly right, Letitia."

It was the only thing I have ever, until now, been able to do, to avenge Filippo Upcher. Even when I learned (I have always had an arrangement by which I should learn, if it occurred) of Mrs. Floyd's death, I could still do nothing. There was poor Evie, who never knew, and who, as I say, could not have borne it.

I shall be much blamed by many people, no doubt, for having promised Rachel Upcher what she asked. I can only say that any one else, in my place, would have done the same. They were best kept apart: I don't know how else to put it. I shall be blamed, too, for not seizing my late, my twelfth-hour opportunity to eulogize Filippo Upcher—for not at least trying to explain him. There would be no point in trying to account for what happened by characterizing Filippo. Nothing could account for such hatred: it was simply a great natural fact. They combined, like chemical agents, to that monstrous result. Each was, to the other, poison. I tell the truth now because no one has ever doubted Upcher's guilt, and it is only common fairness that he should be cleared. Why should I, for that reason, weave flatteries about him? He did not murder his wife; but that fact has not made it any easier to call him "Filippo," which I have faithfully done since I encountered Rachel Upcher in southern California. If truth is the order of the day, let me say the other thing that, for years, I have not been at liberty to say: he was a frightful bounder.

JUNE

By Eleanor Stuart

ALTHOUGH I'm old, I still believe in spring,
In that wide blossoming
Of souls called joy. And all that's in me says,
"Forget, sweet, those dark days
Before the happy birds had learned to sing."

Let not earth's green surprise you, dearest soul,
Forsake your tragic rôle;
And now bright days surround you, in full voice
Proclaim, "I had no choice,
I had to echo that dear oriole."

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THE RAILROAD RIOTS OF 1877

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

"IS it not true," once asked a public man of wide experience, "that our country has surmounted successfully its various crises?" Thinking of the Civil War and the abolition of slavery, of the disputed presidency and the Electoral Commission, and of the railroad riots of 1877, the student of American history, to whom the question was put, gave the expected affirmative answer. The riots, which are our present concern, were not, it is true, met in the Napoleonic way. The country simply muddled through; but an account of them may well raise the question whether the chaotic manner in which they were suppressed was not, in the long run, better for the safety of the State than if they had been crushed by the imperial method.

The depression following the panic of 1873 was wide-spread and severe, and the railroad interest, which was the largest single business interest in the country, suffered more than any other. In the years of settlement consequent upon the panic and depression, one-fifth in value of the railroad investment of the country was sold under foreclosure of mortgage. For the railroads feel, keenly business stagnation, which results at once in a diminished freight and passenger traffic; and, in any event, there would have been bankruptcies and receiverships, but the situation was aggravated by a war of rates between the trunk lines, as the railways running from Chicago and St. Louis to the seaboard were called. There were four distinct interests: the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, all having adequate facilities to do more business than was offered them, and the natural competition was increased by the rivalry between the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It was unquestionably a difficult situation, and the railroad managers showed little ability in meeting it. In 1874 the railroads began bidding against each other for the business that was in sight, with the result that toward the end of 1875 the through rates on the trunk lines were made without regard to the cost of transportation. In December, 1875, an agreement was entered into between the railroads to maintain rates, but it was broken two months later, and a large part of the year 1876 was marked by a fierce and destructive war of rates. A mention of most of the prevailing freight charges will hardly convey an idea of the fierceness of the war, for the reason that since 1876 a great reduction has been made in the cost of carrying freight, with a corresponding reduction in regular rates; yet a traffic manager of to-day would assert that it would mean absolute ruin to carry cattle from Chicago to New York for a dollar a car-load, which rate was made during the conflict. Passenger rates were likewise demoralized, and the only good feature of the war was that the low fares permitted a vast number of persons to visit the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia who otherwise would have been debarred from this improving influence. Low rates to Philadelphia need not necessarily have influenced the whole through traffic, but this was a war in which the encounters were at many places. A concrete case will illustrate the advantage of the passenger who travelled between competitive points. Two persons going from Cleveland to Boston, in August, 1876, compared notes as to the cost of their journey. One had paid $6.80 for his ticket from Cleveland to Boston, the other had the courtesies of the Lake Shore and Boston and Albany railroads, as the common giving of free passes was called. While this person paid nothing from Cleveland to Buffalo, and nothing from Albany to Boston, he had to buy a ticket from Buffalo to Albany, for which he paid the legal rate of two cents per mile, or $5.94. His passes covering considerably more than half of his journey of 682 miles had saved him 86 cents.

While the railroad war may have been of transitory benefit to a few, its general and lasting results were not only ruinous to the bondholders and stockholders of the railroads but were bad for the business com-

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munity at large. Simple fidelity to a fair agreement would have ended it in a day, but this seemed impossible to bring about. Agreements were made but were soon broken. It was said that a railroad president who had himself solemnly promised to maintain rates, went out from the meeting of railroad presidents and managers, and immediately cut the rates to secure a large amount of desirable business. More frequently would a freight agent be guilty of the infraction; openly condemned by his superior, his offence was winked at. Such "smartness" presumably placed him in the line of promotion; so his example was demoralizing to other competitors. In his despair an honest freight agent was heard to say that he wished Congress would pass a law compelling the railroads to keep their agreements. Thomas A. Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, declared that "during the first six months of 1877, not a farthing was made on through competitive freight by any line."

In April, 1877, the railroad presidents entered into a fresh agreement in regard to rates, and this was made more solid by a subsequent one dividing the west-bound tonnage by percentages under a pooling arrangement. Both these agreements were to take effect on July 1, but, confronted with the immense falling off in earnings due to the hard times and their own unwisdom, the presidents did not wait for results from these agreements; in order to recoup themselves for past losses, they somewhat hastily and jauntily announced a reduction of ten per cent in the wages of their employees. This was done on the New York-Philadelphia-office-ultimatum-plan which I may thus describe: the railroad president, in his well-appointed office, with the wage-sheet on his desk, calculated that the engineer, fireman, and brakeman, receiving so much by the job or by the day, obtained adequate monthly wages, and that they could afford to help in bearing the burden of the commercial depression. The next step was the posting of a peremptory order announcing the ten-per-cent reduction. Herein lay two errors: the one logical, the other administrative. For, in the first place, due weight was not given to the unsteadiness of the work. With laudable intent, too many men were kept on the rolls on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. Moreover, some of the work was done under conditions which reduced the net return; for example, crews of freight trains were left away from home a day or a night, with their board and lodging to pay. The other error lay in reducing the wages hastily by a peremptory order.

Thomas A. Scott denied that there was any agreement among the railroads to reduce wages, and did not know whether such a policy was discussed at a meeting of the presidents held in the endeavor to agree upon a system of pooling earnings. But the uniform action seems to suggest some tacit understanding. This was not necessary to meet combinations among laborers; though the powerful organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was already in existence, trade-unionism on the whole was in its infancy. It is almost certain that if the division superintendents, master-mechanics, and other like officials of any one railroad had been called into council with their president, they would have advised against an arbitrary reduction. They were close to the men, having, not infrequently, social relations at least with the locomotive engineers, and they were aware how hard the reduced traffic was bearing on the employees. Their plan would have been to say to the men, "Come, let us reason together." Each would have presented his side, the grievances on the one hand, the necessities of the situation on the other. Employers and employed might then have stood shoulder to shoulder in an honest endeavor to cope with a deplorable condition of affairs. The locomotive engineers were a high class of labor, acquiring little properties, creating homes, having a stake in the country, patriotic; and while it was not primarily their strike, their active sympathy and co-operation was a prime factor in it. They might have been moderators instead of being one of the parties to the conflict. Whatever might have been the outcome of such a plan, it would have been better than the actual event.

The drama opened at Martinsburg, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on which the ten-per-cent reduction was ordered to take effect on July 16. Accepted by other employees, it was resisted by the firemen, who during that afternoon began to abandon their trains. By persuasion and threats they induced

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other workmen to join them. No trains were allowed to pass; a blockade of freight was created and maintained. The strike spread quickly over the line; by midnight the strikers were in control of a large part of the railroad and the strike had become a riot. The governor called out the whole military force of the State, which consisted of three volunteer companies, but they were unable to cope with the situation, so that on the 18th he called upon the President (Hayes) for aid. The President responded by the usual proclamation and at once sent 250 regulars to Martinsburg. The rioters dispersed, and order was restored, but this by no means opened up the line. Trains that might pass through Martinsburg under guard were stopped elsewhere, and there were not soldiers enough to look after every point of contact between the laborers and the railroad. Moreover, it was difficult to obtain men to operate the trains even when they were promised protection. Serious trouble broke out at Cumberland, a station farther west on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the adjoining State of Maryland, and the railroad company called upon the governor of Maryland for military aid. On July 20 he issued a proclamation, placed the two regiments of militia in Baltimore under orders, directing the Fifth to proceed to Cumberland and the Sixth to remain on duty at the armory. The tocsin, which at about 6 o'clock in the evening summoned the dilatory soldiers, drew forth at the same time a mob of the unemployed, of strikers, outcasts, and "plug-uglies," determined that troops should not be sent to Cumberland to put down the strike. The Fifth Regiment, numbering 250, reached Camden station by an unlooked-for détour, without serious molestation, but there they were attacked with stones and pistol-shots by the rioters, who were in possession of the lower part of the station, and who had already threatened with death the engineer and fireman of the train there in readiness, if they made an attempt to pull out toward Cumberland. Meanwhile, on account of the menacing attitude of the mob, the mayor of Baltimore suggested to the governor the inadvisability of sending any of the militia away from Baltimore, and the governor at once revoked his former order. The Fifth Regiment was indeed in no condition to take the offensive, but, on the other hand, was in danger of being overpowered by the mob; three companies of the Sixth were therefore ordered to the rescue. These left their armory at about 8 o'clock in the evening, and had no sooner emerged from the building than they were set upon by an angry mob, assailing them with bricks and cobble-stones, and firing at them with pistols. These companies, composed mainly of youths between eighteen and twenty-five, were not well disciplined; still they marched on with a fair degree of order, but, numbering only 120 men, were in danger of being overwhelmed by the mob of 3,000 or 4,000. They did what untrained militia generally do in such a situation—opened fire without orders; and as they went down the street they continued firing. Nine rioters were killed, 3 died later from their wounds, and 14 were wounded. The firing did not disperse the mob, but the shedding of blood exasperated them. Wild with rage they pursued the soldiers, until these companies of the Sixth, far from being in a position to relieve their beleaguered comrades, were badly in need of help themselves. No one in that uniform was safe from the fury of the mob. Many of the soldiers sought safety in houses along the route, changed their clothes to civilian dress, and so escaped. Only a small remnant reached the station and remained at the post of duty.

The mob surrounded the Camden station and began setting fire to the company's property. At first they prevented the firemen from putting out the flames, but in the end, better counsels prevailing, they desisted, with the result that the destruction of property was not large. The entire police force of the city was at the station, on duty all night; they repeatedly charged the mob and made arrests, but it was not deemed prudent to employ further the militia. Nor, even if the State soldiers had been well disciplined, had the governor a sufficient force at his command. Hard times had reduced the appropriations so that the militia of Maryland numbered in all but 725 men. On this same night (July 20) the governor called upon President Hayes for assistance. Next day the President issued the usual proclamation, and ordered an adequate force of regulars to Baltimore, under the command of General Hancock, who, with the troops stationed at New York City, arrived there in

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the early morning of July 22. After consultation with the governor he disposed his soldiers at the threatened points, and their presence brought the rioting to an end. Order was restored, but at the time that the conditions of my narrative divert our attention to Pennsylvania, the freight blockade on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was not raised.

On July 19 the trouble in Pennsylvania began at Pittsburg. Since the panic of 1873 the Pennsylvania Railroad had made two reductions in wages, one in 1873 of ten per cent and another of like amount which went into effect on June 1, 1877. Both of these were accepted by the men, but before their acquiescence in the second reduction, a committee of engineers paid a visit to Thomas A. Scott, the president, canvassed with him the proposed cutting down of their wages, and were apparently convinced that it was inevitable, receiving at the same time the promise that their pay should be restored as soon as conditions permitted. The other trainmen, however, grumbled at this reduction, and were already in a discontented mood when the order was issued to run double-headers on all freight trains on the Pittsburg-Altoona division. A double-header meant two locomotives on one train of thirty-four cars where the steep grades rendered additional power necessary, instead of running the train in two sections and making the junction at the top of the pass or at Altoona, whence one locomotive could haul it to Philadelphia. This plan saved the wages of a freight conductor, a flagman, and the brakeman hitherto needed for the second section, an economy forced upon the company, so A. J. Cassatt, the third vice-president, testified, from the low freight rates rather than from the decreased tonnage. This order, which was to take effect on July 19, gave general dissatisfaction, but no active protest was expected by the officials; and the general superintendent of that division left Pittsburg that morning on his vacation. Indeed, a number of the early trains went out double-headers without any trouble, but the two brakemen and the flagman of the 8.40 A. M. refused to go out on their train, and as no other trainmen would take their places, the despatcher got together a crew from the yardmen, who were, however, prevented from making up the train by the strikers assaulting them with coupling-pins. Twenty to twenty-five men were engaged in this disturbance. They took possession of the switches, refused to permit any trains to pass out of the yard, and persuaded the various freight crews that came in from time to time, both from the East and the West, to join forces with them. This incident, together with the trouble at Martinsburg, inaugurated the most alarming strike and riot in the history of the United States.

Whenever there is a great strike, the outside public looks on; its sympathy may be with the workmen or it may be with their employers, but it is always a factor to be reckoned with. At the outset public sentiment in Pittsburg was with the strikers, partly because it was believed that the last reduction of wages was unfair and partly because the Pennsylvania Railroad was thoroughly hated in this town. From the large manufacturer and merchant to the small shopkeeper the belief was general that the company discriminated against Pittsburg in its freight tariff. It was alleged that the railroad carried goods from Chicago to Philadelphia for less than from Chicago to Pittsburg; that Pittsburg manufacturers could ship their merchandise to San Francisco via Boston at a lower rate than from Pittsburg to San Francisco direct and that no manufacturer could live without drawbacks and rebates. When complaint was made to Scott he was ready with his reply: the discrimination was due to the war of rates, through freight being carried at a less rate per mile than local freight, and while this was, to a certain extent, a true explanation, every business man could add that Pittsburg suffered because it had no competing line and was at the mercy of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In fact, ruin stared many manufacturers in the face because they were unable to compete with the manufacturers of towns more fortunately situated. The sentiment of the business men and the natural sympathy of the laborers and mechanics in every factory were reflected in the newspapers, which almost unanimously supported the strike.

Begun unexpectedly and on the spur of the moment, the strike grew so rapidly that soon the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg was in the hands of the striking workmen, who would not move the trains them-

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selves nor permit other men to take their places. It is generally the theory of the employer in such cases that a large number of competent workmen can be had if furnished adequate protection, and while in 1877 persuasion and threats had not been erected into the system since built up by the trade-unions, yet on this July 19 persuasion was employed, and when it failed threats were ready. For on account of the enormous number of the unemployed, steady men were everywhere seeking jobs, and intimidation was probably necessary to keep the vacant places unsupplied. Thus a freight blockade was established, although passenger trains were permitted to run.

Before noon of the 19th the acting-superintendent went to the City Hall and asked the protection of 10 policemen and the mayor's presence at the yard. The mayor must have been either weak and timid or else in sympathy with the strikers, for he said he had no men to send. Owing to the hard times the force had been reduced to 120, only 9 of whom were on duty during the day. But the acting superintendent found 10 of the discharged policemen who were willing to serve when assured of their pay by the railroad, and, as the mayor absolutely refused to go to the scene of trouble, the superintendent took this small force with him to the railroad yard. While in the act of opening a switch he was struck in the eye by a striker, and, as the rioters numbered a hundred, he decided not to attempt moving the trains at once, but appealed to the mayor for additional protection, which was not furnished. During the next four days the mayor and police practically disappear from the history of the riot.

Between 11 o'clock and midnight of the 19th the acting superintendent saw the sheriff of the county and demanded protection. The result of the interview was that these two, together with General Pearson, the commander of the Sixth Division of the Pennsylvania militia, with headquarters at Pittsburg, went out to Twenty-eighth Street, which was the scene of the trouble, and addressed a crowd of two hundred. The sheriff advised them to disperse and was thus answered: "Go home! We are not going to allow any freight trains to leave until the difficulty between us and the railroad company is settled. The mayor and policemen are on our side, and prominent citizens have offered to assist us in provisions and money to carry on the strike." This reply satisfied the sheriff that there was a riot which he could not quell with a posse of citizens, and he thereupon telegraphed to the governor for military aid. But the governor was beyond the limits of the State and travelling toward the Pacific coast, and the adjutant-general, Latta, was exercising his authority as commander-in-chief of the State militia. He had been thoroughly informed about the doings in Pittsburg by the railroad officials in Philadelphia, and was ready to take action. He accordingly authorized General Pearson to call out his troops and to take command. Pearson, who had seen three years service during the Civil War, rising to the command of a brigade, ordered out three regiments and a battery. The Eighteenth, responding at noon of Friday, July 20, with about 225 men, was sent to the stock-yards east of Pittsburg, and acquitted themselves with credit during the whole trouble. But the members of the other two regiments assembled slowly, and when they came to the rendezvous it was evident that they sympathized with the strike. At 6.35 on the evening of the 20th, Pearson telegraphed Latta that he had only been able to collect 230 men (meaning in addition to the Eighteenth Regiment), while he needed 2,000, as the mob had grown to 4,000 or 5,000, and he suggested that troops be sent from Philadelphia. Latta ordered to Pittsburg the First Division of the National Guard, composed almost entirely of Philadelphia men. On this day, the 20th, a proclamation was issued by the secretary of state in the governor's name, and with the State seal, ordering the mob to disperse. This produced no effect whatever. The rioters knew that the governor was out of the State; they believed, or pretended to believe, that the railroad people had issued the proclamation and that the troops had been illegally ordered out without authority from the governor. The trainmen held a meeting and sent their demands to the superintendent, two of which were that there should be no double-headers except on the coal trains, and that the wages existing before June 1 should be restored.

The situation was taking on the aspect of war, and Pearson knew that if an affray

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should take place, the Twenty-eighth Street crossing, which was a mile east of the Union Station, would be the scene of it. On the morning of the 21st, aware that the Philadelphia division was on the way, he ordered his two available regiments and the battery to take possession of the crossing and hold it. These troops were under the immediate command of a brigade commander who failed to carry out his orders, and, dressed in citizen's clothes, encouraged his men to fraternize with the mob. By 3 o'clock of Saturday afternoon, July 21, 650 Philadelphia soldiers, under the command of Brinton, a Civil War veteran, arrived at the Union Station. They were a brave body of men; many had seen service in the Civil War and some of the companies were composed of the élite of their city. But they had little relish for the fight before them for they were hungry. Owing to bad management they had been on short rations although their journey lay entirely within the populous and fertile State of Pennsylvania. Leaving Philadelphia at about two in the morning, they had once had coffee and sandwiches on the way, and the same again on their arrival at the Union Station, but nothing else.

Saturday afternoon was a bad time to tackle a mob in Pittsburg. It was a general half-holiday and the crowd was swelled by the mill and factory hands and the miners in the neighborhood, who, as well as the train men, were exasperated by the news of bloodshed in Baltimore and doubted the legality of the presence of State troops. Tramps abounded, and these together with outcasts and criminals gave a lawless complexion to the mob they reinforced. It is said that Cassatt was asked to defer the offensive movement until Monday, but he insisted that the State should restore to the railroad its property. Latta and Pearson met the Philadelphia troops at the Union Station, and Brinton acted under the command of his superior officers. Before setting out on the march to Twenty-eighth Street he gave instructions to his two brigadiers and to his regimental commanders to the effect that he did not want a shot fired, but that if personal violence was attempted the men should defend themselves. The Philadelphia troops then marched to the Twenty-eighth Street crossing where they found the Pittsburg militia fraternizing with a mob of many thousands, in which the vicious element was large. They partly cleared the tracks, but as the rioters pressed between their ranks they were forced to the defensive and formed a hollow square. A bayonet charge wounded a number and exasperated the rest. The rioters threw stones and lumps of coal at the soldiers, and followed up these missiles with pistol-shots. Emboldened by the lack of resistance, those in front seized the muskets and attempted to wrest them from the troops. Some few were disarmed when at about 5 o'clock a scattering fire began along the line, which increased to a volley, but, as the officers did their best to stop it, lasted less than a minute. But at least sixteen of the rioters were instantly killed and many were wounded. The occurrence was extremely unfortunate, and although the firing was done without precise orders, and the only warrant for it was Brinton's general instructions, it had become necessary in order to avoid broken ranks and a general disarming of the troops. Moral support should have been forthcoming for these brave militiamen who had been precipitately ordered forward to attempt an impossible task; but the Pittsburg public generally regarded their act as murderous. Some of the newspapers were rabid. One headed its account with: "Blood or bread. The worthy strikers arm themselves and assemble thousands strong to compel their rights." Another: "Seventeen citizens shot down in cold blood by the roughs of Philadelphia. The Lexington of the labor conflict at hand. Threats that the Philadelphia soldiers will not be allowed to go home alive."

The firing temporarily dispersed the mob and the troops were masters of the situation, but were not in sufficient force to remain so, and reinforcements that were expected did not arrive. The railroad officials could not get engineers and crews to take charge of trains, so no trains went out. About dusk Brinton withdrew his troops for rest and food to the lower round-house at Twenty-sixth Street, supposing that the upper round-house at Twenty-eighth Street would be occupied by the Pittsburg militia. But this was not to be. The Pittsburg troops had throughout fraternized with the mob, some of them quitting the service; and, after the firing, the number of sympathetic desertions increased. Those remaining were

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intimidated, as was also their brigade commander, who, as the mob grew more excited and angry, dismissed his troops lest, as he afterward defended this act, they should exasperate the rioters to further violence. So the affair had simmered down to a contest between the mob and the Philadelphia soldiers. The exasperation at the bloodshed of the afternoon was increased by the report, which may have been true, that some of the killed were innocent spectators; for the neighboring hill had been covered with people and the firing had been high. A report that women and children were among the killed aggravated the wrath of the people, and when the mob reassembled at the Twenty-eighth Street crossing on the tracks in the railroad yard, they were bent on revenge, took the offensive, and laid siege to the Philadelphia troops in the round-house. These were without food. Provisions were sent to them from the Union Station a mile away in express wagons, which, being unguarded, were intercepted by the rioters. Possessed of firearms from having broken into a number of gun-shops, the rioters, with some attempt at military order, marched to the round-house and poured volley after volley into the windows, eliciting no response from the Philadelphia soldiers, who were under orders not to fire unless absolutely necessary for self-protection. But after proper warning, they did fire at men attempting to use a field-piece captured from a Pittsburg battery, and killed perhaps two or three. Failing to overpower their enemy by assault the rioters tried fire. They applied the torch to the upper round-house and the neighboring buildings. Breaking in the heads of barrels of oil taken from the detained freight, they saturated cars of coke with it, ignited them, and pushed the cars toward the lower round-house in the attempt to roast out the beleaguered soldiers, who by means of the fire apparatus managed for a while to stay the fire. It was a terrible ordeal they were passing through. "Tired, hungry, worn out, surrounded by a mob of infuriated men yelling like demons, fire on nearly all sides of them, suffocated and blinded by smoke, with no chance to rest and little knowledge of what efforts were being made for their relief, with orders not to fire on the mob unless in necessary self-defence, the wonder is that they were not totally demoralized; but the evidence of all the officers is that the men behaved like veterans."*

It is probable that the original railroad strikers had little or no part in this attack; they certainly had none in the arson and pillage which followed. They had invoked a spirit with which they were not in sympathy. The controlling force now was the tramps, communists, criminals, and outcasts—the dregs of society, and these could work their will unrestrained. As I have said before, the mayor and police counted for nothing toward the preservation of order. The sheriff with some deputies went to the Twenty-eighth Street crossing with the first advance of the Philadelphia troops, but effected nothing; after the firing threats were made to murder him, and he disappeared, going first to his home and then, apparently for greater security, to his office. His ultimate safety may have been due to the newspapers incorrectly reporting that he had been shot by the mob. The mob set fire to the remaining railroad buildings in the yard, to the laden freight cars and locomotives. Barrels of spirits taken from the freight cars were opened and drunk; another goad to the men was supplied by women, who abused the troops and pillaged with ardor; thus the work of destruction and plunder of the goods in transit went on with renewed fury. The firemen responded to the fire-alarm, but were not allowed to play upon the burning railroad property; after some parley, however, they got permission to put out the flames which had spread to private buildings. That Saturday night Pittsburg witnessed a reign of terror.

At last the lower round-house took fire and the Philadelphia troops were forced to abandon it and retreat. Unable as they were to cope with the mob, their only thought was self-preservation. At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, July 22, they marched out in good order. Their progress was not opposed, but after passing, they were fired upon from street corners, alleyways, windows, and house-tops. Shots were fired at them from a street-car and from the sidewalk in front of a police-station, where a number of policemen were standing. The troops turned and used with some effect their rifles and a Gatling-gun

*Report of the committee of the Pennsylvania legislature appointed to investigate the railroad riots of 1877.

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which they had brought with them in their retreat. Finally, they reached the United States arsenal and asked for shelter and protection, which the commandant, fearing that he could not defend the place against an attack of the mob, refused. Leaving their wounded, the Philadelphia troops, no longer hindered by the mob, marched on, crossed the Alleghany River to Sharpsburg, and encamped near the work-house, where they were given bread and coffee, their first food since the snack of the previous afternoon at the Union Station. Through the efforts of Cassatt they were supplied with regular rations; and later they were ordered east to Blairsville (52 miles east of Pittsburg), where, being supplied by Scott with woollen and rubber blankets, they did guard duty for a number of days. During their retreat 3 or 4 had been killed, or died afterward from their injuries, and 13 were wounded; 15 were wounded in the affray at the Twenty-eighth Street crossing. The coroner held inquest over 19 bodies of the rioters; it was thought others had been killed and disposed of secretly. Many were wounded.

On Sunday, the 22d, the rioting, with arson and pillage, went on, and in the afternoon the Union Station and Railroad Hotel and an elevator near by were burned. Then as the mob was satiated and too drunk to be longer dangerous, the riot died out; it was not checked. The following incident illustrates the general alarm of that day. The State authorities, driven from the Union Depot Hotel, took refuge in the Monongahela House, the leading hotel in Pittsburg, where they wrote their names in the usual manner in the hotel register; but these were scratched out by the hotel people and fictitious names put in their place. On Monday, through the action of the authorities, supported by armed bands of law-abiding citizens and some faithful companies of the Pittsburg militia, order was restored.

Nevertheless, the business and daily occupations on which depend the life and regulation of an industrial community, were not resumed. Governor Hartranft, alarmed at the seeming anarchy prevailing in his State, was hastening home from the Far West on a special train, and from a telegraph station in Wyoming, on Sunday, July 22, he ordered out the whole militia force of Pennsylvania and called upon the President for aid. Hayes responded at once, issued his third proclamation, and ordered General Hancock to Philadelphia as the best point from which to survey the whole field. Hancock himself reached Philadelphia on the morning of July 23, receiving that day from the President "full authority to move any troops within your division as you may think necessary during these disturbances." Making use of this enlarged authority, he ordered out the entire available force of the military division of the Atlantic, including the troops in the South.

Governor Hartranft reached Pittsburg on the 24th and stopped overnight. He found the city quiet, but coal was getting scarce and the food supply was running low, hence he made up his mind that the railroads centring in Pittsburg must be opened as soon as possible, although many influential citizens, still a prey to the terror, tried to persuade him to defer the attempt. He issued a stern proclamation, hastened to Philadelphia, and after consultation with Generals Hancock and Schofield (the latter of whom was fresh from a long conference with the President and his cabinet in Washington) developed his plan. Setting out from Philadelphia at two in the afternoon of July 26 with 200 men, he collected troops at various points on the way and proceeded toward Pittsburg. His progress was hampered from the difficulty of obtaining crews to run the several trains which carried the soldiers. In some cases the same engineer and fireman ran the whole distance between Philadelphia and Pittsburg (349 miles); in others crews for the engines and trains were made up from the soldiers of the expedition. Leaving Philadelphia at two on Thursday afternoon, he reached Pittsburg at dawn on the Saturday, a run which is now made by the Pennsylvania Special in seven hours and three minutes. Brinton commanded the van of the governor's force and made his re-entry into Pittsburg with a caution born of his experience of the previous week. An open car with a Gatling-gun and 30 sharp-shooters was placed in front of the two locomotives which drew the cars filled with soldiers, and more sharp-shooters with a Gatling gun were in an open car at the rear end of the train. The governor, who had been in active service during the whole of the Civil War, ending as brevet major-

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general, assumed command of the whole force (about 4,000) as commander-in-chief of the army of the State. In addition 600 United States regular soldiers, under orders from Hancock, were sent to Pittsburg. The city took on the appearance of an armed camp.

On Thursday (the 26th) the Pennsylvania Railroad people began cautiously to repair the tracks that had been destroyed by the fire during the riot. The mail trains had continued to run, as the strikers and the mob would not interfere with carriage which had at its back the authority of the United States, and the running of mail trains involved a considerable amount of passenger traffic; through passenger trains at least had been operated, though with considerable difficulty. For the most part they were sent over the western Pennsylvania (now the Conemaugh division) which left the main line at Blairsville Intersection; but some of the mails were transferred by wagon round the place of riot and destruction of the terrible Saturday. Under protection of the military the work of repair proceeded rapidly, but when all was ready it was difficult to find employees willing to run the trains. The State authorities, however, had brought from Philadelphia ten competent men, who were at hand for any emergency; and the knowledge that the State was ready to supply its own men to perform railroad service had much influence toward inducing some of the old employees to make a break. On Sunday night, July 29, eight days after the night of riot and terror, the first freight train was sent out on the main line under a military guard, and, although either this one or the one following was wrecked at Spring Hill by a removed switch, the movement was followed up with vigor on the Monday. A succession of freight trains were despatched, all under guard, and there ensued a rush of the striking trainmen to secure their old places. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad had already been opened, and the Alleghany Valley resumed operations on this same Monday. The strike at Pittsburg was over. The men on the Pennsylvania Railroad returned to work at the reduced wages which had gone into effect on the first of June. The troops began leaving Pittsburg on July 31, and they were gradually withdrawn; the last of the State militia departed on August 10, but some of the United States regulars remained three weeks longer.

Meanwhile, the strike had spread to a large number of railroads between the seaboard and the Missouri River, and a spirit of unrest and lawlessness had invaded many of the Northern States. New York State, however, did not suffer as acutely as Pennsylvania; nevertheless, the contagion crept over the border. A threatened strike of the last days of June was realized, in fact, on July 20, when the firemen and brakemen on the Western division of the Erie railway struck against the reduction of wages of June, and, concentrating at Hornellsville, stopped all trains, and tore up the tracks to prevent the passage of troops. The Erie was in the hands of a State receiver who was at once furnished troops for his protection by the governor, Lucius Robinson. But the strike spread to other points on the Erie, and also to the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads. On July 23 the governor ordered the whole military force of the State under arms; 16,000 men were in active service during the troubles, and according to the British consul-general, they "seemed determined to do their duty in upholding the law and protecting the rights and property of their fellow-citizens." In most cities of New York the police were efficient, and while there were riotous demonstrations there was only one serious riot (at Buffalo, July 23), and that in comparison with the affrays in Pennsylvania was insignificant. The remembrance of the draft riots of 1863 was still fresh, so that public attention was directed to New York City where there was an army of the unemployed and where the dangerous classes abounded. Considerable anxiety was felt in regard to the public meeting under socialistic and communistic auspices, called for Wednesday evening, July 25, in Tompkins Square. Considering the matter carefully, the mayor and police authorities decided to permit the meeting, but to suppress promptly and sternly the least attempt at disturbance. The police were out in force and were kept well in hand, and three regiments of militia under arms were subject to the call of the mayor. One of these was the Seventh, who, from their armory, 500 yards away, could reach Tompkins Square in ten min-

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utes ready for action. It is said that some of the communists in taking stock of the measures to preserve order got a look into this armory, and seeing the best young citizens of New York lying on their arms with the determined look of men who are out on grave duty, felt their courage for the attempt to overturn society ooze away. Inflammatory speeches made in English and German were probably taken seriously by the communists and socialists, but did not goad them to riotous action, and indeed the majority of the 10,000 or 12,000 who had gathered together was an ordinary good-natured crowd actuated by curiosity rather than bent on mischief. "The meeting," wrote the British consul-general, "was a complete fiasco"; and this result had a pacifying influence throughout New York State and all over the disturbed part of the country.

By July 28 the riotous demonstrations had ceased, the trouble in the State of New York was over, and nearly all of the State militia were sent home. The trainmen resumed work on the Erie and New York Central at the reduced wages.

New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky, and Texas were disturbed by strikes and affected by the general unrest and lawlessness. One occurrence claims our attention. The strike on the railroads in Chicago furnished an occasion for the rising of a mob of the dangerous classes, who were numerous in this city owing to the large and conglomerate foreign population. The mayor was determined and the police efficient, and the story of July 24 and 25 is that of many conflicts between the police and the mob, the police maintaining the upper hand. There were State troops available and also six companies of United States regulars, who, on their way East, had been stopped by the Secretary of War and for whom the proper requisition had been made by the governor. The mayor was loath to call upon the troops, but on July 26 the situation had become so grave that he authorized their use. On this day a desperate conflict took place at the Sixteenth Street viaduct between the mob and the police, in which 10 rioters were killed and 45 wounded. Nineteen police were injured. The appearance of the United States regulars on the scene put an end to the rioting, and their continued presence in the city insured tranquillity. Six companies were there on the 26th and later 13 more companies arrived, General Sheridan himself reaching Chicago on the 29th.

The country may be said to have been in a tumult from July 16 to 31, but with one exception the rioting was over before the last day of July and the strike was settled. In the main the strikers failed to secure the restoration of the pay which they had demanded.

It is probable that the ratio of unemployed to the total population has never been larger in this country than during 1877, and the strikes and riots of that year constituted the most serious labor disturbance that has ever occurred in the United States. For a while freight traffic on the most important railroads of the country was entirely suspended, and the mail and passenger trains were run only on sufferance of the strikers. Business was paralyzed. The railroad managers had no idea that they were prodding a slumbering giant when their edict of a ten-per-cent reduction went forth. The industrious workmen who began an honest strike against what they deemed an unfair reduction and unjust exactions little imagined that they would soon be allied with the dregs of society. Their experience recalls this statement of Niebuhr's: "A man of great distinction who had lived through all the terrors of the French Revolution, but had kept his hands clean, once said to me, 'You do not know what a recollection it is to have lived during a revolution: one begins the attack with the best, and in the end one finds oneself among knaves.'" Writers however, who have based their accounts on newspaper sources have pushed historical parallels too far when they have compared the riots of 1877 with the terrible days of the first French Revolution and of the Paris Commune of 1871. In truth a thorough study will show much more conspicuous diversities than resemblances between the American and the French uprisings.

Heretofore, except for the suppression of the New York City draft riots during the Civil War, and for the enforcement of the governmental policy of reconstruction in the Southern States, United States soldiers had been rarely and sparingly used in domestic troubles. In July, 1877, the gov-

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ernors of West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Illinois called upon the President for assistance, which, as we have seen, was promptly sent. In Missouri and Indiana as well as in Illinois the regulars were employed on the demand of the United States marshals, acting under the authority of the United States courts through the receivers whom they had appointed. Where the regular soldiers appeared order was at once restored without bloodshed. The President acted with judgment and decision, and it was due to him that order was ultimately restored. But the number of outcasts and the prevalence of the mob spirit disclosed by the events of July made thoughtful men shudder as they reckoned what might have happened had not the disputed presidency of a few months earlier been peacefully settled. The number ready to enlist under any banner that promised a general overturn and a chance for plunder would have proved a dangerous factor had Republicans and Democrats come to blows.

From the close of the Civil War to the end of the century the gulf between labor and capital was constantly widening; the difficulty of either workman or employer putting himself in the other's place increased. This tendency was much accelerated by the autocratic reduction in wages of 1877 and by the strikes and riots which ensued. It is true that victory rested with the railroad companies, but it was a Pyrrhic victory.

In his annual message of December, 1877, President Hayes said that his Southern policy had been "subjected to severe and varied criticism." He might have drawn a strong argument in its favor from the events of July. The old Confederate States were stripped bare of United States troops, yet they, with the exception of Texas, vied in peace and order with New England, these two sections contrasting strangely in their tranquillity with the rest of the country. Moreover, it was said that General Schofield was assured that 100,000 men in the South were ready to come at the call of the President, to protect the government or any State from insurrection.

LOVE AND RHEUMATISM

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

FERRIS hung over the steamer's rail chewing gloomily at the end of his unlighted cigar and crumpling a telegram between his fingers. His usually blithe countenance wore an injured expression, and even the sight of six beribboned members of a Hoboken *singverein*, accompanied by a brass band and an enormous floral horseshoe inscribed "*Auf Wiedersehen*," who were bearing down upon a rotund Teuton beaming upon them from the end of the gang-plank, failed to arouse a sympathetic smile. No one was there to bid *him* good-by, he reflected dejectedly, and instead of his travelling companion, Arnold, there was only the telegram.

"Confound it! Why couldn't Arnold's blooming miners have waited until we were in mid-ocean before they struck?" he demanded indignantly of the German Lloyd pier. Receiving no reply, he tore up the offending telegram and scattered it to the winds of New York bay.

The head deck steward came up and touched him on the shoulder. "Shall I show you where I've placed your two chairs, sir?" he asked anxiously. "I got the two best places, sir, on the windward side behind——"

Ferris turned a resigned look upon him. "Never mind," he said languidly, "I don't care a hang where they are and I only want one."

The deck steward gazed sorrowfully at Ferris. This sudden diminution of interest was most discouraging from a financial point of view. Had he been of a different class he would probably have made philo-

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sophic reflections on the volatile character of the rich young American.

Ferris was so cast down by the defection of Arnold and the sudden termination of all his plans for the summer that he maintained himself in haughty seclusion during the entire voyage. At Plymouth he got wearily off the boat instead of going on to Cherbourg as he and Arnold had intended. But London was unendurable. Everybody he knew or wanted to see was out of town and ignorant of his presence there, and the city itself was impossible. A hot wave had struck it and everywhere was torridity and stickiness. At the end of a week Ferris had had about enough.

"I suppose I'll have to accept Wraymouth's invitation after all," he soliloquized mournfully. "But oh Lord, how I do hate house parties in Scotland! And to think I might be motoring in the Cévennes with Arnold——"

He drew Lord Wraymouth's invitation from his pocket, where it had lain neglected and unanswered since the day before he sailed, and read it over with furrowed brow.

"And there'll be a charming *compatriote* of yours, too. Met her at San Remo in the spring. She's perfectly ripping, my dear boy. You'll be bowled over in the first innings." Ferris groaned aloud. In spite of his money and his good looks he was still shy. Women were more or less alarming to him, and although an artificially easy manner very successfully hid his perturbations he avoided them when possible and sought comfort and safety in masculine society. The mere thought of an unknown "ripping" countrywoman sentimentally awaiting him at Wraymouth's place near Edinburgh made him long unutterably for Arnold's society and their solitary motor excursion. But apparently there was nothing to be done but to go. It was really too boresome to stay in London and alone any longer, and so Ferris gloomily told his man to send a telegram to Lord Wraymouth and pack his things.

Ferris fled London on a morning unhappily only too rare in that metropolis. The excessive heat of the last week had given way to a tempered brightness and cool clearness that flooded even the gloomy St. Pancras station. As Ferris, with Benson's aid, settled himself and his bags in a first-class compartment of the Midland Grand, he felt for the first time a lightening of the gloom which had enveloped his spirits since his departure from America.

His cheerfulness was further enhanced by the belief that he was to have the compartment to himself. This happy conviction, however, was rudely dispelled. Just before the train pulled out a guard came hastily down the platform and, opening the door of Ferris's carriage, ushered into it a young girl followed by a respectable, middle-aged Englishwoman. Almost before Ferris had time to realize her entrance the whistle had sounded and the train began to move.

The young girl sank down somewhat breathlessly in the seat by the window opposite Ferris, motioning to her maid to take a place near her, and as the train sped northward out of the great station he had the opportunity of noting in the clear English air how amazingly pretty she was. Black hair and blue eyes darkened by heavy lashes and brows suggested Irish ancestry, but the white skin untouched by color—all the red was concentrated in the firm, curved lips—the straight, short nose, the grace and lightness of figure and bearing, undisguised by the heavy mourning she wore, pointed unmistakably to the American. There was, besides, a pathetic hint of weariness in the lovely face, of unstrung nerves, that was particularly appealing.

These slender observations made by Ferris between discreet glances from the carriage window at the English landscape rushing past, were reinforced shortly by a glimpse of a wedding-ring disclosed for an instant when her silk glove was hastily pulled off to fasten the end of a refractory veil. The sight gave Ferris something of a shock. He could not have explained just why unless it was that she had seemed to him too young to be married, much less widowed.

On and on they rushed northward, the air growing clearer and clearer, the sunlight more and more brilliant until the whole verdant English midland billowed about them in a translucent freshness and glory. Ferris, from his corner, watched the delight and wonder of her glancing face grow with every mile that whirled past. She sat quite still and quiet, enjoying it to the full and without even an exclamation or word to her maid. Ferris was glad that she could enjoy silently—he was a silent chap

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himself, and he disliked women who chattered.

But suddenly silence seemed undesirable to Ferris. He began to wish that she would say something—move, give him a chance to speak or perform some slight service for her. On they sped without pause or stop, through tunnels, over bridges, through cities without slowing up by so much as a hair's-breadth, under the shadow of mighty cathedrals, past stately country places and tenderly beautiful ruins.

Ferris was beginning to wonder gloomily if nothing would ever happen, if the train was scheduled to shoot through England like a meteor, when suddenly he felt it slowing down and in another instant it had come pantingly to rest in a large, well-lighted station. He went to the other window of the compartment, and, leaning out, tried to discover a name somewhere on the much-advertised station walls. He could have found out what the place was by simply looking at the railway guide in his pocket, but to do anything so obvious and commonplace as that was not in Ferris's plans. Instead he walked back to the window he had left and, looking at the girl, raised his hat with a certain diffidence not without its charm in such a man.

"Could you tell me—do you know what city this is?" he inquired gravely.

"I'm not sure, but I think it must be 'Bovril'—at least that is all I can see," she returned, glancing at the huge advertisements of that rejuvenating fluid which everywhere met the eye, and dimpling charmingly at her little joke. Ferris couldn't dimple but he smiled appreciatively.

He sat down in his former place opposite her. "They say Americans are the greatest advertisers in the world, but it seems to me the English can beat us at our own game," he said tentatively.

The young girl withdrew her gaze from the station walls and regarded Ferris for the first time. Apparently her inspection reassured her, for she smiled quite cordially upon him, and then as the train slid rapidly out of the station on the shining "metals" a small sign with "Leicester" on it, tucked unobtrusively away in one corner, caught their glance and they both laughed happily like two children. Suddenly it seemed to Ferris that he had known her all his life—only he hadn't, and a wave of indignant self-pity swept over him at the thought. He had missed a good deal he assured himself severely and he wasn't likely to make it up in a hurry either apparently, for, after the first pleasant intercourse, the girl had lapsed into somewhat chilling silence and Ferris owned to himself that he hadn't been able to hold her interest. Perhaps she was a little frightened at his evident eagerness to please. As mile after mile of glowing country flashed by them, Ferris grew desperate. Suddenly he bethought him of his railway guide. He drew it from his pocket.

"How stupid of me not to have looked at this!" he said regretfully. "I could have found out easily enough where I was by consulting this time-table," and he spread it out on his knee. "This is an express all right," he went on cheerfully, undaunted by the girl's silence. "How few stops it makes!—Leicester, Leeds, Harrogate, 'the greatest of English spas' according to the guide-book—by the way, I suppose you are going on through to Edinburgh?" he finished carelessly.

The girl waited for an instant, glancing at the outspread railway time-table. "No," she said, "no, I'm not going through. I'm going to stop off at—" she hesitated, slightly embarrassed to be discussing her plans with a stranger—"at Harrogate."

The Englishwoman at the other end of the carriage turned her head sharply, and the young girl spoke to her for the first time. "Don't forget, Willetts," she said earnestly, "that we are to get off at Harrogate. It's the next station but one."

Ferris felt another shock of disappointment. "Confound it!" he reflected dejectedly, "why can't she be going on through?" He gazed at her again for a full minute.

"That's curious," he said quite pleasantly at the end of it. "I'm getting off at Harrogate myself."

A fleck of color rose to the girl's cheeks. "That *is* curious," she assented rather coldly.

"And yet I don't know," pursued Ferris argumentatively. "The guide-book of Harrogate I was reading the other night—they hand 'em around to you at my London hotel, and there's another beautiful instance of the fine art of advertising—said there were about forty thousand visitors annually to the baths. So after all it isn't so

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strange that you and I should be two of the many thousands."

It looked so easy—the way he put it—that the girl leaned back against the cushions, smiling again.

"Oh, certainly," she murmured reassuredly as the train glided into the Leeds station. "I'm only surprised," she added hastily, "because I would never have imagined that you were in need of the cure."

"Ah, you never can tell," returned Ferris darkly. "You see there's rheumatism in the family, and rheumatism is something that has to be reckoned with. My grandfather, who was the jolliest old boy imaginable, suffered agonies with it. I remember it all quite well. Perhaps you don't know that certain forms of rheumatism have a little peculiarity of skipping a generation and fastening upon an unsuspecting grandson. I'm the grandson."

The girl smiled sympathetically.

"But if there's anything in the cure at Harrogate—and the doctors are all enthusiastic over it—I'm going to find it out and get well," went on Ferris, and his blue eyes gazed into the girl's with a melancholy steadfastness of purpose that rather impressed her.

She nodded at him brightly. "That's right," she said, "don't be discouraged—that's half the battle!"

Her glance set every nerve in Ferris's body to throbbing. Rheumatism itself couldn't have done it more completely. He smiled at her with a smile that was intended to be cheerful, but that obviously held unwilling despondency in it. Her sympathetic interest was the most delightful thing Ferris had ever encountered and he had no intention of prematurely quenching it. Suddenly he stopped smiling.

"And you?" he queried anxiously. "Don't tell me that anything so serious as rheumatism has brought *you* to Harrogate!"

The girl shook her head slowly. "Oh, no," she said. "It's not rheumatism—it's —why, here we are!" she exclaimed, breaking off in the middle of the sentence and looking out of the window. She turned briskly to the Englishwoman who sat impassively in her corner. "Willetts," she cried, "get our things together. We are at Harrogate," and then she turned to Ferris. "I hope you'll get rid of that wretched rheumatism," she said.

Ferris helped her out carefully and put her into one of the waiting cabs from the King Edward Hotel. "I'm bound to get well. I feel sure this place is going to cure me," he said almost cheerfully. He shut the door of the cab and stood at the open window holding his hat in his hand with that charming air of diffidence that sat so well on him. "What I hope even more than that is that I may have the pleasure of seeing you again."

The girl smiled and the blue eyes were now not at all pathetic, but amused and a little embarrassed. She leaned back against the cushions. "I hope so, too," she said sweetly. "*Au revoir.*"

Ferris watched the cab disappear with a light heart. "*Au revoir*" had a distinctly encouraging sound. She might have said so many blightingly final things, but instead it had been the inconclusive, pleasant "*au revoir.*"

"At any rate, I've got three weeks," exulted Ferris still looking after the cab. "That guide-book says the cure takes three weeks, so she's bound to stay that long and if she stays longer I'll begin and take it all over again. I'll take fifty cures, if necessary! And now," he said airily to a cabby hovering anxiously near, "take me to a hotel bang up against the King Edward, and be quick about it."

II

THEY met again the next morning in the pretty Crescent Gardens. She was looking quite lovely in a white gown of embroidered linen and a big black hat. Ferris caught sight of her from afar. She was sitting on a shady bench beneath a tree, looking thoughtfully at the tip of her white shoe and to Ferris the English maid was delightfully conspicuous by her absence. The sight of Her (she was already capitalized in his thoughts) sitting there alone, cheered him inexpressibly. He had been rather downcast that morning from the effects of the evening before, spent in sending long, highly imaginative telegrams to Wraymouth and more concise ones to the bewildered Benson left in London to attend to some commissions and innocently expecting to join Ferris in Edinburgh the next day. Wraymouth and Benson off his mind he had devoted the rest of the evening to studying the Har-

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rogate Guide-Book in the hotel smoking-room. The results were anything but soothing and he asked himself indignantly why he had been such an idiot as to choose rheumatism when he could just as easily have had anything else—something romantic and appealing like "Number 4, Nervous Exhaustion from Worry and Overwork," or even "Number 7, Chronic Bronchitis and Certain Forms of Consumption." The "cure" for rheumatism, Ferris observed, according to the inexorable guide-book, was particularly unpleasant, and before his mental eye the future stretched miserably away, beclouded by the appalling fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen.

"There's always something to be thankful for, though," murmured Ferris, reading down the list of "Diseases Benefited by Harrogate." "Thank the Lord I didn't settle on 'Number 2, Disorders of the Liver and Stomach'—that *would* have been disgusting!"

Between gusts of self-pity and condemnation Ferris was racked by doubts as to whether he would see her soon and whether she would be cordial to him or freezingly polite. There was something in her behavior of the day before which had left it tantalizingly uncertain as to how she might bear herself toward him. But here she was and she was even smiling a little at him as he came up. Decidedly things looked more cheerful by morning.

Ferris stood before her, hat in hand. He made a very pleasant picture as he stood there—his shoulders looked very broad and his hair a very nice shade of brown in the morning sunlight, and his eyes and skin noticeably clear and fresh.

"Have you had your morning glass?" he asked smiling and throwing out a hand toward the Royal Pump Room.

The girl shook her head. "No," she said gloomily. "You see," she went on more brightly, "I haven't consulted a physician yet and they won't serve you the waters without a physician's prescription."

"Of course not," said Ferris eagerly. "I wasn't able to get up enough courage either to go to a doctor yesterday."

"Well, it wasn't exactly courage I lacked—" said the girl and then she stopped. "I suppose I must go to one this afternoon," she added after an instant's hesitation.

"That's right—better get it over with. I'll muster up my nerve too—we can't begin too soon to take this wonderful cure," said Ferris earnestly.

"I wonder if I shall have to drink that frightful sulphur water?" queried the girl with a little shudder.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Ferris despondently, "everybody has to—it's the prize stunt here, I'm told. I caught a whiff of it as I came by just now and it pretty near bowled me over. I used to go in for running when I was at college, and when I caught that celestial odor it was all I could do to keep from sprinting over here in cinder-track form."

The girl laughed. "I'm afraid your clothes aren't just right for sprinting," she said.

"They aren't," said Ferris. "That was the only thing that kept me down to a walk."

"That and your rheumatism—don't forget that," said the girl.

"And my rheumatism, of course," assented Ferris hurriedly.

"It has developed since you left college?" she asked solicitously.

"It has developed very recently," said Ferris impressively. "There are times when I'm feeling pretty well—like this morning, for example—when I almost forget it." He looked anxiously around at the thinning crowd. "I say—everybody's going back to the pump room for the second glass. Don't you think it would be rather fun to stroll past and see them taking it? They make such awful faces. It's rather amusing when one doesn't have to drink it one's self."

The girl rose. "That's a great idea," she declared; "this may be our last day of grace. To-morrow morning you and I may be making faces, too." She raised her white parasol and turned to go.

"Wait a moment," said Ferris blushing a little beneath his clear skin. "Before I ask a favor of you, I would like to introduce myself. I looked over all the hotel registers last night hoping to find some friend here who might vouch for me, but incredible as it sounds, you and I seem to be the only Americans in this place."

For a second the girl hesitated and then she held out her hand with sweet frankness.

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"This is an express all right," he went on cheerfully, undaunted by the girl's silence.—Page 98.

"The more reason we should be friends, then!" she said.

If Ferris had any lingering doubts that she was adorable they vanished then and there. He would have liked to fall on his knees before her, only he hated to be conspicuous and he thought that might attract attention. So, instead, he handed her his card.

She took it and read thereon, "Mr. Thomas Haven Ferris, University Club, New York City."

"Oh," she said, smiling brilliantly, "I think I must have heard my cousin, Harry Arnold, speak of you."

A gleam of intuition illuminated Ferris's bewildered brain.

"It isn't possible you are Mrs. Archie Channing?"

"Yes," she said.

"Not Edith Channing?" he insisted.

"But I am—Edith Channing," she averred still smiling.

Ferris couldn't take his eyes off her. So this was beautiful Edith Channing whose extravagant praises Arnold had often chanted to him—this was the lovely young woman whom a mercenary aunt had married off at twenty to Archie Channing, a man rather more than less of a brute, and who had fortunately been killed in a motor accident near Tours six months after his marriage. Not even his chauffeur had mourned him, and his young widow was popularly supposed, by those who understood the situation, to be hiding her heart-felt relief rather than her grief, in quiet places along the French Riviera.

While Ferris was thinking these thoughts the girl was talking

"I don't think I was ever before in a place where I was one of two solitary representatives of our great country. It really is rather incredible."

"Incredibly delightful, I call it," said Ferris still gazing at her, and together they strolled past the musicians' stand and out into the thronged street and so up to the Royal Pump Room.

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They joined the gay throng and when they could no longer stand the fumes of the sulphur water, fled with the rest back to the pretty little Crescent Gardens and listened to the musicians in tile hats playing such suggestive and heart-rending airs as "O, Dry Those Tears," and "The Heart Bowed Down." And when the crowd had melted away and the musicians had put their instruments into the queer bulbous black cases, and gone off to play somewhere else—they are always playing somewhere at Harrogate—Ferris and Mrs. Channing left too and sauntered up through the Valley Gardens to the King Edward Hotel towering in gilded magnificence above the town.

At the entrance Ferris left her, but not until her kindly solicitude for him had caused his uneasy conscience to smite him horribly.

"One can't be too careful," she said gravely, though her blue eyes were smiling divinely at him. "You ought to see a physician at once."

"And you?" queried Ferris. "It is of far more importance that you should start in on this wonderful cure. I'll tell you what I'll do," he said earnestly. "If you'll promise to see a physician this afternoon, I will, too."

"I promise," she said, and then they both laughed and Ferris lifted his hat and went away.

III

WHAT Ferris said to Dr. Anthony Flower, of 47 Crescent Road, will never be known. Perhaps it will be sufficiently explanatory when one knows that the good doctor thought at first that he was dealing with a harmless lunatic. As Ferris talked, however, fear gave way to amazement, amazement to mirth, and mirth to pity. At the end of half an hour of the doctor's valuable time Ferris went away.

As he walked down Crescent Road he caught sight of Mrs. Channing in a victoria, but she did not see him and so he was forced to forego the bow and word with her for which he would have given a foolishly extravagant amount.

Something of the state of Ferris's mind—or heart rather—can be surmised from the fact that he intended to drink two glasses of most abominable sulphur water every other morning for three weeks in order to have a pretext for staying at Harrogate as long as Mrs. Channing had to stay. He would have taken the baths, too—"d'Arsonval Electric," "Gréville," "Neuheim"—any and every one of them; would have submitted to any tortures in the way of prickly, hot treatments or showery, cold ones, had not the doctor absolutely forbidden it.

Up to a certain point Dr. Flower had been malleable, and as every one, apparently, no matter what his ailment, drank the waters, he had given Ferris the prescription for them without which all pretensions to illness would instantly have been stamped fraudulent; but as for the rest, Ferris was to spend the next three weeks in practising deceptions of a kind that made his naturally straightforward nature rather shudder. On alternate days duplicity of the blackest variety was to be his chosen portion. On those days was he to take an imaginary "Aix Douche," followed by an exhausting electric treatment which would leave him scant time for Mrs. Channing's society, he reflected gloomily.

"At any rate, I'll meet her in the morning in the Crescent Gardens and we'll go to that blessed pump room together," he assured himself. And they did.

And after the pump room they strolled up to the Kursaal for the morning concert. In the afternoon they had tea in Valley Gardens at one of the numerous little tables that overflow daily from the pretty tea-house out on the green lawn. While they sipped their tea she confided to Ferris that she had "Number 4, Nervous Exhaustion and General Debility from Worry and Overwork," and Ferris anathematized her brute of a husband and himself more than ever to think that he might have had it too if he hadn't stupidly chosen rheumatism. And then he fell to wishing he could have it in her stead, that he might suffer for her. It seemed unendurably cruel that such a brilliant young creature should be ill and Ferris determined to help her keep on bravely with the "cure."

The next day being the day for the baths—she had a hot sulphur bath and electrical massage followed by three hours of rest—they did not see each other until the late afternoon. By that time Ferris was in a

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Drawn by Fred Fegram.

"Aren't you doing too much, walking too far? Won't this make your rheumatism worse?"—Page 104.

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state bordering on desperation. It is not really pleasant to be obliged to immure one's self with an uneasy conscience in a hotel smoking-room for the better part of a delightful summer day, consuming innumerable strong cigars and glowering at the walls. Ferris began to think that a few more days like it and he would develop "Number 4" himself and stand in very real need of sulphur baths and electrical massage.

At five he could stand it no longer and seizing his hat, strolled up to the King Edward. He found Mrs. Channing ready to go out, and so together they made their way through Bogs Field, past the bandstand, where the pierrots were singing "Awaitin' at the Church" to an enraptured audience, up and up to the bright, windy moor.

If anywhere on this round earth there is a green expanse swept by such air as the poets are fond of comparing to wine, it is Harlow Moor. It sings in one's ears and gets into one's veins and makes even quite old and dilapidated invalids feel remarkably sprightly and well. No wonder, therefore, that Ferris and Edith Channing found it invigorating. It would have been difficult to find two people who looked less like victims of rheumatism and "nervous exhaustion" than those two as they stood transfixed with pleasure looking at the beautiful Yorkshire country stretching away hundreds of feet below them, or walking—very nimbly for invalids—over miles and miles of lovely roadway winding through the pink heather and dark firs. Ferris felt as if he could have walked on forever or taken hurdles or run Marathon races.

Suddenly the girl stopped. "Oh," she cried anxiously, "aren't you doing too much, walking too far? Won't this make your rheumatism worse?"

Ferris looked at her in amazement. "Rheumatism!" he said—"rheumatism! Why, whatever made you think of—do you know," he said confidentially, checking himself in time, "I had forgotten there was such a thing." Which was really quite true.

And then he looked at her. "It's you," he said penitently, "who are doing too much. I shouldn't have let you take all this exercise after the exhausting treatment you had this morning. I'm a thoughtless brute!" And upbraiding himself at every step, he got her down to the King Edward as quickly as possible in spite of her protests.

The next day being their "off day," as Ferris styled it, he boldly proposed taking a coaching trip, and, to his delight, after only the slightest and most perfunctory hesitation, the girl assented. And so after luncheon, their driving coats over their arms, they strolled down the Cold Bath Road to the Stray where the coaches wait for passengers. It was difficult to make a choice of an objective point, for there are so many amazingly lovely places within driving distance of Harrogate, and there are so many coaches and the boots are so eager and the booking-agent so persuasive. But at last they settled on Knaresborough—Knaresborough with its toppling castle and peaceful Nidd flowing away beneath a fabulously lovely bridge—and climbing into the box-seats, they waited for the happy moment when boots breathed lustily into his horn and the red-cheeked coachman in white beaver hat and hunting pink let his whip fall with a long, curling lick upon the horses' backs and they started off into the wonderful English country. Rheumatism, nerves, "general debility," baths, waters, everything was forgotten—blown far away by the keen Yorkshire air!

That was but the beginning of numberless excursions—to Ripley Castle, to Fountains Abbey, to Ripon and Studley and Harewood House, to quaint places with delectable names such as Follifoot and Spacey Houses, Kettlesing Bottom and Pot Bank. Ferris blessed these names for they made Her laugh and when she laughed she was more entrancing than ever. At the end of a week Ferris couldn't remember the time he hadn't been in love with Her. His former life, his deception of Wraymouth, his commands to poor Benson to languish indefinitely and alone in London, all receded into a dim and misty past. If he thought of Wraymouth at all it was only to congratulate himself that he had disappointed that noble youth. The mere thought that he might have gone on to Wraymouth Park and missed Her sent cold shivers racing up and down his spine. As for his uneasy conscience, it was no longer uneasy except when the girl whom he loved and was deceiving aroused it by her solicitude for his state of health.

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Rheumatism, nerves, "general debility," . . . everything was forgotten—blown far away by the keen Yorkshire air!—Page 104.

At the end of two weeks Ferris was not only as desperately in love as a man can be and still retain enough of his wits to transact the ordinary affairs of life, but he felt almost sure that the girl he loved, loved him. Life held nothing more except the exquisite happiness of telling her what she was to him. His conscience was quite genially comfortable and callous by now; her solicitude no longer made it uneasy—on the contrary, there were days when he deliberately pretended to be in pain so that he might see that look of tender anxiety on her face. And then, lest anxiety for him should make her "nervous exhaustion and debility" worse, would Ferris hasten to reassure her on his account and watch delightedly to see the look of concern fade away and one of content settle once more on her lovely face. He had entirely justified to himself his duplicity toward the lady of his heart. Its brilliant success had been its own justification, he reasoned, and he thanked Heaven a dozen times a day that he had had the nerve to seize his opportunity. He was completely and ecstatically happy in his wrong-doing and retribution seemed afar off.

IV

But retribution, like a great many disagreeable things, has a way of hanging around ready to pounce upon one. It pounced upon Ferris at the end of the second week—the next day but one, to be exact. They had had a long, glorious stroll out over the Irongate Road, past the old quarry to Birk Crag, coming back over their favorite moor, the wind rushing past them, stinging their faces and bringing such a lovely pink to her cheeks that Ferris hardly dared trust himself to look at her for fear he should begin proposing on the spot. As it was obviously impossible to propose comfortably and with any effect in a place where at every instant a gust of wind was likely to drown one's words or force them down one's throat and make one laugh and choke, and where one's hands were already fully occupied in holding on to one's hat, Ferris re-

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luctantly decided to wait. And so, laughing and choking and holding on to their hats, they made their tempestuous way down through the blazing Valley Gardens to the King Edward.

It was as they gained the terrace in front of the hotel that retribution came upon Ferris with the suddenness and awfulness of a stroke of lightning, but in the insidiously mild and ingratiating aspect of Lord Wraymouth. Nothing could really be more unlike a stroke of lightning than Lord Wraymouth, but at that moment it seemed to Ferris that there was a dreadful resemblance.

As they caught sight of each other all three stopped short. There was a moment of stricken silence. Lord Wraymouth was the first to recover. He took off his hat and held out his hand to the girl.

"My dear Mrs. Channing, I'm delighted to see you here! Thought your telegram said you were ill at Brighton!"

The girl shook her lovely head and smiled, but it was a peculiar, perfunctory smile. Lord Wraymouth stared a little and then he turned to Ferris.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he ejaculated cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad to see you too, my dear chap, but what on earth are you doing here? Your wire said you'd be kept in London three weeks on important business!"

Ferris laid a soothing hand on Wraymouth's arm. "You're stopping at the King Edward? All right—you meet me in the smoking-room in an hour. I've a lot to tell you, Wraymouth," he said impressively.

Wraymouth gazed at him in open astonishment. "Well, I'll be hanged!—All right, my boy," and then he looked out over the Valley Gardens and down to the Royal Baths and the pump room. "I say, Mrs. Channing, this isn't quite such fun as San Remo, eh?"

"Oh, much better!" averred the girl. She was smiling naturally now and her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Well, I'll be hanged—!" said Lord Wraymouth again, looking at her curiously. Wraymouth, although a nice fellow, had never been noted for his conversational powers. "I say," he went on severely, "you know you two people broke up my house party—both of you ought to be at Wraymouth Park this blessed minute. What you're doing here is more than I can make out——"

"Wraymouth," interrupted Ferris hastily, "didn't I tell you I'd explain everything in the smoking-room?"

"So you did—so you did," began Lord Wraymouth heatedly, staring at Ferris. Suddenly he stopped staring and began to grin. His grin caused delicious cold chills to chase themselves over Ferris's anatomy. As for the girl, she haughtily turned her head and gazed out over the terrace. But her usually pale cheeks and the tips of her little ears gradually became a deeper and deeper pink.

Wraymouth put on his hat. "All right," he said. "See you later! Well, I'll be—" but he had disappeared down the terrace steps before he finished.

When he had quite gone Mrs. Channing turned icily upon Ferris.

"I didn't know you knew Lord Wraymouth. I don't think I understand—" she began.

"I didn't know you knew him either. If you will come over here I'll try to explain," said Ferris gloomily. He led her to a little embowered arbor where they were mercifully hidden from a curious world.

"As a beginning," said Ferris grimly, standing before her, "I may as well tell you that I haven't got rheumatism."

She gave a little cry and sank back against the bench.

"Not got rheumatism—? but your grandfather had it—you said you remembered your grandfather——"

"My grandfather never had rheumatism either—not for a minute. He died of pneumonia when he was thirty-two and I never even saw him."

She sat quite speechless at that. When she had recovered a little she looked at him severely. "And you've been taking all these baths——"

"I haven't taken any baths—" interrupted Ferris doggedly.

"What, no Aix Douches?"

"Not a one."

"No electrical massage?"

"No."

"No Gréville treatment?"

"No—you see Dr. Flower——"

"Dr. Flower!" she cried. "Dr. Flower of Crescent Road?"

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"Look here," he asked anxiously, "do you think it will be possible for you to learn to love and trust me after this deception?"—Page 103.

"Yes—he's my physician—if I can be said to have a physician——"

"He's mine, too," she said faintly.

"Well, he said he'd stand for my drinking the mild sulphur, but he wouldn't answer for the consequence if I began monkeying with Gréville treatments and things."

"Then why—then why—oh, I don't understand," said the girl helplessly.

Ferris folded his arms. "And yet it's easy enough," he said, looking down upon her. "I'll just make a clean breast of it—tell you everything. I'm a fraud of the worst description. I've deceived you, voluntarily behaved with unexampled duplicity toward you."

"Oh, so you've deceived me—" said the girl coldly. "It is outrageous!"

"Yes, but let me tell you, if I've acted the cheat, if I've traded on your sympathy, on your good-nature, if I've fooled Wraymouth, and disappointed the beautiful American he had waiting to fall in love with me——"

"What!" cried the girl.

"It's you who have made me do it!" swept on Ferris inexorably. "*You* are to blame. It's your charm and beauty that have lured me into the easy paths of dissimulation. No recording angel with the most elementary sense of justice could pos-

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sibly blame me. Why, I never did a crooked thing in my life until I met you!"

"Well, I never!" said the girl indignantly.

"Don't you see it's all your fault?" went on Ferris. "I never dreamed of not going to Wraymouth's. Didn't I ask and pay for a ticket to Edinburgh? And if you'd gone to Edinburgh I would have gone, too. But you deliberately told me yourself that you were going to Harrogate. That settled me. If you had casually mentioned you were going to the sacred city of Lhasa or the headwaters of the Amazon, I would have said I was just starting out myself."

"But—" faltered the girl, "how could I know——"

"How could you know? Don't try to get out of it," said Ferris sternly. "Don't you know how beautiful you are? Don't you know that I fell in love with you at sight? Don't you know that any man would? Don't you know that when I discovered that you were ill and had to stay here for the cure that the only thing for me was to throw over Wraymouth and stay too? And don't you know that I had to have an excuse? I couldn't tell you an hour after seeing you for the first time that I was desperately in love with you and had to see you or perish. Men don't do that sort of thing nowadays, worse luck! And so I simply had to invent a reason for stopping here, too. Of course, the obvious one was illness. I own I made a mistake in choosing rheumatism," admitted Ferris frowning meditatively. "I've wished many times that I'd chosen something else—something more appealing—like heart disease——"

"Heart disease!" said the girl scornfully.

"I repeat—heart disease," said Ferris firmly. "I've got it in its worst form and only you can cure me. Harrogate nor any other old spa won't do a thing for me." Suddenly he dropped his masterful manner. "Look here," he asked anxiously, "do you think it will be possible for you to learn to love and trust me after this deception?"

The girl was tracing patterns in the soft ground with the tip of her parasol.

"Yes," she said, after an instant's hesitation, in a voice that trembled slightly.

"I don't see how you can—" began Ferris humbly, touched by her emotion.

The girl looked up at him and Ferris saw with amazement that her lips were smiling and her eyes were shining.

"It's because—because I've deceived you shamefully myself!"

"What!" cried Ferris.

"You see, I haven't got 'nervous exhaustion and general debility from worry and overwork' any more than you've got rheumatism, and I haven't been ill in Brighton or anywhere else, and I'm the lovely American whom Wraymouth meant to have fall in love with you—only I didn't know it was you—and I rather detested the idea of meeting any Americans, and so—so I just decided while we were in the train that I'd stop off at Harrogate, but I didn't mean to stay—it was you who jumped to the conclusion that I was going to take the cure——"

"Why, of course I did!" put in Ferris indignantly.

"And then——"

"And then," suggested Ferris blithely, "you liked me so much that you thought you'd stay——"

"What a conceited idea!" cried the girl, "but of course I had to have an excuse, so I told Dr. Flower and he seemed awfully sympathetic——"

"He'd just seen me," cut in Ferris grinning.

"Oh!" breathed the girl, "and then—and then—" suddenly she stopped talking and began to laugh. "It's too absurd! Here we've been indulging in a course of idiotic deceit, punishing ourselves by drinking that awful sulphur water——"

"Depriving ourselves of hours of each other's company——"

"Pretending to be taking baths and massage——"

"When all the while we might have been having a glorious time at Lord Wraymouth's!"

"It's been a mislaid romance, a case of misplaced affections——"

"Nonsense!" cried Ferris. "It's perfect!" and he put his arm around her.

It was at that psychological moment that Lord Wraymouth, returning to the hotel by a circuitous path, caught a fleeting glimpse of the interior of the little arbor.

For an instant he stood transfixed, speechless, rooted to the spot.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he said finally under his breath, and, grinning to himself, softly retraced his steps.

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RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

XI

IN the autumn following the surrender, my mother and I made a visit to Fort Delaware, where the late private secretary of the Confederate president was undergoing a continuation of his rigorous confinement as a "dangerous" prisoner. I had received an "underground" letter from the fortress telling me that while still a solitary prisoner our friend was living under improved conditions and in comparative comfort in a light casemate, with a cot, table, chair, decent food, and as many books as he called for from the post library. It was doubly pleasant to hear that a friendship had sprung up between him and the general in charge, resulting later in walks on the island and visits to the commandant's home. (This friendship, in the revolution of time's whirligig, was to end by the naming of one of the general's sons after his prisoner, who was also enabled, in the course of events, to be of substantial service in shaping the successful business career of another son of his former guardian.) Our ways of reaching Fort Delaware, through the aid of a young cousin living in Woodbury, New Jersey, were devious and difficult, including a sail over rough waters in a leaky boat to the door of the redoubtable fortress, where, with faltering hearts, we sent in our cards by a soldier to the commandant. To our relief, we were asked to cross the bridge over the moat, and were soon in the office of the arbiter of our fate.

The general, maintaining a severe official aspect, looked us over, inquiring of Mrs. Cary whether we were perchance the mother and sister of his prisoner.

"No," said my mother, "only friends." "I understand," said the general, hemming and hawing greatly. A moment more and he accepted the parcel my mother handed to him—a miniature of myself painted in New York to replace the one the prisoner had cast into the soldiers' camp-fire in the Georgia wilderness following his capture with Jefferson Davis—and the open letter accompanying it—both of which were despatched by an orderly to "Colonel Harrison."

And then, a wave of even kinder impulse surging over him, he asked if my mother could trust him to show me the interior of the fortress. He led, I followed, trembling, to a doorway opening on the inner court, where, bidden to look upward to the battlements, I saw my prisoner, standing indeed between guards with bayonets, in a casemate, but alive and well, waving his hat like a school-boy and uttering a great irrepressible shout of joy!

These are the things that remain green in memory when the landscape of life is elsewhere dry and sere. But for the courage and devotion of my dear mother and my cousin in accompanying me on what seemed a forlorn hope, we should never have won the day.

The next winter, we had a house in Washington, principally for the purpose of winning the prisoner's release. Principally through the tireless efforts with President Johnson of our dear old friend, Hon. Francis Preston Blair, and a resolution passed by the legislature of Mississippi, asking for his release, this was finally accomplished. On the 16th of January, 1866, Burton Harrison was freed from Fort Delaware, coming at once to visit us in Washington, on his way to rejoin his mother and sister in the South. Having spent the latter months of his imprisonment in studying law, through the aid of books furnished him by his old friends and Yale chums, Eugene Schuyler, and S. D. Page, of Philadelphia, he, after journeys to Canada and to Europe, was admitted to the New York bar.

In October, 1866, my mother and I sailed in the ship *Arago*, for Havre, the passenger

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list made up of many New Yorkers known to each other, including the family of the new American minister to the court of Napoleon III, General Dix. Several young couples on their bridal tours (who have strangely managed to become old couples by now) bore names familiar to New York society. Everybody on board was nice to us recent enemies of the Republic, and we contracted more than one friendship of an enduring nature.

As our winter in Paris was avowedly for the purpose of giving my education the "finishing" touches sadly omitted in war experience, I was forthwith started in lessons of various kinds, including a training of the voice by M. Archaimbaud of the Paris Conservatoire. To meet exigencies of Parisian opinion, I was transformed back into the conventional *jeune fille*, accompanied everywhere by my mother. I often wondered what my testy little *maître de chant* would think if I told him I had sung war-songs to marching troops, or played accompaniments for a chorus of soldiers surrounding me at the piano? I believe he would have fainted, then and there!

By and by, we removed from the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion to a quaintly attractive domicile where some New Orleans creole friends, well placed in Parisian society, had advised my mother to go for the betterment of my French accent. This was "La Ville au Bois," a villa boarding and apartment house, at the Porte Maillot in Neuilly, as pretty a place as could be, with ivy-grown buildings surrounding a paved courtyard, where in fine weather the tables for meals were set out of doors under the shade of great old trees. A high brick wall, overhung with creepers, divided us from the Bois de Boulogne. There, in a small but daintily furnished *rez de chaussée*, consisting of two bed-rooms and a sitting-room, the latter upholstered in a warm crimson moreen stuff, opening upon a wee garden of our own, we spent the winter. We grew so attached to our French home that when during the Franco-Prussian war we heard it had been destroyed by shot and shell—the second abode of mine laid low through war's necessities—we were genuinely grieved.

Until then, I had not believed there were so many bright-eyed, smiling, chattering old people in the world as among our comrades at Ville au Bois! The mystery was explained when on Sundays younger men and women, with children carrying bouquets, came reverently to call upon their seniors, most often leading them off in their best caps and redingotes, to dine *en ville* with their offspring. The Ville au Bois, generally, was dying to understand about "ces dames de l'Amérique du Sud" who had taken the *rez de chaussée* apartment. Upon my mother, who had a beautiful clear olive complexion with large dark eyes, they looked with some comprehension, but continued to ask her if mademoiselle were not remarkably fair for a denizen of her country.

Old Mme. Letellier, Alexandre Dumas' sister, who had an apartment all rosy chintz and growing plants, showed me a lock of their "sainted father's" hair (we called it wool in our part of the world) asking me if that was not like the hair of our people, generally. She pointed with pride to the deep tinting of blood underneath her fingernails, and said, "I, too, am of your race, mademoiselle." To all of them, to be of our South meant to be off-color in complexion!

She was a dear little old person, who lent me books, gave me one of the great Alexandre's manuscripts, and petted me extravagantly. She adored her nephew, Dumas *fils*, whose "Idées de Mme. Aubray" had just made its success at the Gymnase Theatre; and showed me the photograph of her famous brother sitting with Adah Isaacs Menken on his knee, saying indulgently, "He was always an imprudent boy, ce bon gros Alexandre."

We soon found ourselves amid friends of our own nationality and sympathies. Many Southern families intermarried with French ones of the old régime were pleasantly established in Paris. Our little red salon with its *feu d'enfer*, as Jean, our attendant, styled our liberal coal-fire, opened to some interesting people: Mr. Francis Corbia, an hereditary friend of my mother's family, called, and entertained us at his splendid old Rohan hôtel in the Rue de Grenelle; General Breckenridge, Colonel Dudley Mann, Prince Camille de Polignac, M. de Saint Martin, the Givins, the Amaron Ledoux, of New Orleans, the mother scarcely older and not less beautiful than her daughters; General and Mrs. Preston and their daughters from the Rue Lord

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Byron; General and Mrs. Myers, she with her rosy young face and dark hair powdered with gray, looking like a *belle marquise* of olden time in France. They came afterward to live at the Ville au Bois; as also our cousins, the Talcotts, one of whom had married a Polish aide-de-camp of Maximilian. Our little group around the evening lamp seemed indeed to personify the image of Lost Causes—"when all's lost except a little life," dwelling amid "the after silence on the shore."

Dr. and Mrs. Marion Sims were then living in Paris, with their charming daughters. Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow, long afterward to be our neighbors in Gramercy Park, were just leaving Paris to yield place to General and Mrs. Dix in the United States Legation. Mr. Parke Godwin, our future neighbor at Bar Harbor, made the speech of the evening at the banquet given to the retiring minister in December at the Grand Hotel. Two of the supreme beauties of the New York set were the Misses Beckwith; and Miss Lillie Hitchcock, of San Francisco, was greatly quoted as a belle. The Smith Bryces, of New York, with whom we had crossed on the *Arago*, the Hewitts and Zborowskis, appear frequently in my diary of those days. Many pleasure parties were projected for me, and we heard all the great singers of the hour, Patti, Nilsson, Galli-Marié, Capoul, Sass, etc.; heard Joachim with Pasdeloup's noble orchestra at the Salle d'Athenée; and went frequently to all three opera-houses, and to such of the theatres as were considered possible to a *jeune fille*.

There has never been anything so magnificent in the streets of Paris since, as the pageants of that Exposition year before the fall of the second empire, and what it seemed to us ex-rebels, accustomed for long to the surroundings of bitter and disastrous warfare, can be imagined. We had known battle, murder, and sudden death, poverty, hunger, and self-sacrifice, gnawing fear for the lives of those we loved, and ought perhaps to have sat down amid the wreck of worlds, taking no interest in frivolities. But the heart of youth is endlessly elastic, and fresh hopes, new interests, were crowding thick!

My first glimpse of the radiant Empress Eugénie was at the skating-pond in the Bois de Boulogne. The clubhouse was surrounded by coronetted carriages, powdered and plushed footmen, and Tom Thumb grooms waiting upon the fine flower of empire society. I lost my heart to the stately, lovely sovereign, skating between two gentlemen of the court, who held a bâton between them by which her majesty steadied herself. She wore sapphire-blue velvet with a toque and trimmings of pearly *grêbe* plumage. Another day we were admitted to the midday mass at the Tuileries chapel—now vanished with all the pomp and circumstance that enshrined its functions—and sat facing the emperor and empress with the prince imperial during the service.

In February my girl's heart was made glad by the receipt of a large rose-colored card from the Duc de Bassano, inviting me to the Tuileries ball, to which a friend of my mother's offered to chaperon me. What a glittering vision it all was, from the bonfires in the Rue de Rivoli outside, to the Cent Gardes on the crimson staircase leading up to the dazzling rooms above. I saw there all the distinguished people of the hour, danced to the bâton of Strauss in the gilded gallery of the Salle des Maréchaux, and again palpitated with admiration of the empress, who in her panoply of gems, fairly took my breath away with her beauty and gracious bearing.

After that, there were functions and spectacles, dinners and private balls, pageants of royalty arrived to see the Exposition, and much pomp and vanity, until the spring was well along. But amid all this bewilderment of splendor, our hearts did not swerve from continual remembrance of dear ones left behind. Their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, were ours, and tears often flowed in thinking of them. My mother indeed carried until death the Confederacy written in her heart, as Queen Mary once bore Calais. Like other wandering children of the South then in Paris, we were critically anxious for the release of Mr. Davis from his two years' painful imprisonment in Fortress Monroe. His trial, long delayed, now coming on under care of eminent counsel of the American bar, was first in our thoughts.

The story of that trial, and the release of our ex-president, came to the Ville au Bois in two letters from Burton Harrison (inserted as a fit sequel to my war story),

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read and reread to tearful sympathizers gathered in our salon.

RICHMOND, VA., *May* 13, 1867.

To-morrow's papers may inform the far-off world of Paris that our great chieftain has been finally liberated on bail. In a little while, we are to go into the court-room where the last act of his long drama of imprisonment is to be performed—we may yet be disappointed, and may be called upon to conduct Mr. Davis again to a dungeon . . . we are very anxious, of course—feverishly so—but there seems to be no reason to apprehend failure this time.

I left New York early Tuesday morning and have been constantly busy moving ever since I brought the documents here which have since been published to the world, and have set the newspaper quidnuncs scribbling ten thousand crude speculations. But my long training to reticence in diplomacy has enabled me to keep our real devices concealed from the gossips.

Spent Wednesday and Thursday here plotting and making ready for the great day. On Friday I went down to the fortress and there spent, with him, the last night of his sojourn in the Bastile. It was the second anniversary of our capture. Next day we came up the river. General Burton was as courteous to his prisoner as he could be—subjected him to no restraint, brought no guards—and we travelled as amiably as a select party of gentlemen could. There were very few passengers on the boat, but it had become generally known that the chief was on board, and at every landing was assembled an enthusiastic little group to meet the president. It did my heart good to see the fervent zeal of the good people at Brandon. They came aboard and such kissing and embracing and tears as Belle Harrison, Mary Spear Nicholas, and Mrs. George Harrison employed to manifest their devotion to the leader who was beaten, have never been seen out of dear old Virginia.

We were brought to the Spotswood Hotel and Mr. and Mrs. Davis occupy the same rooms they used in 1861, when they first came to Richmond under such different circumstances. The Northern proprietor of the house has caught the zeal of the entire community and actually turned his own family out of that apartment. . . . There are no sentinels, no guards—no stranger would suppose the quiet gentleman who receives his visitors with such peaceful elegance and dignity, is the state prisoner around whose dungeon so many battalions have been marshalled for two years and whose trial for treason against a mighty government to-day excites the interest of mankind.

Almost every one has called, bringing flowers and bright faces of welcome to him who has suffered vicariously for the millions. Yesterday, after service, half the congregation from St. Paul's Church was here, and I confess I haven't seen so many pretty women together for years.

A mighty army of counsel is here. O'Conor is towering in his supremacy over all lesser personages and looked like a demi-god of antiquity, yesterday, when he gathered a few of us around Mr. Davis to explain the details of his arrangements. It was a scene so remarkable for the men who constituted the group and for the occasion of their meeting that I shall never forget it.

NEW YORK, *May* 18, 1867.

My last letter was written in Richmond on the morning of the great crisis. The telegrams in the newspapers informed you of the result of our labors, and you will see accounts enough of the various scenes of the drama from newspaper correspondents. I enclose you one from the Baltimore *Gazette*, written by Wilkins Glenn—as good a story of what occurred as I have seen. The *World* will give you a report of the speeches made by O'Conor and the rest, which were very meagre.

The fact was everything had been agreed upon beforehand, between O'Conor and the attorney-general, and it was understood there should be no speeches of pretentious declamation. Each actor in the drama did his part soberly and with satisfactory precision. Although Underwood, the judge, had received from the government an intimation of their desire that he should accept bail, we were not sure that he would not disappoint us with some assertion of the "independence of the judiciary." Underwood is the *bête noire* of Richmond. The people regard him with unlimited fear and dislike. They say he has shown himself such an agent as has not sat on the bench to

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torment humanity since the days of James's chief-justice. They were terribly frightened by the step we took in securing Mr. Davis's removal from Fortress Monroe to be within control of the "civil" authorities—thought it the greatest possible blunder—were certain that Underwood would avail himself of the opportunity to punish the whole Confederacy through their representative man, and looked for nothing better than a transfer of our chief from the quarters at the fortress where his custodian was a gentleman and his surroundings were those of comfort, to the filthy dungeons of the town jail! The women were in an agony of prayer—the men more anxious than at any moment since the evacuation of Richmond.

But it really seemed as if the deep feeling of the community had possessed the United States officials. The desire to be polite and gracious manifested itself in every one of them. After we were all in the court-room awaiting the arrival of the judge and the prisoner, General Burton came in dressed in full uniform and followed by Mr. Davis. The marshal conducted them to the prisoner's dock, coming immediately to me to invite me to sit by Mr. Davis, that he might feel he had a friend with him, and lose the disagreeable consciousness of the presence of constables and turnkeys. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I thanked the marshal heartily, and sitting down beside the prisoner, felt that I was enthroned with a king.

In a very few moments, the courtesy was extended by asking us to remove from the seat of the accused to join Mr. O'Conor and Mr. Reed within the bar. There I stood behind Mr. Davis during the whole of the proceedings, and when it was all over, was the first to congratulate him.

Observation of this kindness on the part of the officials had inspired in anxious friends more hope in the judge, but there was still such a dread in everybody's eyes when Underwood was about to speak—such a perfect stillness in the halls as I shall rarely see again in a lawyer's life of anxiety in court-rooms. And when the oracle came—"The case is undoubtedly bailable, and as the government is not ready to proceed with the trial, and the prisoner is and for a long time has been ready and demanding trial—it seems eminently proper that bail should be allowed"—such joy and relief as came upon all faces!

When it was done and "the prisoner discharged," Mr. Davis asked me to convey him as rapidly as possible from the court to his rooms at the Spotswood, and I did so in triumph.

Our carriage was beset with a crowd frantic with enthusiasm, cheering, calling down God's blessings, rushing forward to catch him by the hand, and weeping manly tears of devotion to "our president." I shall never see such joy in a crowd again, and some of the faces I saw through the tears in my own eyes will remain impressed on my memory forever.

Reaching the hotel, he took my arm through the crowd and up the stairway. The halls were full of friends waiting to congratulate him, but everybody held back with instinctive delicacy as he went in to his wife.

In a moment I followed. Dr. Minnegerode, Miss Jenny Ritchie, and Mr. George Davis were already there, helping Mrs. Davis to pass the time which we spent in the court-room. The door was locked and we knelt around a table, while the rector offered a prayer of thanksgiving; every one of us weeping irrepressibly, for God had delivered the captive at last, and with him we were all liberated!

After a while the doors were opened, and I ran away from the multitude of men and women who laughed and cried by turns. And now, the whole town rejoiced. The animosity of war was put aside, and every household vied with its neighbor in extending hospitalities to General Burton and the other United States officials, who seemed to find almost as much happiness in the result as we did. They were breakfasted, dined, and toasted, till they fully realized what Virginian hospitality can be.

We determined to take the chief as quickly as possible away from these scenes of explosive excitement, and went aboard ship that evening, coming to New York by sea to avoid the multitudes on land. He will go in a few days to visit his children in Canada. Beyond that, his plans are not made.

At the New York Hotel, he had been beset by congratulating friends, and had be-

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come so nervous and weakened by continued excitement, that last night I took bodily possession of him, put him into a carriage, and drove him out to Mr. O'Conor's to have a restful sleep in the country and a day or two of quiet.

He remonstrated, but in vain. He had been so long accustomed to submit to his keepers that at last he ceased to resist and I conveyed him away forcibly.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Howell went to see Ristori—her last night in New York. I suppose they will be in town for a day or two longer, and I shall continue to be in diligent attendance. But the decree which admitted Mr. Davis to bail, liberated me also—and from that moment I was released from all bonds—save one.

"The past is now the past—all is now in the future."

No one could read this loyal outpouring of a young man's enthusiasm for a fallen chief, with any doubt that his friendship and hearty desire to serve Mr. Davis continued always. Many letters in my possession attest the warmth of their mutual regard; but the course of their lives, diverging at this point, never ran in parallel lines again. When Mrs. Davis, after her widowhood, lost her beloved and gifted daughter Winnie, and was to carry the body, almost in state, for interment in Richmond, she sent for my husband to accompany her, and leaned upon him like a son.

We passed the summer in Switzerland and England, where we spent some days at Leeds Castle, in Kent, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wykeham Martin, whose grandson now owns the noble old dwelling, once royal property, where every portion of the house overflows with portraits, busts, books, relics, and souvenirs of my mother's family. We found installed there, in the oak over the mantelpiece in the state dining-hall, a replica of our own portrait of an ancestor of the seventeenth century (taken by my mother to be restored in England), of which she had allowed a copy to be made for Leeds Castle. The original, now re-established in America, hangs in the room in which I write these lines.

In the autumn we returned to New York, where my marriage took place at old Morrisania, the residence of my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, in Westchester.

XII

WHAT an odd, provincial, pleasant little old New York was that of the earliest seventies, just when the waves of after-the-war prosperity had begun to strike its sides and make it feel the impulse toward a progress never afterward to cease!

Broadway, a long unlovely thoroughfare, was filled with huddled buildings monotonous in line and tint. Union and Madison Squares were enclosed in high railings, removed in 1871, their grass and trees, as now, a great relief to the eye in passing. Fifth Avenue, fringed on either side with telegraph poles, was abominably paved with irregular blocks of stones, so that a drive to the park, or "away up-town to Fiftieth Street," was accompanied by much wear and tear to the physical and nervous system. The celebrated and delightful Dr. Fordyce Barker used to say he actually could not recommend a convalescent patient to take the air, because of the necessary jolting in a carriage in any direction away from the residential quarter. Apart from the discomfort, the noise of continuous passage of vehicles knowing not rubber tires, made open windows in one's home a purgatorial trial. Certainly, we modern grumblers in asphalted streets heave no sigh of regret for that feature of the dear old bygone days!

Plodding up and down town, jogged the lamentable old omnibusses, filled, as Mr. J. W. Cross once said of them, "exactly the way we stuff the carts with calves in London." A sorry spectacle, indeed, was that of well-dressed, well-bred New Yorkers clinging to straps, jaded, jammed, jostled, panting in the aisle of these hearse-like equipages, to reach their goal. An astute traveller from France, Mr. J. Simonet, in an article published at that time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, guilelessly records that he was "told in New York" it was the custom of "the ladies" on getting into a full omnibus in Fifth Avenue, to seat themselves on the knees of "gentlemen" already placed! The conditions of horse-cars in the neighboring avenues showed for many years no improvement upon this dis-

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comfort, and the prices of "hacks" and "coaches," procured after much preamble at the livery stables, were prohibitive save for the solvent citizen. On New Year's Day, when calls were made by men upon the families of their friends, it was common for four of the intending visitors to unite in paying forty dollars for the hire of a ponderous old hack of the Irish funeral variety, and go their rounds clad in evening dress, rumbling over the stony streets from midday till dinner-time at six o'clock.

In the absence of cabs, hansoms, and the sportive "taxis"—then as unimaginable as the air-ship in common use appears to-day,—walking was very much in vogue. It was a general practice of professional men possessing offices downtown, to go afoot in all weathers from their dwellings to their business haunts and back again. A lawyer prominent in that day lately said to me: "And weren't we the better for it, I'd like to know? Who doesn't remember Clarkson Potter's handsome erect figure and springing step, like a boy's in middle age; and David Dudley Field, who always took his exercise in that way (as well as on horseback, with a rest before dinner)? Wasn't he a picture of vigor in later life? No dieting and health foods about those men, I'll promise you. And what a cheery meeting-place Broadway was for friends!"

It must be remembered, though, that the residential part of town was then far south of its present limit. Arrogant old Isaac Brown of Grace Church, the portly sexton who transmitted invitations for the elect, protested to one of his patronesses that he really could not undertake to "run society" beyond Fiftieth Street.

Central Park was already beginning to be beautiful in verdant slopes and flowering shrubs and trees, although still surrounded, and the way to it disfigured, by hillsides from which segments were cut away like slices from a cheese, upon the summit of which perched the cabins of Irish squatters left high and dry by the march of municipal progress. The territory around these dwellings was populous with curs, urchins, goats, pigs, and mounds of debris revealing old tin cans and discarded hoopskirts. To go to Old Morrisania, we generally walked to the car-sheds on the site of the present Madison Square Garden, there taking our seats in a train of ordinary day-coaches, drawn in sections by horses, along Fourth Avenue, through the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street—then a drear and malodorous vault!—to the Grand Central Station, where locomotives were attached. The alternative to this method of reaching Mott Haven was an hour spent in an ill-ventilated, car of the Third Avenue line, drawn by shambling, staggering horses, and crammed with an East Side population bearing babies and market-baskets in equal numbers. For a brief time, the company put upon this line what they called a "Palace car," large, clean, and comfortable, charging ten cents for a fare. But the great American public that has always dominated New York, condemned this as an aristocratic luxury, and so it passed from sight. Later on, when we began to achieve Harlem by means of the elevated road, I remember going one day to my uncle's home for luncheon, accompanied by our friend the Hon. Eugene Schuyler, who had recently made his adventurous journey into Turkestan. On crossing part of the towering trestle-work beyond Central Park, he declared he felt positively ill with apprehension, begging me to return by boat, train, horse-car—anything—rather than repeat this alarming experience!

Dinners, then as now the touch-stone of highest civilization, were numerous, but the hours set for them, much earlier than now. From six o'clock we moved on to half-past six, then to ultra-fashionable seven, and lastly to eight o'clock, where the generality of people are still content to assemble for the prandial meal. To my mind, those dinners have never been surpassed in true elegance and charm, although totally lacking in the sensational features of decoration, gifts, and cookery developed by later generations of New Yorkers. By the owners of certain stately homes, possessing chefs and wines of admitted merit, formal banquets after the foreign fashion were given in the best style. But among well-bred people of less pretension to great wealth and the custom of elaborate entertaining, were found a large number satisfied to bid their friends to meals served to the last nicety in silver, damask, porcelain, and glass, by their own customary attendants, and cooked by their own resident artists after a fashion habitual to them in the family menu of every day—a

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practice still happily pursued in many aristocratic homes of Britain, and still to be seen in kindly, easy Washington, but little familiar to New York to-day.

What would have been thought in that epoch of New York, of a table stretched to the limit of the dining-room, with chairs so pushed together as to prevent free movement with spoon and fork; where forty or more guests, corralled to eat insidious messes served by caterers, are shepherded by strange waiters on tip-toe thrusting between them fish, flesh, and fowl with their attendant cates and condiments, at quarters so close, the alarmed diner must shrink back in order to avoid contact with the offered dish!

No, that was hardly the way they served dinners in the seventies! Rather were friends convened to the number of ten or twelve around mahoganies of generous size and space (small enough for talk to fly easily across them), and host and hostess were near enough to their guests to mark their own individuality upon the feast. Upon the authority of the late Mr. Ward McAllister, we are told, however, that "Blue Seal Johannisberg flowed like water; incomparable '48 claret, superb Burgundies and amber-colored Madeira were there to add to the intoxicating delight" of the best New York dinners and supper-tables. But as the present chronicler has never been able to distinguish old wine from new, she fears in this matter she is in the category of a certain well-known literary lady of New York of whom Mr. Ward McAllister once remarked to me with scathing emphasis: "*She* write stories of New York society! Why, I have seen her, myself, buying her Madeira at Park & Tilford's in a demijohn." It is not in me to offer regretful comparison of the New York of my first acquaintance—its people content to dwell in barns of brick with brownstone fronts, its chief avenues as yet untouched by the finger of art in beautiful buildings, some of its streets yet encumbered with rows of trucks and wagons kept there by their owners for want of a place of shelter, ash and refuse barrels in all their hideous offensiveness standing by the basement doors of refined citizens—with our later city of wondrous progress, a gathering-place of the art of the whole wide world, as well as a sovereign of finance!

But, putting aside the physical aspects of the place, forgetting certain inherited crudities of customs, its vulgar and lifeless architecture, I have never seen reason to renounce my belief that the period I write of was illustrated by the best society New York has known since Colonial days. It is generally admitted by commentators of our social life to-day that the rock we split upon is the lack of leadership. As to who are the present real great ladies of New York, there is in the public mind a nebulous uncertainty, only occasionally dispelled by the dictum of some writer for the newspapers.

In the earlier period, New York possessed what none could gainsay: a sovereignty over its body corporate divided between five or six gentlewomen of such birth, breeding, and tact that people were always satisfied to be led by them. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Lewis Morris Ruthefurd, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and the two Mrs. Astors were the ladies whose entertainments claimed most comment, whose fiat none were found to dispute.

Of these, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt seemed to me easily the most beautiful; and in the graciousness of her manner and that inherent talent for winning and holding the sympathetic interest of those around her, I have seen none to surpass her. One asks oneself why such loveliness of line and tinting, why such sweet courtesy of manner, cannot be passed down the years instead of dying upon the stem like a single perfect flower! Why nature, having found such a combination, should not be content with repeating it?

Mrs. Belmont was a woman of charm and distinction, to whom fortune had allotted full means and opportunity to take the lead in entertainments of the grandiose foreign order, in a great house, with an illuminated picture gallery, and everything on a corresponding scale.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish, a matron of exemplary dignity who transferred her regnant attitude toward society from New York to Washington, where her husband was secretary of state in Grant's administration, belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain side of New York—the Second Avenue "set," embracing a number of old-school families of Colonial ancestry who had

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not thought it worth their while to remove from their broad and spacious residences on the East Side to emulate the mere fashion of living in Fifth Avenue.

In this quarter abode also Mrs. Lewis Morris Rutherfurd, wife of the gentle and learned astronomer. No parties seemed more agreeable to me, more an exponent of the best New York could do in the way of uniting gentlepeople all of a kind, than Mrs. Rutherfurd's. That pair presented the unusual combination of an uncommonly beautiful woman married to an uncommonly handsome and distinguished man. Mrs. Rutherfurd was a law-giver in her circle, and no weak one; she invited whom she pleased, as she pleased; and an offender against her exactions came never any more. But she had the prettiest way in the world of putting people in appropriate place.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was at the time I first came to New York a noble-looking woman, holding herself like one born to the purple, but full of gracious sweetness and wide humanity. Her parties were a happy union of the best elements procurable in New York, surrounded by all that wealth and taste could add to originality of conception. Her Southern blood revealed itself in the cordiality and simplicity with which this lady bore her honors of leadership.

It was on the east side of town that we, "reconstructed" rebels, first pitched our tent in New York (so long to be our home), in a building since locally remarked for the number of "people one knows" who made a beginning there. This was the apartment house built by Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant in Eighteenth Street near staid and well-mannered little Irving Place. Our flat was diminutive in size like all the rest, and not especially sunny, situated at the summit of two long flights of stairs, of small account in those days when Rosalind's complaint to Jupiter rarely occurred to us. This "apartment," as we took care to call it, thinking "flat" had a vulgar sound, had been engaged while yet in lath and plaster, and we climbed workmen's ladders to survey our future domicile. The suites, it was said, were mostly taken in this way, by friends or relatives of the proprietor, the list producing a very old Knickerbocker sort of effect upon the outside mind. Be that as it may, I recall among our fellow tenants Dr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, Miss Mary Rutherfurd Prime, Mr. and Mrs. James Scrymser, Mr. and Mrs. Frothingham, Mr. and Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Weeks, and others. Later on, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris took a *pied-à-terre* there, also my mother and brother. Mr. and Mrs. Leupp had one of the studio suites high up, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor came there after we left at the end of our three years' tenancy.

I am sure no perfectly equipped Fifth Avenue establishment, fitted up beforehand by the fairies who obey the wands of millionaires, ever gave to a young couple the delight we took in our simple quarters. The contrast with surroundings in the war-worn South made the simple necessaries of life, disposed with taste and harmony, seem a fairy tale. I had brought from Paris some understanding of the decorative value of crétonne in small rooms, and the French gray of my little salon with its draperies and furniture of the same tint relieved by medallions of pale blue enshrining shepherds and shepherdesses, hearts and darts, pipes and tabors tangled with knots of ribbon, filled the measure of my ambition as a housekeeper.

A curious instance of the result of the Commune in Paris, was the drifting to our shores of so many of the miscreants who had worked havoc with its beauty, and done to death the fair fame of that imperial city, under the guise of patriotism. My recollection of the hard-working, cheery servants at the Ville au Bois, up early and to bed late, serving delicious meals, and keeping the house in every part agleam with cleanliness, disposed me to make my first efforts at securing domestic service among those of their nationality in New York.

The rather prompt result was the installation of two women, concerning whom close scrutiny failed to arouse the demon Doubt in our artless minds. The cook, Susanne, otherwise Mme. Dubois—wife of a clockmaker with whom she had emigrated to America, hoping to set up a shop and dispose of an assortment of his wares—had the handsome tragic mask of some actress of the Comédie Française. She was dark, capable, and silent; respectful in manner, but with an expression that more than once sug-

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gested to me one of those matrons of the Terror who sat knitting while royal and aristocratic heads dropped into the basket beneath the guillotine. From the date of her arrival, things moved smoothly in her domain, and her excellent cuisine made housekeeping a summer's day. Florence, her friend and comrade, who went about her work singing, in the frilled cap and apron of a heroine of Béranger or Murger, was an extremely pretty girl, silver-voiced and nearly always smiling.

By and by, we began to detect in the long hall leading from the back stairs to our kitchen, stealthy footsteps, arriving daily just as our dinner was going off. Later on in the evening more footsteps, and from afar the sound of muffled voices. It was evident that Susanne's husband did not neglect a diurnal visit to his spouse. Poor M. Dubois, Susanne explained to us, had been unfortunate in his business venture. Madame, she observed, had several mantels needing clocks. Would madame allow M. Dubois the privilege of decorating them with a few choice specimens of his unsold timepieces?

Madame, rashly acquiescing, on returning home one afternoon found every room in the flat adorned with a costly clock, all ticking and chiming together with distracting regularity; and that evening the number of visitors to the kitchen increased perceptibly, the household bills making a corresponding jump upward in the week.

Soon Susanne and her bosom friend, Florence, had a hot quarrel, which raged until Florence, bouncing into the drawing-room, informed madame that the Duboises had been in the front rank of the horrible "Vengeurs de la République" in the Commune, had fled to America through fear of the guillotine; while our daily caller was none other than the infamous wretch who boasted that his shot had killed the good and gentle Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, in the massacre of the hostages at the prison of La Roquette!

Next day Susanne took her leave, polite to the end, but with a vengeful gleam in her cold eye that boded ill for the informing Florence. The clocks vanished from our mantels, M. Dubois came not again, and I breathed a sigh of relief that I had escaped so easily from the hands of the handsome *pétroleuse*. Next, pretty Florence also took her leave, declaring that she needed "protection," being forced to give up service through fear of the Duboises, and departed bag and baggage. After that we made no more experiments in foreign domestics, contenting ourselves with unadulterated (if domesticated) Irish.

We now found ourselves in a circle of acquaintances alien in political creed, with a few exceptions among the Southerners already established in New York, but most kind and considerate always; and every year the number grew and firmer friendships were cemented.

I cannot pretend to be chronologically exact as to social events of those years, or their sequences. We went out a great deal, as appears from a series of letters addressed to my mother, my most constant correspondent. There is the record of a ball at the Academy of Music of which Lord Dufferin was the bright particular star among the guests, with Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes and some other smart English folk in the party. Mrs. Edward Cooper, of Lexington Avenue, who entertained much and well, had asked us to be of this gathering, occupying two boxes, and to sup at a large table served for her. Lord Dufferin, with his delightful Irish gayety, resembled a school-boy "out for fun." I had been dancing with him, and was sitting afterward, enjoying his sparkling wit, when the movement to supper was inaugurated. At once, he arose, and gallantly offered me his arm, when I stopped him with a sepulchral whisper. "Oh, thank you, but I *can't!* You are expected to take in Mrs. Cooper, don't you see?" Lord Dufferin did see, and with quick tact rectified his blunder, while kind Mr. Cooper, who I felt mortally sure had never meant to ask me, but had been looking forward to conducting the jolly and handsome Lady Sykes, stepped promptly up and led me off. He had Lady Sykes on his other hand, however, while I had no more of adorable Lord Dufferin, until we were breaking up, when he came back again with a rattling fire of chaff. I have rarely met so agreeable a companion, and the story of the closing in of his honored life amid troubles and distress of mind brought upon him by those whom he had trusted in business overmuch, was a source of real regret.

To the Academy of Music we repaired for public balls and operas. Till late at

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night on those occasions quiet, sleepy Irving Place would resound with the roll of fashionable carriages, and the hoarse call by the doorman of fashionable names or their equivalent numbers. And, oh! the songbirds caged for our delectation in that dear old Temple of Music! There Patti, Nilsson, Gerster, Pauline Lucca, Annie Louise Cary, Kellogg, Minnie Hauk, Parepa Rosa, Brignoli, Capoul, Campanini, Del Puente, and a host of others, sang our hearts out of our bodies many a time. Once when Campanini had caught sight of the great Salvini sitting in a box near the stage while he was taking the part of *Don José* in "Carmen," he rose to the occasion in quite an extraordinary way, acting and singing superbly. After he was disposed of by the toreador's dagger, and came back to life before the footlights in the usual way, we all saw that he was pallid with real emotion. The house sprang upon its feet, handkerchiefs waved, roar after roar of applause went up; but Campanini's eyes sought those of Salvini only. The tragedian, leaning forward, clapped his hands until he could do no more. It was an event in musical recollection.

XIII

I WAS connected with a musical movement in New York society, inaugurated by a number of gentlemen, of which Mr. George Templeton Strong was the president. It was called the Church Musical Association, the director, Dr. Pech, an Englishman thoroughly trained in such conductorship. We had one hundred volunteers, including many people in society and fifty paid singers in the chorus; with an orchestra of one hundred musicians, many of them from the Philharmonic orchestra, of which Mr. Strong was also, or had been, president. Our rehearsals—solid hard work, no shirking or favoritism anywhere—were held in some rooms belonging to Trinity Chapel. Dr. Pech, a cold, rather sardonic man, thoroughly knew his business, and brought us on rapidly. Particularly did we progress in sight-reading, and the hours of deciphering those grand masses were a keen pleasure.

Mr. Edmund Schermerhorn, of West Twenty-third Street, used to give musical afternoons where one was sure of hearing only the best talent, professional and amateur. There, also, were enjoyed charming duos from his nieces, Misses Charlotte and Annie Schermerhorn, whose refined style and perfect technique reflected credit upon their instructor, Mme. Bodstein, much in vogue among the old families of New York.

Mr. Roosevelt, who lived on Broadway near Grace Church, an uncle of the future president and father of Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt, afterward the maker of fine organs, was, like Mr. Edmund Schermerhorn, a musical virtuoso of a very high order of merit. When we went to his parties we found him confined to a rolling chair, indeed, but very much alert in directing and controlling his performers and audiences. Woe betide the fashionable chatterer who dared to venture a word out of season while music was going on.

While all the world was going daft over the exquisite singing and virginal loveliness of Christine Nilsson, no less than the ineffably gallant and delicate acting of Victor Capoul in his various rôles as her lover, my teacher, old Ronconi, invited me to see a rehearsal of Italian opera at the Academy. We had the big dusky auditorium pretty much to ourselves, with a few others, to see the cast of the following day's performance of "Sonnambula" go through their paces in walking dress, with overcoats, hats, sticks, etc. *Amina* (was she Gerster? I am not sure) in furs, with her jacket tightly buttoned, tripped over the bridge with reluctant footsteps, and everybody sang *a demi-voix*. Rather disillusionizing certainly, but not so much so as my talk with the elegant M. Capoul, who was presented to me when he came strolling around into the house. In the course of it I spoke of the diva, Nilsson, her perfect voice, her fine art and great personal beauty.

"The only trouble with Mlle. Nilsson," responded her ardent swain, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, "c'est qu 'elle a les mains d'un crapaud" (the hands of a frog).

"Oh! oh!" I protested, in veritable distress, "Faust to say this of his Marguerite!" and Faust laughed with a glee borrowed from Mephistopheles.

Nilsson was, at the time, a great favorite in society. She had head-quarters at the Clarendon Hotel, where in her free moments she was surrounded by an adoring clique of young matrons and maidens, who

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found her frank cordiality and good fellowship a great attraction.

The Philharmonic Society's concerts, and their final rehearsals held on the day previous, were occasions when the Academy of Music was packed to its utmost capacity. At the rehearsals, women and girls crowded in till the lobbies were unpleasantly congested with eager and palpitant femininity. In spring and summer, all the world resorted to the open-air concerts of the wizard Theodore Thomas, at the Central Park. His orchestra, like its leader, was in the first rank of musical excellence. In the stroll during the entr'actes, the fashionable world met and discussed the programme and each other. No old-time New Yorker of true musical sympathy but will answer to the *rappel* of the charming Mendelssohn Glee Club. The first concert I attended given by this distinguished amateur association of male voices was in a small room or hall on Broadway somewhere near Grace Church, when Mrs. Arthur, wife of the future president, sang the soprano solo for their chorus. Mr. Mosenthal conducted with the vigor and knowledge that kept this organization upon a high plane of excellence for many years. I think it might have been twenty years later, after I had been hearing them off and on during that time, that I was present at one of their concerts, to outward appearance much the same, save that the leader had lost the slenderness of youth and the hall was some grand up-to-date interior.

One can't fail to experience a sense of regret that the great swelling wave of noble professional music from the foremost artists of the world has long ago swept away every trace of amateur attempt to appear before a critical audience of New York society. With the present abundance and accessibility of operas and concerts large and small, there is literally no room for music of the second grade.

Already the aspect of New York social life had begun to show token of coming radical changes. The lines of the old régime revealed a certain elasticity toward families previously excluded. It is curious to recall patronizing sayings, that have stuck in memory, by conservatives of the old school concerning some of those who have since pushed them to the wall, and stand before modern eyes as symbols of the high aristocracy of the metropolis. For my own part, I could never see that these arbitrary distinctions of our society, the shutting out of one family and snatching another to its bosom, had any *raison d'être* in a republic. The enormous influx of outside wealth brought to New York by after-the-war prosperity started the fashion of huge dinners given at Delmonico's and elsewhere, where splendor of decoration and extravagance of food and wines flashed like electric lights before the eyes of old-time entertainers. To wonder about these novelties, was to go and enjoy them. Mrs. Potiphar and Mrs. Gnu of Mr. Curtis's satiric chronicle were soon left behind in the race, though we were still reminded of these characters at receptions given in Fifth Avenue establishments with brown-stone fronts and rather dreadful picture galleries, where, in a glare of gas-light, we were jostled by hundreds of people standing around a supper-table from which floated searching odors of fried oysters served with mounds of chicken salad, and accompanied by champagne that flowed like water. This ceremony accomplished, and a tour of the rooms made, there was really nothing left to do but to begin the mad rush through the upstairs dressing-rooms in search of coats and hats and take one's leave!

Generally, the "social events" in question were presided over, on the doorstep, under the canvas awning, by Brown, whose gruff tones in calling and despatching carriages mingle with all such recollections of that day. His function, when off church duty, was that (wittily applied to his son-in-law and successor) of "the connecting link between society and the curbstone." Possessed of native humor and an aggressive spirit, Brown became in time very lawless in his methods with his employers; always inclined, however, to temper justice with mercy in the case of his earlier patrons, the old families whom he considered actually of first importance. I remember driving with one of these ladies to a reception at a fine new house where Brown stood near the carriage door, and greeted us. "Many people here, Brown?" asked my friend, casually.

"*Too* many," was the answer in a sepulchral tone tinged with melancholy. "If you ladies will take my advice, you'll go on to Mrs. ——'s. This is mixed, *very!*"

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Once, when we were entering Grace Church to go to our pew for Sunday morning service, we passed, kneeling in the aisle near the door, his head bent in prayer and crossing himself devoutly, an Italian laborer in rough garb who had strayed in from Broadway, all unconscious of alien faith, to make his devotions. His feet, extending behind him, were of extraordinary size, clad in cowskin boots of formidable thickness. Brown, nudging my husband in the arm, said in a hoarse whisper with a glance at these appendages, "Them's beetle-crushers!"

But he did not interfere with the suppliant until his prayers were done!

A visiting clergyman, who was to occupy the pulpit of Grace Church on a Sunday afternoon, consulted Brown as to the usual length of the sermon on such occasions.

"Well, I should say, sir," said the despot, looking the stranger over with a cool and critical gaze, "you'd better make it twenty minutes; our people won't stand much more."

When we were seeking a house for ourselves upon leaving the apartment, Brown visited my husband in his office to offer him his own dwelling, which he was anxious to rent.

"I can only tell you, Colonel Harrison," he said with entire solemnity, "that it suits *me* exactly. It's a perfect bejoo."

We did not avail ourselves of this privilege, and I never heard who occupied the bijou, which I have no doubt was a comfortable residence. Brown's peculiar relation to things social, and his intelligence and judgment about people, caused the wits of the time to attribute to him the possession of a list of "dancing young men" of respectable connections, upon which hostesses not well established in New York, would draw for the uses of their balls.

THE END.

CLAIRVOYANCE

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

EYES of a dear child-angel, blue and bright,
Sweetened by love and warmed by tenderness;
Lightened by laughter, soft with gentleness,
Tempered with tears and lashes of the Night;
Seeing the impure, pure; no wrong in right;
Fearing no harm and daring to confess
The wonder of your heart that none might guess,
How has your vision rectified my sight!
Whether the wind be kind or bitter keen
And Fortune hold me here or send me there,
Whether my fate to live or die unseen,
Unloved, unhonored; yet, Dear, everywhere
And every time, 'mid seasons white or green,
Life, through your eyes, seems always good and fair.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AN older brother who had been making his first excursions into philosophy told my small self that he would give me a dollar for every pair of apple leaves I brought him exactly alike. I had several uses for dollars and the task seemed absurdly easy. His superimpositions of my specimens, his accuracy of measurement, his observations on the discrepancies of outline, veinlets, midrib, and stem, were extremely disillusioning. "They are as different as man and wife," he finally remarked, at which a great light broke in upon me and I retorted that he had been reading the thing called "novels." Another day, finding me playing at anagrams, he picked out the O's and N's, the H's and C's, and remarked *ex cathedra:* "Everything alive is made up of oxygen and nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon. It all depends on how you arrange them. Sometimes the most harmless elements combine into the rankest poisons; sometimes an element has the dormant value that comes out only in partnership."

The Human Pair

Too unsophisticated to recognize the style of the text-book, I again opined that he had been reading "novels," the "partnership" recalling the disappointing apple leaves, "as different as man and wife."

These episodes occurred in the centuries-past time of childhood, but the combinations of man and wife have ever since acted on my subconsciousness, leading me to note how every human pair from its peculiar angle of observation must deal with life uniquely. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the theme, and it is only a poor-hearted chronicler who withholds from a tale because some one else has told it well.

Plutarch says that it is often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest that distinguishes a person's character more than the greatest signs or the most important battles. It is a pity he did not give women a chance in his inimitable gallery. He had a superior wife himself, loved her devotedly, admired and praised her. I picture her as small, and can almost catch the twinkle in his eye as from his Athenian stand-point he notes that Archidamus was fined in Sparta for marrying a little woman. Elsewhere he explained that in Romulus's time a wife could be divorced for having her husband's keys counterfeited, that sin ranking with adultery or poisoning her children. I wish that Plutarch with his openness and flexibility of mind had left us a portrait of Aspasia, the first woman of classic times to assert the right of the wife to be educated, that she might live not as the slave but as the peer and companion of her husband. Pericles loved and admired her, and Socrates advised his friends to send their sons to be educated by her. Aspasia was one of the notable instances of the classic world that women sprang, as the witty Frenchman said, "from the side of Adam, and not from his feet."

But Adam, what unhackneyed experiences must have been his! When his remarks as recorded by Milton expand too obviously into a sermon, Eve in the most discreet manner steps softly away and refreshes herself with slumber. Bagehot, commenting upon the fact, suspects that conversation must have been difficult between these two because they had nobody to talk about. Happier was the situation of the modern male sermonizer who, in a picture gallery, stood before a white-robed Psyche towed across Styx by a naked Charon. "Ah," said the man, "Lord Ullin's Daughter"! a smile of welcome recognition on his lips. The lady was deeply interested, receiving his elaborate details with wifely interest.

In olden times certain wells were resorted to by newly married couples. The first to drink the water was to be the head of the house throughout life. Southey describes how a bride outwitted the bridegroom.

> After the wedding I hurried away
> And left my wife in the porch,
> But i' faith she had been wiser than I
> For she took a bottle to church.

Other brides, other customs! Judge Sewell's lady was a buxom lass whose father on her wedding day actually put her on the scales and weighted the other side down with Pine-tree shillings. "It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver," he commented. This father, Captain Hull, made the shillings for the

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Massachusetts Colony, and received one in every twenty for his pay.

Hawker, the delectable Vicar of Morwenstowe, used in celebrating a marriage to take the ring and toss it in the air before restoring it to the bridegroom, probably to symbolize that marriage is always more or less of a toss-up. His congregations had unfailing opportunities of making acquaintance with old truths in new guises. Possibly it was from his mouth that the Cornishman learned that Sodom and Gomorrah were places, having hitherto regarded them as man and wife.

Very admirable persons, however, are subject to confusion in historical allusion. Of Mrs. Disraeli her husband said, "She is an excellent creature, but she never can remember which comes first, the Greeks or the Romans." Possibly her very lack of omniscience had its charm, since "for thirty-three years she has never given me a dull moment." How happy, too, were his great contemporaries in their helpmates. "It would not be possible to unfold in words," said Gladstone, on his sixtieth wedding anniversary, "the value of the gifts which the bounty of God has conferred upon me through my wife." In Germany about the same time Bismarck wrote to his wife: "You are my anchor on the good side of the shore"; while Hohenlohe, on his golden wedding-day, declared that "during the many years of my official life my wife has helped me through painful and anxious times with her courage and counsel, and when political struggles pursued us even into society, she returned pin pricks with blows of a moral bludgeon and smoothed the path by which I could reach my goal."

EXCITEMENT is a short thing and marriage a long, and it is the unclouded ray which is wanted even in the happiest to gild the inevitable hours of gloom and sickness. "Ah, my dear," said Lord Dufferin, "you have been everything to me in my prosperous days, and they have been many, and now you are even more to me in my adversity." "Come, let us seek a new capitol elsewhere," said Bunsen to his wife when he was dismissed from Rome after living twenty-one years on Capitol Hill; and on his death-bed he murmured to her, "If I have walked toward the throne, it was by your help."

One of the most appealing episodes in that strange book of Ezekiel is the command that the prophet shall abstain from all mourning for his beloved wife—a sign of the silent stupefaction which Jerusalem's fall should bring with it. Even the Roman code was more mellow. To the widow of Agricola, Tacitus, their son-in-law, wrote: "Keep sacred the memory of the husband by pondering all that he said or did, and let the expression of his character rather than of his person be enshrined there. The soul's image is imperishable. All of Agricola that we loved and admired abides." To make public the virtues of a companion gone is somewhat to ease one's personal grief. In the introduction to the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson" his lady hopes she "may be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him, especially when even the rudest draft that endeavors to counterfeit him will have much of delightful loveliness in it." Mrs. Huxley took upon herself the task of writing for the scientist's tombstone an epitaph that should not misrepresent him:

A Matrimonial Anthology

> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
> For still he giveth his beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep he wills, so best.

The list of royal marriages is not without delightful episodes. The Little Princess of Mecklenburg wrote a letter to young George III, a beautiful letter without a single blot, on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; and he replied, It did credit to her head and heart; come over and be queen of England; which she did, and they lived happy ever after. Mercy told Marie Antoinette that it was for her to cultivate and excite in her husband all ideas that tend to elevate the soul and that could give him the spirit of prudence and judgment necessary to remove present evils and avert those in the future. "My words astonished the dauphine," the ambassador wrote Maria Theresa, "and made an impression upon her." An illuminating comment on the young husband's character is that he was so occupied in finding little means of pleasing Marie Antoinette that he could not think of the great ones. Their daughter, the sweet child of the Temple prison, grew up cold and tactless, "lacking *savoir vivre*, as her husband, the son of Charles X, lacked *savoir dire*." She sacrificed her conscience to her duties as a wife and ignored the art of gaining hearts. When Louis XVIII died, the duchess, who had always taken precedence of her husband, as daughter of a king, fell behind at the door, saying, "Pass on, M. le Dauphin."

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The beautiful Margaret of Austria was betrothed at the age of three to the dauphin of France, lived in Paris, and was treated as a little queen, but at fourteen was sent back to Flanders. Her second marriage was to the eldest son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, a lovely prince who died the second year. Her third marriage to Philibert of Savoy was no less a love match. He, too, died in the flower of his youth, though Margaret had her finest pearls ground up to make him an elixir to save his life. Three successive devices she adopted. After her first marriage, a high mountain with a hurricane about its summit; after the death of John of Spain, a tree laden with fruit struck in half by lightning; and after Philibert's death, a motto meaning "Plaything of fortune." Henry VII of England begged her to accept him as her fourth husband, but she refused, devoting the remainder of her life to the care and welfare of her nephew Charles V.

Andrew Lang says that the reason literary characters are often unhappy in marriage is that theirs is a home industry and they and their wives see too much of each other. The Carlyles rise to the front as a rueful instance; the Grotes more humorously. "I like Mr. Grote," exclaimed Sydney Smith; "he's so ladylike; and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman!" Jenny Lind compared the historian to a fine old bust in a corner which one longed to dust. "And," commented Hare, "Mrs. Grote dusted him!"

More aggressive in defence was the Rev. R. C. Maturin who, when in the throes of composition, would be seen with a red wafer stuck on his forehead, a sign to his wife and numerous family that he was not to be spoken to. That the home industry is not, however, the sole cause of conjugal *ennui* is suggested by the famous letter of the French wife: "I am writing to you because I do not know what to do, and I am ending my letter because I do not know what to say."

The traffic in kind speeches and occasional sips from the chalice prepared for other lips are potent factors in the pleasantness of married life. When Harm Jan Huidekoper and his wife added up the same column of figures to see if the results corresponded and they would sometimes differ, he would always say, "Dear, I must have made a mistake." Less tact was shown by the autograph collector who, perceiving that the house was on fire, scrambled out of bed crying to his wife, "You save the children and I will save the autographs." Obviously if an important thing is to be done one should do it one's self.

Wordsworth on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when "as you know, I was better looking." "But, my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."

Lady Dacre on her eighty-third birthday wrote to her granddaughter: "I do assure you that if I had been a lovely young bride striking nineteen, more affectionate and gratifying speeches could not have flown from my bridegroom's lips of twenty-three. I am so little worthy of it. It belongs to his nature: I have nothing to do with it"; a delightful instance of the dormant qualities which come out in elemental partnerships.

The companions of our lives become a literal part of ourselves, sit enthroned in our hearts, work with us, and all that we do is their tribute. "Wendell, no shilly-shallying to-night. Your wife, Ann," ran the note to Phillips, the suffering invalid urging her husband to his duty while the mobs howled furious epithets at him. "I should never have cared for the Indian if my wife had not forced me to it," declared two senators who have done exceptionally good work along that line.

Of "Liberty," the most carefully executed of all John Stuart Mill's writings, he said: "My wife was its joint producer, going over every sentence of it with me again and again." And he remarked elsewhere, "Those who are associated in their lives tend to become associated in character. In the closeness of relation between the sexes men cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." That man and woman under the sane and steadying experiences of married life grow to look alike and think alike is not surprising to students of psychology; and I have a theory that if the very apple leaves were evergreen instead of deciduous, not so quickly divorced by the changing seasons, they might grow as like as two pine needles, and so win dollars for little girls who yearn to match them.

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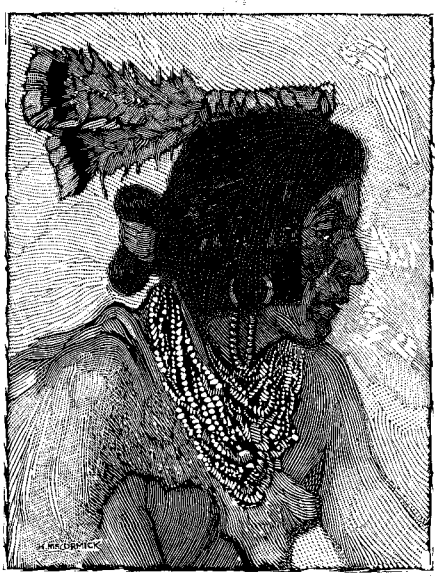
THE FIELD OF ART

PAINTER-WOOD-ENGRAVING: A REVIVAL

THE possibility of a revival of the art of wood-engraving is an ever-recurring subject of discussion. It will be found to lie in painter-engraving, that is original effort, rather than in the reproductive art in which so consummate an achievement was attained in our days.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the United States witnessed a development of reproductive wood-engraving carried to what was apparently the limit of its possibilities in the suggestion of tones and textures. The glorious period of success was as remarkable in its product as it was short in duration. The photo-mechanical processes, particularly the now ubiquitous half-tone, swept all before them, and only two noteworthy members of the group of men who made American wood-engraving famous—Cole and Wolf—are to-day still regularly practising the art.



A Hopi Chief.

Drawn and engraved by Howard McCormick.

The decay of wood-engraving has been deplored in print and speech not a few times, and not infrequently in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that not only will necessity insure the survival of that which fits its case, but in this case the revival is already with us. But the art has arisen in a new form, or rather there is a renaissance of an old form. It is an open question whether there will ever again be a general use of wood-engraving for the purpose of reproducing paintings or drawings or photographs. But there is no doubt that an increasing number of artists have been turning to the wood block, as they have to etching or lithography, as a means of original, direct expression. Painter-wood-engraving is coming to its own.

In this country, the desire for original work first took the form of engraving direct from nature by some of the men who had helped to bring reproductive wood-engraving to its high state of development. Elbridge Kingsley, W. B. Closson, the late Victor Bernström, Henry Wolf, and Frank French, long known as discerning interpreters of the designs and paintings of others, felt the impulse of original creation and brought to its service their long training and artistic temperament. In the result there is completeness of effect, the natural outcome of their previous activity. The spaces of their composition are filled with lines to indicate tone or local color.

In the hands of the artists who are not professional wood-engravers, but who turn temporarily to wood and graver as one of the means through which to find an outlet for what they see and feel, the medium is usually employed in a somewhat different way. Here, there is indication rather than fulfilment, decorative effect of line or space rather than wealth of detail. The rendition of form is simplified. Simple designs, flat tints of gray or black or color, are generally used. Two elements are noticeable particularly: a reversion to the line of the fac-simile engraving (as we see it in cuts after Dürer, for instance), with occasionally a touch of archaism; and the influence of the Japanese chromo-xylograph, or wood-engraving in color. But these influences, in the work which is worthy of serious consideration, appear in assimilation, not in imitation. The key-note in these prints is modern-

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Half-tone from an Ipswich print, by Arthur W. Dow.

The original printed in two tints. The block was engraved on the face of the wood, not as in the usual method on the end of the grain.

ity; they are of to-day, and none the less original because based on experience of the past.

Vallotton, Lepère, Guérard, Orlik, Strang, Gordon Craig, Ricketts, are a few of the Europeans who have exemplified the widely varying possibilities of individual expression in this art of simple, straightforward, and yet subtle effects. Even a cursory examination of their work will show how responsive this art can be to the personal touch. Yet all this display of variety in conception, treatment, and result is based primarily on an understanding of the peculiar nature of the tools used, on a recognition of both the range and the limits of their inherent potentiality. To know how to produce effects without torturing the instrument beyond its proper functions is as necessary in art, as it is in literature to produce word-pictures without straining the language.

Technical matters cannot be overlooked in the enjoyment of a work of art. Some knowledge of the process by which it was produced enables one to approach it with a clearer idea of the problem that was before the artist, and a keener appreciation of the product. And these same processes circumscribe the possibilities of the art. Thus, the result attained in wood-engraving is essentially affected by the circumstance that we have to do here with a so-called "relief process" (in contrast to the "intaglio" process of the engraving or etching on copper). In this, the lines to print in black are produced by cutting away the wood around them so that they stand out in relief, and when inked will leave an impression on paper pressed against them. Originally, all designs were drawn in lines on wood and then engraved line for line, a method usually referred to as "fac-simile." Subsequently, the matter of tones and tints began to be regarded, and the engraver strove to reproduce the effect of wash-drawings, and later of the photograph. Explanations without examples are barren perforce, but examination of actual specimens is not so difficult in these days of museums and of print-rooms and art departments in large public libraries.

A few, at least, among American artists have heeded the appeal of the wood block, have tested its possibilities in quite varied styles and moods. And the result is most satisfactory where the artist does not lose his better self in the pursuit of the close imitation of other models, where foreign influences are absorbed in a healthy manner while the artist's own personality predominates. This is apparent, for instance, in the works of Arthur W. Dow (among them the "Ipswich prints," which he himself calls "simple color themes"), in which the principles of color-printing from wood blocks are well illustrated. The late Ernest F. Fenollosa, writing of Dow's experiments in printing pictures in a few flat tints, emphasized the characteristics of the process, its limits, its salient features, the delicacy which lies in its very simplicity. "The artist," said he, "is as free with his blocks as the painter with his palette. . . .

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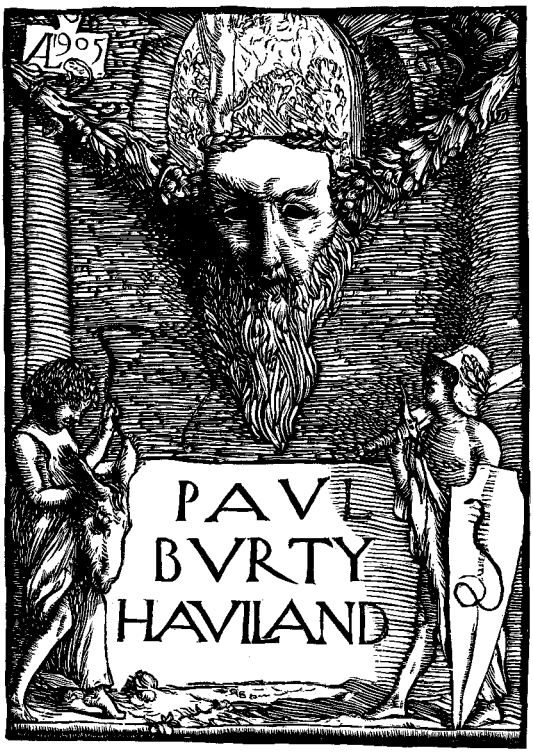
Pigment washed upon the wood, and allowed to press the sheet with a touch as delicate as a hand's caress, clings shyly only to the outer fibres, . . . leaving the deep wells of light in the valleys, the whiteness of the paper's inner heart, to glow up through it and dilute its solid color with a medium of pure luminosity." And farther: "This method . . . strengthens the artist's constructive sense in that it forces him to deal with simple factors. It stimulates the faculty of design. . . . Mr. Dow's application of it to Western expression and use remains an epoch-making event."



From a book-plate drawn and engraved by Allen Lewis

It is this Western expression which forms the interest of these prints, the independent adaptation of the Japanese technique for the presentation of a point of view which carries no hint of mere imitation, but is the outcome of personal conviction. The Japanese manner is very much more insisted upon in the case of Miss Helen Hyde, who, furthermore, lives in Japan and chooses Japanese subjects. She has presented some delicate and subdued color harmonies, such as we see them in old Japanese prints as they appear to-day, with the colors toned down by time or exposure. Yet with all this there is in her pictures an element of Occidental observation. This gives to her Eastern mothers and children a touch of humanity which we do not so readily feel in the native prints, unless we have probed below the exotic strangeness that lies over them as a result of many years of systematized, formalized methods of design. To a Japanese, indeed, her work seems strange, despite the fact that we are told that she won a prize in Tokio in competition with native artists. The Japanese form is there, but not the spirit. The gesture is Japanese, the language is English. And it is well that Miss Hyde, despite her Japanese robes, does speak her mother tongue—though occasionally with just a hint of an accent.

An entirely different point of view is evidenced in the work of Howard McCormick, rugged, yet aiming in its way at full pictorial effect, covering the surface of the block with lines. Still, his is not the manner of the professional wood-engraver, and not suited to microscopical examination any more than the impressionistic canvases of Monet or Pissarro or Sisley. It is a method well adapted in its vigor to his reproduction of the bust of Lincoln in which that homely, honest character has been pictured by the virile directness of Gutzon Borglum. Usually, however, he engraves after his own designs, as in some magazine covers, or in his series of Mexican subjects. In these latter he handles the graver (burin) with the sweep of the brush, using legitimate burin methods, but applying them with a free, flickering touch which gives a noteworthy impression of life and action and pulsating tone.

Where McCormick fairly hews out his way in a distinct style of his own, A. Allen Lewis shows a touch of frank archaism, joined, however, to an equally honest individuality of expression. His frequent use of tints of color, flat, but with the mottling of delicate variations produced by the texture of the wood, is reminiscent of the old "chiaroscuro" engravings. It is merely a matter of method, however; the work is essentially of to-day. Rud. Ruzicka fairly bathes his designs in black, executed with both vigor and lightness,

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in a light-brown tint relieved by white lights. The effect invests the towering business buildings of New York with an appeal to the imagination that is distinctly and delightfully personal in its presentation. Lewis has been particularly identified with the art of the bookplate, to the designing and engraving of which W. F. Hopson has brought the finished mastery of the practiced engraver on both wood and copper. Hopson exhibits that combination of variety in treatment with dignity and restraint in expression which produces the happiest results in these marks of bibliophilic proprietorship.

In contrast to this art of the small there is the opposite, as to size, in the field of the print, the poster. It was once, before the more ambitious efforts of lithography, wholly the province of the wood-cutter, though a product, then, of rough and ready effects. The materials used may have seemed unpromising: wood-carver's tools ground down to the length of a boxwood-graver, the blade being grooved to prevent splitting in the wood, and very soft basswood, quite free from knots. Yet James Britton employed them with bold and broad effect in several vigorously drawn posters for the Connecticut League of Art Students, for a studio concert, etc. They bring us back to the old truth, that the artist who really has something to say will find his own way of saying it, and will win the medium to his style.

All this is not so very much, quantitatively. Its significance lies in the effort to use this oldest of the reproductive media as a painter-art. Yet it is simply one of the forms of graphic art which offer by-paths for incursions which are not undertaken too often by American artists. The present gratifying revival of painter-etching in the United States is expressed almost entirely in the activity of those who make a specialty of etching; the painter who etches occasionally is rare indeed. Lithography is almost entirely neglected. Abroad —in France, England, Germany, and Austria— one finds much more active utilization of such possibilities on the part of artists, who turn from canvas or modelling clay to the etching plate, the lithographic stone, or the wood block (not to speak of forms of applied art such as interior decoration or the designing of furniture —or advertisements), bringing the personal note which forms the value and attraction of such efforts to clothe the objects of vision in various artistic forms. Such occasional changes of activity must provide a veritable safety-valve, an opportunity for the "other view," a chance of escape from the "usual thing" when that threatens to become too much a matter of manner, a road of return to the artist's own self.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

A bit of Old New York.
Drawn and engraved by R. Ruzicka.

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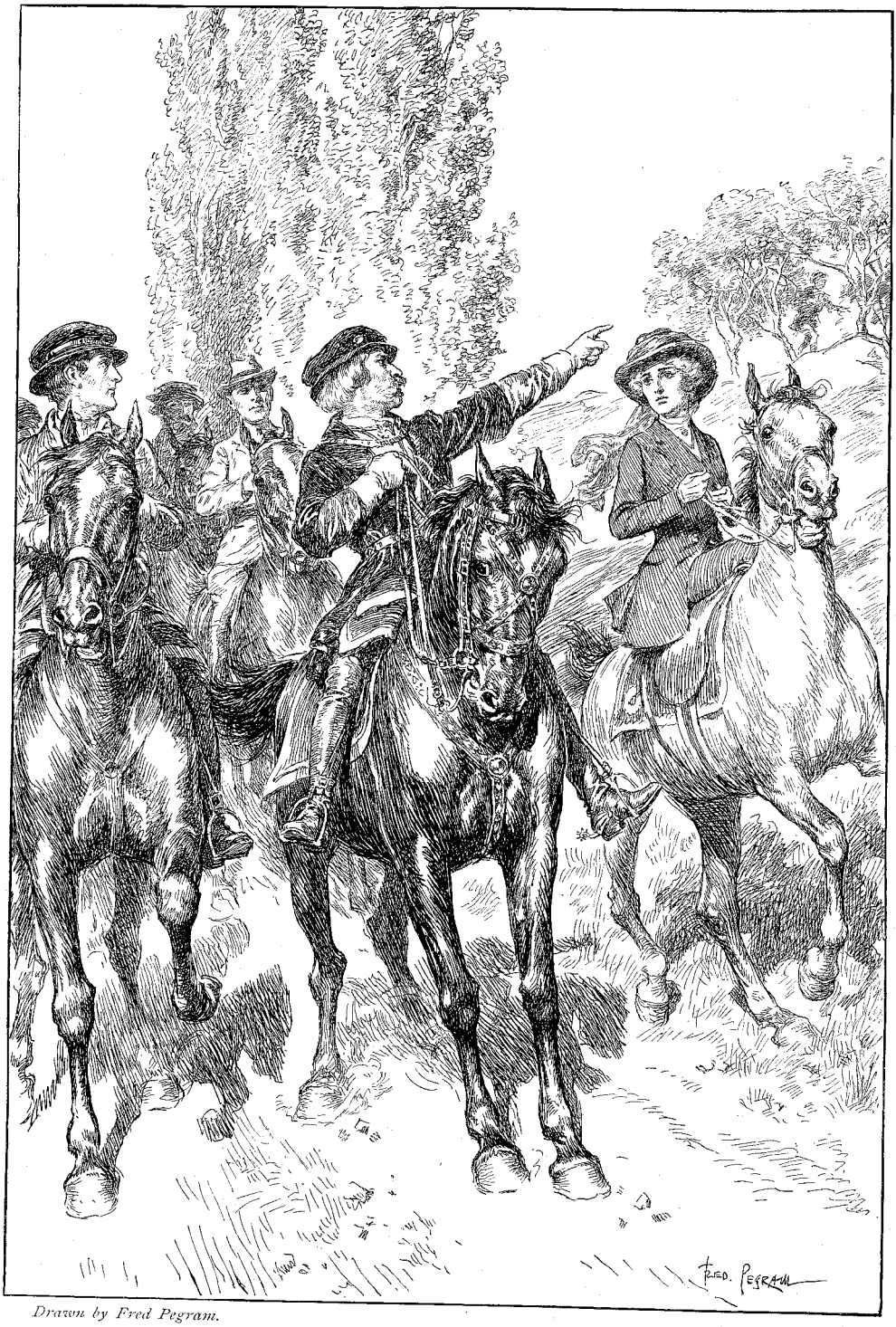

Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"THE OLD KING SAW HIM TOO, AND REINED UP AND CALLED 'SECURE THAT FELLOW!'"

—"The Queens of Arcady," page 221.

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